



“SIOUSKI”

AND

OTHER POEMS.



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“SIOUSKA”

—AND—

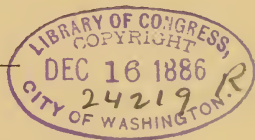
OTHER POEMS,

—BY—

✓
GEORGE ADAMS.
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84

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.



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DEDICATION.

I know of none who have been more attentive to me in the ups and downs of life than the different members of my family; I know of none more entitled to my care, and to them, in commemoration of love and esteem, I offer the dedication of my little book.

GEO. ADAMS.

MY PREFACE.

I have but little to offer in the way of preface, no excuses to render, and little to ask other than a generous support to the promiscuous works of a busy brain.

I am aware of the dangerous ground upon which I tread in adding another book to the millions already published; I am aware of the cultivated criticisms to which I expose myself in this venture; but I hope I have learned to bear criticism, and I have not yet lost faith in the kindness, generosity, and good will of the popular heart.

Trusting, therefore, that I shall be treated fairly in my reception; hoping my work will interest and instruct my readers, and asking critics to bear lightly in their censures so as not to offend my many friends, I leave my book to go out among my fellow-men, even as a new being enters on a world of life, to be judged, if merit it has, by its merits alone.

THE AUTHOR.

I GIVE WHAT NATURE GAVE ME.

“ I am nae poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymmer, like, by chance,
An’ hae to learning nae pretense;
Yet what tha’ matter ?
Whene’er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.”

—*Robert Burns.*

Ah, Burns! Ah, Burns! How well expressed
The native feelings of thy breast!
Tho’ in such homely phrases drest
I feel their power—
They give me courage in unrest,
When I would cower.

I love that bit of native verse
In language simple, true and terse;
My Muse will no more be perverse,
But rise in glee.
I’ll warrant, Burns, she’ll be no worse
For reading thee!

’Tis one great joy that I possess,
My thoughts in simple verse to dress;
And so my Muse I oft caress
At all the risk
Of critics, who objections press
In manner brisk.

But thou hast set my fears at rest.
To all the world I say with zest:
I give what Nature gave me; blest
Be Nature’s work!
If worth I have, that worth attest,
I’ll never shirk!

"SIOUSKA."

A BLACK RIVER LEGEND.

On those broad lands through which Black River flows,
And, now, where towns and villages are reared;
Where now a City stands, and round about,
Rich cultured farms and rustic homes adorn
The country side; long centuries ago
Deep forests stood, to native grandeur grown.
Then Red-men roamed, proud kings of all the soil.
Nor art, progressive spirit, nor design
Of races cultured and refined, and learned,
Had come to sweep away the beauteous scenes
There formed by God's free hand; nor had they dared
The true born native freedom to enthrall.
Beneath the soft, dark, silent, shadowed depths
Of tow'ring trees, with foliage thick-fringed,
The restless water tossed on rocky bed;
Now stretching wide, now deep, now rough, now smooth,
A black, weird stream with solemn murm'ring roar.
On, on it tossed toward Ontario Lake,
Where mingling free with those clear crystal waves,
It still moved on toward the distant sea.

Near those wild lands Oneida Indians dwelt,
In wild and sweet security content.
Their hunting-grounds were there, and once each year,
With light canoes, adown Black River's stream,
In happy bands they went to hunt and fish
On broad Ontario Lake, to lay in stores
To meet grim Winter's fierce and stern demand.
When full supplied with large and ample gain,
They back well pleased to camping valleys came,
And revelled joyful in the simple forms
Of Indian life. Among a neighb'ring tribe
An aged warrior dwelt, whose daughter, pride

Of all his tribe, Siouska, bloomed a queen
Of royal blood, majestic, proud and young;
The old man's only child, his joy and hope.
Two brave Oneidas sought Siouska's love;
Her father knew them well, had watched their suit,
And with sagacious thought, himself made choice,
His tribe to strengthen and enlarge withal;
And so one lovely eve, when Spring had oped
The gates to Summer's land, he led her forth,
Naught knowing of her choice. With trembling fears
She went, unconscious of his will and wish,
But when she saw the youth who there approached,
And saw her father smiling welcome give,
Her fears were hushed, for 'twas her chosen love,
To whom the old man gave this much-loved girl.
Siouska's heart went with her hand—all his;
Young Eagle Eye was proud, and bending down
He on her lips impressed one fond, sweet kiss;
Then all his wigwam sought for festal joy.
His rival saw them go, the tell-tale kiss,
And nursing vengeance dire for his lost love,
Gave one fierce yell and vanished from the tribe.

Four years, perhaps, in love's unbroken course,
Did Eagle Eye and fond Siouska pass;
And now upon the fresh young grass there play'd
A living token of their love, a boy
About three summers grown, well built and strong.
Siouska gazed upon his little form
With all a mother's pride, then turned her eyes
Upon her handsome chief, and felt a thrill
Of woman's deepest love, a joy supreme,
So full her soul when she sat by his side.
And Eagle Eye for those two treasures rich
Grew proud and strong and thanked the Spirit, God.

Now early Summer's growing beauties bloomed;
The trees were in their freshest garments clad;
The feathered beauties sang their choicest songs,
And on the valley's floor the richest carpet lay,
Its brilliant green spangled with brightest flowers.
The silv'ry ripples on the crystal stream
That through the valley's center flowed along,
With glowing sunlight danced, and on the bed
The beauteous pebbles lay in fancy forms.
'Twas coming eve. The clear, blue sky toned down
By tender haze was here and there by thin
Light cloudlets hid, and Sol, now seeking rest
The western sky adown, laughed, glowed and blushed
And kissed all things good night.

Next morn the tribe,
In part, a fishing party planned. With it
Was Eagle Eye to go. Siouska, fond,
Fast clung to him; the separation feared,
And asked to go along. Well pleased with her
Desire, and loth to leave his cherished loves,
He gave his free consent with tender kiss.
'This caused delay, more labor to prepare.
The band at early dawn had started forth,
And they to reach Ontario Lake with ease,
With comfort, and with speed had laid their course
Across the country wild, through forests deep,
To gain Black River at mid-length about;
Then that to follow to its mouth. Upon
Black River's bank they were to wait till morn,
When Eagle Eye, Siouska, and their child
Agreed, with true intent, to meet the band;
But shadowed twilight came, then darkness fell,
Before they were prepared, and, loth to leave
Their joyful home at night, resolved next morn
To follow on.

Bright rose the full-orbed King
Of glorious day, on dazzling car enthroned,
His fiery coursers well, by able hands
Controlled, high mounting into boundless space!
A bright, warm, glowing, beauteous summer morn.
Then Eagle Eye arose, Siouska soon
Came forth, their boy, then slow to wake, next came;
Thus all prepared, with light canoe and furs
And tools for hunting packed with native skill
And care, they journeyed out upon their way.

Black River's side next early afternoon
They reached with safety; but they found no friends;
Their camp fire embers smouldered slow away
And marked their place of rest. Siouska here
The fire renewed, a frugal meal prepared.
When thus refreshed, their light canoe arranged,
They floated down the stream, three hearts in one,
A human trinity of love and hope,
In harmony they were so closely linked.
Thus down the stream they slowly floated on.

The paddle's dip so silent made, scarce moved
The water's flow; upon its bosom dark
No ripple could be seen; the stream, as those
Three lives, was placid and serene; no cloud
Appeared upon the bright blue sky; around
Was spread a deep set wilderness of trees
All full of life; anon a startled deer
Broke through the brush and to the forest sprang;
The squirrels scampered through the trees; the birds
On wing sang songs of wild and fearless praise;
Then Eagle Eye conversed, Siouska joined
In sweet accord, their baby sweetly slept.
How glad is life when thus serenely spent!

The rumbling sound of shallow rapids nigh
Now sounded in the air, and as they neared
The broken flow the stream more troubled grew,
More swiftly ran, and fringe of sparkling white
Each wave adorned. Then Eagle Eye
Quick steered his boat toward the rocky shore.
They disembarked and down the river's bank
Their trappings bore, then re-embarked, again
Fast floating on.

The bright warm day had passed.
The wearied Sun sank down the western sky,
And lovely twilight came, and o'er the earth
Her mystic veil wide spread, and all things wore
A soft and holy calm, Earth's happiest time.
Night, sable queen, her shrouded mantle spread;
Black storm-clouds rose upon the western sky,
And distant thunders rumbled far through space;
Black River's wondrous Cataract loud roared,
And wearied out by that day's wand'ring toil,
The travelers reached the shore, in friendly cave
Close shelter sought to rest and 'scape the storm.
They here their hunger satisfied full well
And then, with furs and blankets well arranged,
They slept the sleep of peace and sweet content.

Now round these caves, this giant waterfall;
Yet young, a blooming city stands. Then all
Was wild in native strength and majesty.
When Eagle Eye first held Siou-ska's hand
And on her lips impressed the marriage kiss,
And called her his, his hating rival fled.
In these dark caves he found abode alone,
Fanning his hatred into dire revenge.
Here had he lived, here lived he now, alone.
He saw the boat, the object of his love,

The object of his hate, their offspring, too.
His adverse passions kindled counter fires
Which, rankling in his breast, 'most crazed his brain.
And now, well armed, he watched their ev'ry move
With skulking Indian's stealthy, deadly care.
All night he brooded o'er that happy scene;
All night the lonely, gloomy watch he kept,
And when the rainfall ceased, and clouds dispersed,
And morning twilight 'gan to faintly gleam,
His nerves high strained, and blood at fever heat,
No reason could control; so stationed where
His eye could reach all points upon the stream
And he from observation be secure,
In anxious mood he waited for his prey.

The Sun had just begun to gild the day
When Eagle Eye awoke and sallied out
To view the early morn, so warm, so fresh,
So sweet, so still and pure. Siouska, too,
Came forth, first waking her loved child. The three
Then sat to break the fast—a simple meal
So soon prepared, with relish soon dispatched.
'They then their boat arranged again to float
As glad and happy as the day before.
They shot across to reach the current's flow
And turned the prow once more adown the stream.
O hearts so full of joy! O lives so sweetly spent!
Your guardian angels' kind and watchful care
So far had smoothed your course; the sorrows due
To ev'ry mortal life, as yet, had kept aloof
From your fond hearts; you've felt no pain, no ills;
Have never dreamed, asleep nor yet awake,
That smothered fires with fierce volcanic force
Were gath'ring strong around your happy loves!
No pen can write the Indian's sacred love!
No tongue can tell the Indian's baneful hate!

The streams ne'er run a smooth or middle course,
But, like a mountain torrent wild and fierce,
By winter's gathered snows unlocked in spring,
Bears with it all that meets its raging course.
The cloud of shattered spray from that high fall,
The largest on the stream, appeared in sight,
And Eagle Eye arose to guide his boat,
So full of cautious care for his dear loves.
His foe, concealed, quick saw his move, and with
A flash of vicious hate shot forth from his
Jet eye, upraised his bow, an arrow set,
His arm, with nerve as true as tempered steel,
The bow-string drew, and, with unerring aim,
The arrow sped forth to its hateful work.
As light'ning's flash, so struck the deadly barb.
The heart of Eagle Eye was deeply pierced,
Its glad pulsations ceased, a stifled moan
Was heard, he staggered, fell into the stream
And sank to live no more.

Siouska screamed;

The forest echoes woke, and back and forth,
And forth and back again, in dying tones,
They, wailing, told the Indian's murd'rous crime;
The song of birds was hushed, and e'en the trees
Their branches bent more low in sorrow's weight;
The waters moaned a requiem o'er its dead.
The boat, impelled by force of his dead fall,
Shot to the shore and stranded on the rocks,
Siouska and her boy stepped out and stood
Enwrapped in wild dismay. Instinctive pow'r
Her eyes in anxious watch upon the stream
Close kept; her limbs impulsive moved and down
The bank she quickly went along 'most dazed.
The murd'rer saw her go and slowly crept
Toward her boat; with stealthy, cautious care

He drew it up close by a cavern's mouth;
Secured it there; reclined in it, to wait
Siouska's slow return. Her love for him
Should be new-made by his persuasive pow'r.
And now his dire revenge subdued, his heart
Its venom lost, and love, fond, hopeful love,
The heated blood sent boiling through his thick
And swollen veins. He pictured untold joys,
And while these visions brightest gleamed, he slept,
To see them in his dreams.

Still down the stream

Siouska followed on, slow dragged her boy
Behind; and when beside the boist'rous falls,
With wistful, straining eyes, intently fixed
Upon its flow, she saw her husband's form
An instant poised upon that fearful crest,
Then dashed to that fierce boiling pool below.
Her heart its beating ceased, her brain 'most reeled,
Her weakened limbs with sick'ning tremor shook;
But still she wandered down the river side.
At length she sat upon projecting rock
In meditation deep, and wept, and then,
Her grief relieved, she raised her weeping eyes,
And there upon the shore, she saw his form—
Her chieftain's lifeless form. She started up
With strong impulsive nerve, high strained and stern,
By wild excitement's magic pow'r revived,
And clasped his form and bore it from the stream.
High up the toilsome bank she laid it down
Beneath the thick-set cedar's kindly shade;
The limbs with care arranged; her blanket o'er
Him threw; then toiled to dig a lonely grave.
Oft sank her troubled heart, and as her eyes
Oft turned upon his cold and lifeless form,
Her grief would burst afresh, and then 't would seem

She, too, must fall and slumber by his side,
So lonely and so sad now seemed her life.
Her boy looked on with childish wonder full;
He thought his sire asleep, and as he turned
His little face to meet his mother's gaze,
And asked her why she cried, his wonder grew.
She seized his little form and clasped him firm
To her fond breast, and kissed him o'er and o'er;
Then bade him go and play. Relieved, she now
Bent to her work, and soon the grave prepared
With leaves well lined; there Eagle Eye she laid,
And placing o'er him brush with kindly care,
She on her knees his spirit gave to that
Great Spirit, God, who rules creation o'er.
The grave well filled, her child clasped in her arms,
She wandered back. By force, instinctive force,
Her steps were led to her canoe—'twas gone!
And gently laying down her boy asleep,
She saw his head soft pillowed on the grass;
Then sat to calm her thoughts. Now sorrow's stream
'Gan welling up her heart, its full-springs burst,
And tears, hot, scalding tears, adown her bright
Brown cheeks in freedom's sadd'ning plenty ran.
O stricken soul! Thy flowing tears will ease
Thy sorrowing heart; thy shattered nerves restrain,
And save, perchance, a threatened broken heart!

Now changed, aroused, conflicting forces deep
Her thoughts disturbed, a new and active life,
A stubborn, stern revenge her heart received,
The Indian's counter-fire to sincere love.
She looked around, a quick and searching glance,
There lay her boat, rocked on the water's breast,
Securely tied by that grim cavern's mouth;
And in it lay her foe. Bright gleamed her eye

With newly-kindled fire; her lips firm set;
Her face and form to sudden sternness grew—
'T was time for her revenge. "O Eagle Eye,
For thee I live; for thee, if need, I die;
Thy death I must avenge!" Thus cried her heart.
With cat-like stealth she slowly crept along
Down, down, so noiseless, down the river-bank.
O hush! He sleeps a deep, a heavy sleep.
She closer drew, the paddle soft removed,
Unloosed the boat; then from the shore she pushed
It out towards the current's rapid flow;
With anxious face she watched it float away.
Unconscious victim! Sleep thou, soundly sleep!
Sweet be thy dreams; thy cruel heart serene;
Thy fate far distant from thy placid thoughts;
Thy mortal hours are few, thy light fast fading out!

Siouska breathed one fervent prayer aloud.
"O let him wake when on that fatal brink!
May he awake to know my hate; to know
My heart's revenge; to see my joy; to feel
He goes to meet the spirit of my chief;
To meet Thee, O Thou Spirit of the Stream!"
She saw her boy still slept, then crept along
To watch her victim's course down, down the stream.
The boat passed quickly on. When near the falls
Her wish was answered, and he woke and saw
Siouska start. She gave one cry of joy;
He raised his arms, with one loud cry of pain,
And plunged beneath the flood.

The wind arose
And whistled weird and shy; the trembling leaves
Upon the trees harmonious cadence sung;
The night-hawk screeched, and solemn owls were heard;
Dark clouds in sullen silence moved across

The long, arched sky; the river rushed and roared
In mystic melody of boist'rous sound—
All nature seemed disturbed. Siouska turned
Toward her sleeping boy and bore him to
The cave. Alone with him and night, a fierce
Reaction came. She wept a flood of tears
And then she slept. Next day at early dawn
She woke, refreshed and calm, and after thought
What course she should pursue, she took her boy
And wandered to the lake her friends to meet.
While on the way, a bow and arrows, rude,
She made, that she might food obtain. All day
They wandered to the lake, but met no friends;
She spent an hour in solemn thought, and then
Resolved to seek her father's home. For days
They roamed through forests deep and wild and dark;
Their appetites appeased with native fruits
And captured game, and in secluded shade
Reposed, enwrapped in close and fond embrace.
At length, one day at noon, her father's home
She neared, with sadness worn, and stood before
His door. They met. The old man wept for joy,
For he had thought her lost, forever lost.
Siouska told her tale with mingled hate
And love, and all friends praised her course so true.
The eve was spent in festive joy, in which
The whole tribe joined. But all resolved to shun
Black River's stream, for fear the Spirit's power.

An old canoe for long, long years had lain
Upon Black River's bank, quite near its mouth,
With bottom up, just as the waters willed.
It seemed to hold a vague, mysterious air
From which a legend comes, wherein I read
My tale. 'Twas called Siouska's boat; and 'round

About, there seemed to float in human minds
A superstition strong, which thus declared:
“From this wild stream the River’s God demands
A sacrifice of human life each year
To calm the Indian warrior’s bitter hate,
To soothe Siouska’s sorrow and revenge.”
And so, from year to year, it clasps a form
To its cold breast, and washes out its life.

BILL STOKES’ LAST SPREE,
AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

A reckless, loose, uncouth boy, Bill,
A full-acknowledged “ne’er do weel.”
He ’d baffled all the love of mother,
The pleadings, too, of every other;
The schemes of father, too, had failed,
And all the friends of Bill bewailed.
But he cared not, and day and night
He made in streets an uncouth sight,
He and his rough and drunken cronies;
Yet Bill lived once among the “Tonies.”
No man in all the town could drink
More beer or whisky, I dare think;
No man could smoke more bad cigars;
No man cared less for prison bars;
He was a match for any, fully,
In things low-life, and was a bully;
And people shunned him night and day
And turned from him upon the way.

Yet Bill had friends, the chief a bottle,
From which he'd often wet his throttle;
And oft he'd give a comrade, dear,
A sup of warming whisky, clear.
Thus Bill was sunken down below
The plainest social stratum. So,
One day, before the hours grew dark,
With one poor crony, brother spark,
He started on a drunken spree,
To wind the Old Year up with glee.

They wandered, like two crazy coons,
And stopped at taverns and saloons,
Imbibing freely at each place
With many a weird and ghostly face.
They scarcely staggered, for it took
Much whisky 'fore their balance shook.
But now 'twas dark; but on they went
On still more drunken ventures bent,
With yet sufficient sense retained
To hear and answer when arraigned;
Not falling down, but pitching hence
Oft 'gainst some crooked, ill-made fence,
And swearing, mouthing oaths profane
In one disgusting, coarse-toned strain.
They neared a church upon their walk,
From which came loud and boist'rous talk.
They heard a voice cry out: "My God!"
Said Bill: "By —, Bob, that sounds odd!
I wonder what's the rip in there?
There's something wrong that way, I fear!"
And still the cries from those within,
Proclaiming loud their deep-dyed sin,
Came striking on their muddled ears,
Arousing strange and muddled fears.

But ever ready for a brawl,
They tho't this chance the best of all.
So Bill said: "Bob, by —, the din
Beats all! I say, let's both go in,
And if there's some poor devil there
Who needs our help, we'll give him care;
Or punch some scoundrel's peepers in."
"That's me!" said Bob; "Pile in to win!"
They neared the door, together clinging,
Just as a burst of voices, singing,
Broke on the air; a weird commotion,
From hearts excited in devotion.
Bill stopped to listen. "What a row!
I wonder what they're doing now!
Come, Bob, let's join the jolly crew;
Let's storm the ranch; the place is new."
They oped the door, and in they went
On roaring fun intently bent.
As in they reeled, attendants fleet
Came on to show them to a seat,
And Bill, as ever was his wont,
Was led directly to the front,
Where right before the preacher's eye
They sat, and grew a trifle shy.
A sister prayed for those in sin,
And some cried: "Glory!" some, "Amen!"
Some threw their arms about in space,
And shouted: "Lord, give us Thy Grace!"
Till all the building, filled with din
Made by these mortals steeped in sin,
Seemed like one vast discordant bell.
Bob whispered: "'Tis a curious h—!"
Short time they sat, fell in a heap,
And then they both dropped fast asleep.
Some zealous men cried: "Put them out!"

“Nay, Nay,” the pastor said, “don’t shout!
Just let the sinful mortals rest;
To save them let us do our best;
For two such souls, so great a prize,
Will give us grace in yonder skies
Where Jesus waits to see our work;
I’ll stay with them, and never shirk
’Till on them God has shed His grace,
And shown to them His shining face.
Besides ’tis Watch-night. Friends, the deed
Will ope New Year with love. God speed
Our work ’till these poor souls be freed!”
They all sat down, a good watch keeping,
For both to sober by their sleeping.
A plan was laid—a mystic scene
With lights of red and blue and green—
Which should arouse both Bob and Bill
To leave that demon of the still;
To seek the way that Christ had trod;
And feel the wondrous love of God.
Some time they slept, the time had come
When fairies, gnomes and spirits roam,
And Bob awoke and wakened Bill.
The place was dark, and with a will
In mournful tones an organ pealed
And Bill and Bob to seats were sealed.
The tones died out, a light was made;
A sister sang, a brother prayed;
The preacher said: “A tale I’ll tell,
How I a vision saw full well
If you will hark, my friends, I’ll lead;
You follow, listen, look; I’ll plead.
O, sinning friends, repent with speed!”
And then he rose, before them stood
In deepest reverential mood;

Then through his hair his fingers ran,
And in strong tones he thus began:

“ My feet had strayed in paths of ill repute,
And as in meditation's folds I lay
Close wrapped, when twilight drew her shades around,
Before me visions came, bright, vivid scenes
That touched my heart, and my soul's eyes were oped.
Before me stood the Cross, and on it stretched,
At feet and hands firm pinioned, was a man.
Bright crimson drops of tortured life-blood dripped
Upon the weeping earth, and sank from sight.
From where they sank below, I saw arise
A tender, climbing shrub, which seemed to reach
Toward that manly form, while from its stems
Deep blood-red blossoms grew which drooped and wept
For Him who suffered there. And as I looked,
Soft, pitying agony marked His sad face
All bathed in drops of sweat. His eyes shone forth
With radiant light, and He exclaimed in pray'r:
' Forgive them, God, they know not what they do!'
Around His head a brilliant halo shone,
And then I knew 'twas Christ, the Son of God!
A reverential awe filled full my soul;
With firm fixed fear I stood; then lifting up
My eyes, another face I saw in radiance still
More bright, a face of kindest love-divine,
Long, wavy hair, profusely grown and gray
Around his shoulders spread. My wonder grew
While inspiration cried: ' Frail mortal man,
Behold! The Father, God, King over all!'
Above me hung a giant, two-edged sword
Secure by stern, impartial Justice held;
And as I crouched, in mortal fear and dread
I saw two arms out-reaching, me to save,

My quivering soul to grasp. I felt, I knew
The grace of God was working in my heart.
My soul was crushed, my broken spirit fell,
I bowed my head, and wept for sinners all.
My drooping eyes I ope'd, and there beheld
The broad, deep, gaping gulf of horrid hell.
I shuddered in despair, for there I saw
The weird, wan crowds of spirits doomed pass by
In slow and crushing torture's bonds firm fixed."

The preacher paused to note effect,
To see where now to best direct.
Bill trembled like an aspen-leaf,
Or sailor when first told to reef.
Bob's hair stood up, each hair alone,
And round the room a faint light shone—
A light of blue and sickly hue—
While spectre shadows awful grew
And passed around in fearful shape,
And Bob and Bill sank to a heap.
The preacher's eye now brightly shone,
Advantage took and thus went on:

"Anon there passed a weak and trembling wretch.
In early life he was the pride and joy
Of home and friends. His father's proudest hope.
His mother—O she doted on her son!
But in one evil hour he let his soul
Sink grov'ling in the depths of sinful vice.
One fatal night when steeped in crime and rum,
A slave to passion's fearful, fatal reign,
The sword of Justice snapped his cord of life.
He fell, the devil's prize, poor sinful soul!
No chance had he to ask a father's love;
No mother cooled his hot and fevered brow;
No sister knelt beside his dying bed;

No friend to soothe his deeply troubled mind;
But like a worthless cur he lay 'mong those
Who laughed and jeered at his remains;
The hopeless fools of all-degrading vice
Who there reviled the sacred name of God."

Again a pause, again to note
The deep effect upon them wrought.
A deep red glare burst on the sight,
Disclosed a scene of fear and fright.
Around a fire grim spectres stood
In awful, wild and drunken mood,
The blood-red glare o'er all things spread
But centered on one seeming dead.
Bill's eyes like burning fire hot gleamed
And Bob's too glared, as horrors streamed
Upon them, for they conscious, dreamed.
Again the preacher re-commenced;
His zeal and joy was now enhanced.

" Christ asked for mercy on that stricken soul,
And as the spirit rose from out the depths
Of all polluting crime, and, anxious sought
The judgment seat of God, I heard these words:
' Repent ye first. No souls can see our God
Who thus will die! '

" I saw him then in hell,
With millions more, deep wrapped in toil and gloom,
He, newly come from haunts of sin and shame;
With blood-shot eyes, thin, wan and sunken cheek;
With head bowed down in shame; limbs wearied, worn
And shambling in their march; with heart strings strained,
And tender nerves to shaking palsy racked;
He passed, all woe, all agonized distress.
I felt my spirit sink; my hot blood chill;

My cheeks to blanch; my heart's pulsations wane;
A trembling seized my frame, and then I wept—
The picture seemed so vivid and so true.
Christ crucified before the Father God;
The sword of Justice hanging o'er my head;
Beneath my feet the gaping gulf of hell;
The spirit of God's grace pervading all;
I gave one last, long, piercing cry for help:
'O, save me, Father; save me, or I die!'
I fell, and as upon that charmed soil
I lay, a sleep upon me came. I dreamed.
Before me lay in broad and boundless stretch
The rich green fields of heaven; upon a throne
High raised in mighty state supremely sat
The Great, High God of all; upon His right
Was Christ, His wounds all healed by God's own love,
And bathing each in pure, rich clouds of light,
A glory shone, the halo of God's love.
Myriads of angels, clothed in spotless white,
Roamed freely round, and heavenly praise sent forth,
Flooding with harmonies divine all sense,
All life—a charming, glad, elysian home!
Before me stood a bright, angelic form,
Who, in the sweetest words of hope and love,
Thus kindly spake: 'I hear repentant calls!
Unhappy mortal, sunk so low, be calm;
Thou art a child of sorrow; on thy life
Look back; the pictured horrors seem so black
That light can scarcely struggle through the gloom;
But Christ has heard thy call, and He has said:
'Go, erring mortal, go and sin no more!'
Ask and receive; unheeded none are here;
Heav'n's gates are open now to all good men,
To all sincere, repentant souls that come!
Christ lives for all! He loves all men alike!

Christ is the Son of Him, the Great, High God,
And holds, by providential trust, the life
Of all created things! Christ is the true
Salvation! Follow Him in truth and love,
And live! Discard Him, and ye surely die!
Repentant sinner, come, depart all ills,
Kneel now and pray, for, saith the God of Hosts,
'I am the Light, the Hope, the Truth and Way!'"

The parson ceased, and brilliant lights were made.
A glory seemed to follow all he said,
And all attending eyes to Bill and Bob were led.

Big drops of sweat stood on Bill's face;
Bob looked as though he'd run a race,
At something like a racehorse pace.
'Twas evident the plans thus laid
A marked success had surely made.
Then, with a bright and genial smile
The pastor came, with studied style;
"Come, boys," he said, "The glorious morn
Awakes the day, and now is born
A Sunday, glad in every love,
A day made holy from above.
Now, boys, let's shake each other's hand
And join the reformation band!"

"Say, mister, you have done the job;
What say you—aint it Gospel, Bob?"

"I feel, Bill, as I never felt
Since at my mother's knee I knelt,
And heard from her that mystic pray'r
For me breathed out with fervent care;
And now, Bill, here I say: No more
I'll make myself a drunken boor;
No more I'll use the name of God
Profanely while above the sod!"

“ Well, Bob,” said Bill, “that is my bent,
 And now here goes with full intent;
 I’ll go and tell my father now,
 And make my mother’s heart’s-love glow.
 And now let’s take one final oath
 To bind us in the way of Truth.”

“ All right, Bill, make it good and strong,
 And to the point; but not too long!”

“ By God our Father, Christ His Son,
 A vict’ry over sin is won;
 Our souls shall ever more be free
 From evil and depravity!”

As all prepared to leave the church
 The organ pealed a joyful march,
 All sang the “ Conquering Hero ” then,
 And ev’ry tongue cried out, “ Amen!”

LIFE—A BRIEF REVIEW.

A SATIRE.

My Muse awoke one glorious morn in Spring,
 When all the new-born beauties ’gan to sing,
 And Sol arose to lead at early day
 A glowing pageant on a joyful way.
 She bade me aid her in a wand’ring strain
 Among the fancies of her poet brain.
 She would not sing of Spring, although there might
 Be much in praise sung of that fickle sprite;
 Nor would she sing of mythic Juno’s eyes,
 Which might, perhaps, some pleasures cause to rise;

Nor take the theme of Love, whose light'ning fire
Knows naught but self in all his bright desire;
So would she let electric fires alone,
Nor list to travels at the Arctic zone.
But still, persistent elf, she bade me ring
Strange thoughts, which she to me would bring.

Forth from the depths of human souls we see
Spring hopes of life for all eternity;
Immortal visions float 'fore every gaze,
And lead mankind along in doubtful ways—
Grim spectres, these, to some of weaker caste,
Bright gleams of joy to others, that will last.
None ask for birth; and for desire of death,
All dread its advent with their every breath;
All struggle, wildly, for a longer lease
Of life, and suffer that it may not cease;
But of all joys that come to human life,
The greatest is this winding up of strife.
Yet, full of hope, all leave this "vale of tears"
To roam, they know not how, through other spheres.
Men live on earth in fear, they know not why,
And mortal dread of God, who rules on high;
They know not how they came, nor how they go,
But this know well: that life is toil and woe.
Some men are slaves, and some are born to rule,
And some are wise, and hosts are called, "Thou fool!"
And strange to say, each fellow judges each,
And deems himself most capable to teach.
Contention, thus, is made a welcome friend,
And men will hug her 'till the very end;
So, all through life, though be it short or long,
Men growl aloud, a discontented throng.
They do not think that Nature's schemes arrange
All grades distinct, yet work eternal change;

If progress makes a white man of a black,
Some force must change, transform, the white man back—
Not change the skin, perhaps, but the vocation,
There must be some to fill each varied station.
But 'fore too much is said about a slave,
Let's view a life from birth unto the grave.

A child is born, and, Lo! All present strive
To see if baby sweet, is all alive!
They do not think the little fellow bore
Some form of life for ages gone before;
That life transmitted on from sire to son
Has linked the human fam'ly into one.
But, then, men, much unlike a common "hack,"
Do not think much of working themselves back,
And yet, like asses coming to a hill,
Oft have a strong desire to stand stock-still.

The child's first year of life is one of bliss,
A change from past existence into this—
Existing life can scarcely be explained
Until the knowledge of it is retained—
A simple, small, confiding, tender toy,
To labor acting as a sweet decoy.
Of station low, nor middle class, nor high,
The child knows naught. O blessed infancy!
Brought into life a sort of visioned ghost,
He may in time make fame his proudest boast;
For men have risen from the lowest rabble
To sit where kings and rulers loudest gabble:
And plow-boys, too, by circumstantial rules,
Are thrust, sometimes, in chieftain-making schools.
And while wise men are lost in wond'ring stare,
Some low-born fellow takes a ruler's chair.
The masses praise him, wond'ring how he grew
To be so great, so full of learning, too.

Uncommon sense, it must be borne in mind,
Can clearly see; 'tis *common* sense that's blind!
And menial-like, men bend before a runt,
And drink in wisdom at his every grunt!

The child scarce learns to creep, or crawl, or walk,
Before he knows that he must often baulk;
That concentrative force must be the power
To work success, though even for an hour;
But to repay some one for all his failings,
Sets out on long and discontented wailings,
And all through life, this same discordant ban
Seems fixed in all the words and works of man.
But, O, those childish years! What joyous rays
Illuminated disconcerted days!
Bright God-sent beams, to make the past life's page
Read pleasing as 'tis scanned in ripe old age!
O, foolish man, to wish that youthful hours
Might pass to manhood's self-conceited powers!
What years of toil are banished in one thought
Of one glad, happy day that childhood brought!

The child is changed and passes to new scenes,
And enters on that stage of life called — "Teens."
The first few years of this conceited state
Make awful havoc in his muddled pate,
He knows not which he is, a man or boy,
Which to indulge in, soberness or joy;
But ere one-half this mixed-up stage is passed
He grows in knowledge, most surprising, fast,
His father's cautious words, and mother's cares,
Are lost in his, now, philosophic years.
He enters into ev'ry sage debate;
Talks fluent, foolish, on affairs of state;
Falls deep in love with ev'ry maiden face
That fickle chance may in his presence place;

And with his female friends can feel more grand
Than any work of God in any land;
His giant mind, he thinks, contains the whole
Of all that makes a bright angelic soul;
'Tis perfect in its truth and innocence,
A model from divine Omnipotence.
His wisdom, too, is clear, he never fears;
But oft essays to teach maturer years;
And, yet, 'tis true, experience gives the rules.
All men have been just such conceited fools!
'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, that no man learns
This valued title which he always earns!
No matter whether 'tis deserved or not
'Tis all the same, the privileged common lot
Of all mankind, and even women, too,
And even brutes soon learn the sound to rue.

Conceited youth soon finds himself a man,
And sets to work to form, for life, a plan;
Lays out a path without a crook or break,
And thinks to wealth, him, it will surely take;
Builds wondrous castles, which he views with pride;
Expects a world of praise and more beside—
Expects that heaven will with especial care
Give him a special love and special fare.
And, then, he swells and vainly struts about,
Like turkey-cock at colors flaunted out,
Or peacock sailing with expanded tail
On cleanly slope of some sequestered vale.
The passers by, who've traveled there before,
Look, smile, then laugh, then ridicule him, sore,
This makes him storm—philosophy is lost—
'Twas cheap as dirt with him e'en at first cost.
Again, 'tis strange how easy 'tis t' offend
A fellow-man; though thought to be a friend;

One inadvertent word, or misplaced look,
 'Twould seem the town was by an earthquake shook!
 A breath of scandal to a whirlwind grows,
 And like a whirlwind scatters as it goes.
 Fair lives are crushed as lightning blasts a tree,
 And left to die in deep obscurity.
 But though the town gets deeply by the ears—
 Thus showing all men's sense of learned years—
 To them 'tis plain that ev'ry day they live
 They knowledge gain, progress too, they believe—
 Oft times like bulldogs trained to bait and bite,
 Or cocks, full game, brought fairly up to fight.

That bridge passed o'er, his castles no more plain;
 His golden road changed to a thorny lane,
 And crooked, too, and full of stumps and stones,
 And gloomy, 'hap, as graves of dead men's bones,
 He mingles in a motley crowd's parade,
 Mixed up in what is understood as—"Trade."
 A medley strange, whose varied, winding ways
 Entangle him in many a crooked phase.
 Around him there, in one continuous throng,
 A crowd is jostling, pushing him along.
 The striving mass, like clouds in thunder storms,
 Clash, curse and weep, in wild and fierce alarms.
 He meets with lies of ev'ry grade and shade,
 And schemes of plunder deeply, meanly laid;
 All pushed with strong, persistent force and zeal,
 As though the labor was for public weal,
 And if there's one in all the motley group
 That values truth, he's straightway made a dupe.
 So, choose whatever path in trade he will
 He's met with jest at ev'ry social ill;
 Fierce opposition comes at ev'ry turn,
 And likes and dislikes all around him burn.

Perhaps 'tis right—'tis nature, I suppose—
The lily might dislike the blushing rose;
The fair of face, by some inhuman spark,
Don't like a fellow, 'cause, forsooth, he's dark;
The high and wealthy often cast a frown
Upon the lowly, just to keep them down;
The lowly, too, oft cry against the high,
And darkly scowl whene'er they pass them by;
And in these hateful feelings men take pride—
'Tis universal o'er the whole world wide.
And, yet, 'tis strange, when sad misfortunes fall
Upon a people, like a funeral pall,
A well of sorrow will arise and start
A flood of pity from each human heart.
But midst the schemes that crowd him fast and thick,
The politicians' is the meanest trick;
To them is left the crowning vice of all,
Which blushes raise at their most shameful fall—
Tho' shamed, at first, they in a few short days
Quite lose themselves in its bewitching ways.
He learns that he, who, through this life would pass,
Has one requirement—hard and polished brass—
That men, like swine, have one great boast—
'Tis who can eat and drink and get the most.
Strange incongruity of human mind
That tells him he's the only thing refined!
No wonder Gods are needed to redeem
A world immersed in such a wicked scheme!
Man's plan, lose all things else, but money get,
Makes his whole life one long, continued fret,
And so, from birth, 'tis still the leading theme,
The tangled thread in ev'ry troubled dream.
O, why does not Content, with pleasing smile,
The hearts of humankind more oft beguile;
Why, why not love more often help their need,
And kill the curse of man's inhuman greed!

Time flies in this what 's called his business life—
Flies fast in joy, but lingers long in strife—
And soon he finds, that he has had his day;
His eyes are dim; his hair has turned quite gray;
His limbs are trembling with unsteady step,
And all his years of life seem wondrous cheap;
And close beside him, now, in early pride,
A youthful hero pushes him aside.
Like wounded soldier left upon the field,
He rests, reflects on his past life revealed.
What wonders he would do, were he placed back
To where he started on life's rugged track!
What changes he would make; what plans mature;
What contracts make, and what wealth secure!
With what vast knowledge would he store his mind,
And how the world, by him, could be refined!
Thus building castles, at this time of age,
Just as he did at manhood's opening page.
While oft regretting, in a musing way,
The time misspent when he was young and gay,
He casts an eye to where the youth in sport,
To life's first years, is paying happy court,
And sighs to think what little wisdom 's there,
And for the ills the young will have to bear;
Essays a few short words of "My Advice—"
So cats, sometimes, in fable, talk to mice—
And at each motion whether false or real,
Or at each failure of ambition's zeal,
With sage conclusive argument, speaks low:
"I knew 'twould be so," or "I told you so!"
Instead of pity, or a helping hand,
Or soothing words, at ev'ry one's command,
He chuckles o'er a fellow-man's defeat,
And prides him gladly, in his own conceit.
What wonder youth berates old foggy years

And pays less rev'rence to their scant gray hairs;
Lays gratitude, content and love aside
And fosters cunning, discontent and pride!
But 'tis a fact, who learns these last the best
Are clever, smart, superior to the rest,
Receives the homage of the many who
Pay tribute to this roguish-minded few.
Perchance some gentle spirit fresh from school,
A rare exception to the gen'ral rule,
With thoughts Utopian finding social schemes
That gleam and glisten like some lovely dreams,
Presumes the strange unsocial crowd to teach,
And doctrines grand, divine and holy preach.
They listen, and, like parrots learned by rote,
Talk fairly while dressed up in Sunday coat,
And to the question: "Brethren, do you do
To others as you'd have them do to you?"
Devoutly answer: "Lord, we think we do!"
Pretension here is made the ruling power
And holds control for just one simple hour.
The guise thrown off, they see their suff'ring kind
And cross the street, or leave them far behind;
Cold, selfish motives swell in every heart,
And drown religion's better, purer part.
But life seems false and men like tricky apes,
Or like the fox that could not reach the grapes,
What they can't do, or get, by art or chance,
They leave with wistful yet deceitful glance.
And life false? Aye, surely, oft it is,
Not what it might be here, a state of bliss
If every man would but his duty do,
And do it kindly, lovingly and true.
But with their boasted reason, one would think
Men at perfection's fount would stop and drink;
Would practice only good in life's brief stay,
To make the passage smoother at the closing day.

There is an end to all this social strife,
Sure as there is an end to human life,
And every other form, too, let's suppose,
For ev'rything must die that lives and grows.
No life occurred but death was close behind
And followed faithful till again confined,
And ev'ry bud formed on whatever tree
Has in itself the common destiny.

Now stretched on bed of sickness and disease,
Disease of age, decay, sirs, if you please,
There gather round him here and there a friend—
Whose friendship when he dies will have an end—
Who tends his wants with fervency and zeal;
Whose sympathy and love seem true and real.
Yet these oft weary of the tedious round
Of care, and work because in duty bound.
Here is the place where good is truly bred—
The only place?—Around the sleeping dead!
What pity man should make of life a jest;
Should not prepare for this, the final rest;
Should not more early cultivate the good,
And pride himself in evil ways withstood;
Should not give thought and care to leave behind
Some record of a nobleness of mind!
O man, look out from self, and raise thy soul above,
Seek, grasp, secure, God's universal love!
See, o'er the earth creation's wondrous plan:
A universal brotherhood of man!
Hark, from all things resounding echoes roll,
“We all are parts of one stupendous whole!”

MEDITATION.

"HOW WONDERFUL IS DEATH."

What is this Death that makes the spirit quail
In fear and trembling at his icy mail?
Why make each heart to tremble, fear and crouch,
In wild, dread horror of his clammy touch?
What is this pow'r that leads the thoughts to rack,
Oft makes the reason fall a silent wreck?
No tongue has told, no mortal e'er revealed,
The myst'ries by that fearful king concealed.
O that some spirit of the past would rise
And lift the veil of future from the skies;
Would spread 'fore hoping man those joyous views
So oft the subject of the poet's muse!
Then might he live possessed of that desire
That lights his pathway with angelic fire,
Might see and hear the beauties of the spheres,
With sight enraptured, and enchanted ears.

Oft genial spirits from the heav'nly land
Creep to my sense and take me in command;
Ecstatic love, my heart so gladly thrills;
A stream of joy like nature's purest rills,
Runs through my veins in sweet bewitching course,
And leads me on with unresisted force.
I contemplate, with deep and watchful care,
The scenes where Death receives an ample fare—
E'en mid the happiness of mortal joys
He plays with life, as children play with toys,
And oft as fortune thinks to shed her store
Upon a man, Death steals in at the door,
And life and future pleases him no more.

A gallant bark rides out o'er distant seas
With sails outspread to catch the fresh'ning breeze;

She rides so graceful, noble, strong and brave
And meets with pride each boist'rous, rolling wave.
How rich the freight she bears across the sea!
Hearts beating fondly, true and hopefully,
And o'er the sea outreaching loud and long
Ring happy voices in a gladsome song.
But, hark! an angry wind moans deep and low,
And tumult rises on the sea below,
The elements in furious wrath combined,
The lashing sea and fiercely cutting wind,
The drifting, driving rain and thunder clouds
Hang o'er the sea like threat'ning funeral shrouds;
Deep darkness falls around, and deep despair
And anguish, fear and dread, seize all hearts there.
Now on the deck in wild tumultuous throng
The human beings rush so wildly strong.
With frenzied fear and weeping, straining eyes,
They wring their hands and pierce the air with cries.
A mother, there, by mother's love beguiled,
Cries out, "O God of Mercy, save my child!"
"O save us all, why should we die like this?
Alone, with no kind word, no friendly kiss,
Weak, hopeless victims to the tyrant waves—
Lost, lost, in cold, dark, silent, wat'ry graves.
O God, my heart with anguish sore is rent,
Look down and save us, Thou Omnipotent!"
A wailing cry, a fearful shriek, a start;
The ship wheels quickly round—her timbers part;
Then on the sea the human mass is thrown,
Lashed by wild ocean, now more furious grown;
One final grasp made to some floating spar;
One last, fond look at life's fast fading star;
The struggling victims in a gulf are tossed,
The waves close madly o'er, and all is lost.
Soon stars creep out and gaze upon the scene,
And ocean lies below, calm, gentle and serene.

A poor, sad outcast on some desert moor,
Forsaken, homeless, in his wand'ring tour,
Still clings to suffering life with hope still strong,
Prays oft to God: "My wretched life prolong!
For brighter visions light my weary path,
And peace and love shall turn away all wrath!"
But he, too, passes, on his breast are crossed
His hands. His brightest dream of life is lost.

See that strong man with fever racked and pain,
With tortured frame contorted oft again:
His seething, boiling brain in endless track
Roams wild in frenzy mad, a violent wreck!
On, on, a current strong, of red, hot blood
Is coursing through his veins a scorching flood,
He tosses, restless, battling hard for life—
Fights for existence in a fearful strife,
And while kind hope is battling 'gainst a doubt,
The fever burns his fading heart's life out.
No noise, no sound disturbs the sleeping dead,
Save whispers soft and low, and cautious tread.

Now see a human bud of promise rise!
Mark the sweet mouth and bright and laughing eyes;
The rounded cheeks, the pretty, dimpled chin;
The little feet and hands, soft, plump and clean;
Hear the light prattle of the baby tongue,
On broken accents sweetly pleasing hung;
See the fond mother bending o'er her child,
By purest love and fondest hope beguiled.
She paints a future for her darlings own
In softest colors harmonized in tone.
Death comes and steals the little flower away,
Just at the happiest hour of life's glad day,
Calls to the dearest, fondest friends to part,
Ee'n tho' the cost should be a broken heart.

That maiden once was healthful, bright and gay,
And passed in song the happy hours of day,
And while the stars their nightly vigils kept,
With pleasing dreams the maiden sweetly slept.
But mark the change! No more the happy song
In joyous notes is heard the whole day long;
No more—alas!—is heard her ringing laugh—
Instead a sad and labored hacking cough;
The weakened step, the languid, weary frame,
And forced the smile that once so freely came;
The wasted form, the bright and lustrous eye;
The quickened breath, and yet the deep drawn sigh;
The sunken cheek marked by the hectic flush;
The quiet tread and gently spoken: “Hush;”
All tell—how plain—without expense of breath
How strong and sure the grasping hand of death.
A few short months her life drags slowly on,
With hope her all to live and rest upon;
She never dreams that Death has in his grasp
Her life’s blood spring which fails so sadly fast.
Her mortal part soon lies beneath the sod,
Her spirit flies to commune with its God.

When in the church-yard—sacred place—I roam,
That city of the dead, their silent home,
And while the swollen mounds I’m passing by,
From out my breast I heave a deep-drawn sigh.
I pause and think, again, and still again,
Of all the hosts who’ve joined the deathly train.
And as I pass each stone erected there,
Go back to life with their inscriptions fair.
There lies a babe that never breathed the air,
And there a child who’d felt a mother’s care,
And here a maid who’d beauty in her eye,
And here a youth, a father’s hope, doth lie;

Here sleeps a mother, sadly missed at home,
And there a wand'rer, never more to roam;
There 'neath that mound relieved from mortal strife,
A man, cut off just in the prime of life,
Sleeps his last sleep, has made the losing trade.
Not losing, 'tis a joyful bargain made,
For what is death? 'Tis but a change, a birth,
A rising from the crudities of earth;
The imperfections of the life of man
Are made perfections by this wondrous plan.
Light bursts spontaneous on the human soul
When these dark shades the mortal parts enroll;
A universal joy should fill the air,
For all are favored in that future sphere.
All death receives, the friend as well as foe,
The proud, the fierce, the victim full of woe,
All find one friend, who welcomes every form,
In him who smiles while taking each by storm.
Why fear it then? Because it is unknown;
The darker side has never yet been shown;
Nor death, nor sleep was ever realized;
'Tis waking makes the blest condition prized.
The going whence no mortal e'er returned,
The tales of death thus leaving all unlearned,
Makes it so dreaded, none will ever dare
To love that path which every one must share.
Though in God's mercy, love, and truth sincere,
His final judgments give to each a fear.
Yet life, and Death and Heaven, and God are all
The framers, leaders, teachers of the soul!
Fear not that sleep, that happy end for all,
Which all must take when nature makes the call;
A brighter home is there beyond the grave,
With open doors, the outcast man to save.
No rank is there to crush the poor man's hope;

No poverty with sordid wealth to cope;
No curses deep to blast forever more
Ambition, pride, for there they cannot soar.
There all are equal, pure as spotless white;
There virtue lives, and truth gives free her light;
There happiness, unsullied by distress,
And honor beams in purity of dress.
No sordid hopes, no deeds of evil mar
The pallid luster of the heavenly star;
No uncouth sound disturbs the tranquil scene,
But virtue reigns, one universal Queen.

ARTHUR AND ELLEN.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

A little village in a valley lay
Far from all other towns, in lonely way;
No locomotive with its busy train
As yet had crossed its quiet, calm domain;
No telegraph out there had reached its arms
To spread excitement or to raise alarms;
Communication with its heavy load
Toiled on by teaming o'er the country road.
A little cottage in this village stood,
With simple, modest beauty well bestowed.
Within this cot, in parlor neat and trim
A maiden sat, and at her feet a stream
Of brilliant sunlight on the carpet strayed,
In which a cat, half sleeping, stilly laid;
Upon her lap, untouched, a ball of yarn,
Of bright, rich brown, a mitten, too, unworn,
And needles used for knitting, too, were there—

Her hands lay folded on her work with care;
Her large, dark eyes with heavy lashes fringed
Seemed gazing far away; her cheeks just tinged
With health's bright glow looked fresh and new
And told of youth—her ruby lips did, too.

'Twas early afternoon, and Christmas eve,
And Ellen sat there waiting to receive
A youth, whose promised heart and hand would be
All hers beneath the morrow's Christmas tree.
As yet he came not; and two hours had passed,
She then arose, so restless grown at last,
Then to the window went, and looked without—
The wind blew strong, and snowflakes whirled about—
But Arthur came not, and her wonder grew,
And oft again she to the window drew
And peered into the darkness 'till her eyes
Grew wearied, strained, but still she kept disguise.
Her friends grew anxious, watched her saddened way,
And sought her fears, with kindness, to allay.
The hours wore on and filled with bitter dread
Poor Ellen wandered to her room and bed.
But slumber came not to her aching eyes—
'To wearied hearts that sweetest, greatest prize,—
And all the night, so lonely, dark and long,
She fretted, wept, imagined every wrong,
And Arthur pitied, blamed, in changing mood—
To-morrow hoped he'd come—she thought him good.

Now Christmas morn, O joyous morn! appeared,
The merry voice of children laughed and cheered
At toys by wondrous Santa Claus bestowed,
And joy unbounded from their young hearts flowed,
But these charmed not poor Ellen; on her heart
A fear had come. Some sad misfortune's part
Kept Arthur back, and as she looked without

She saw fast falling, eddying about,
The gath'ring snows had come. All through the night
They must have fallen, for 'twas deep, though light.
Mid-day had come, and still no tidings came
And Ellen feared the joy would turn to shame.
But still she to the window often went
To look and hope for some kind omen sent.
And now the storm raged still more fierce and strong,
The wind moaned out a hollow, mournful song.

The day wore on to middle afternoon,
The Pastor came, and friends assembled soon,
And busy gossip found abundant source
For tongues to make the sorrow seem much worse;
But as the darkened hours of night came on,
The gathering friends departed, one by one,
The Pastor wished them all a kind good night
And consolation gave: "To-morrow will be bright!"
But Ellen watched and prayed, and watched again,
'Till near a week had gone, and gone in vain.

Off twenty miles or more, perhaps, away
Young Arthnr rose at morn, all bright and gay,
That eve he thought to reach the happy home
Of his loved Ellen, who, with him would roam
Through life's full years. To-morrow's setting sun
Would see the journey of the twain begun.
The morn was dark, and through the night
The snow had fallen thick and deep, and light;
But Arthur, true to every promise made,
And doubly true to Ellen, was not stayed;
With horse and cutter, well prepared with wraps,
He started forth, and 'fore eight hours elapse
He fondly hoped to reach fair Ellen's side,
Unconscious of the ills that might betide.
Still fell in wanton way the driving snow, .

And still the wind in fitful gusts did blow.
So Arthur's horse toiled slowly o'er the road,
Nor heeding urging earnestly bestowed.

The day wore on, the twilight hours had come,
And Arthur scarce had gone ten miles from home;
The task was hopeless getting through that night,
And he resolved to wait for morning light.
With this resolve, he reached a friendly farm,
And sought for shelter from the driving storm,
And neared the house, and from the kindly host
Received a welcome shelter, without cost.
Meanwhile fierce raged the storm, unceasing raged,
The wind, too, howled like fierce wild beasts uncaged,
And all the night it did not once abate,
Nor show a sign of changing its wild state.

Slow dragged the shades of op'ning morning light.
Fast fell the flakes of snow so purely white.
As Arthur glanced without, his heart sank low—
No chance that day through those great hills of snow.
He thought to try, but admonition's force
Bade him remain, the storm was growing worse.
'Twas Christmas day, that day so glad and fair;
The happiest day, perhaps, of all the year,
And yet depression marked young Arthur's face,
And sorrow's lines upon his heart left trace.
But Christmas passed, six other days thus passed,
And then the roads were freed, again at last.
Light beat young Arthur's heart once more again,
As he prepared to reach his much-loved queen;
His gratitude extended to his friends,
And hoped some day to better make amends.

The sun was sinking in the golden west
On New Year's Eve, and Ellen, sweetly dressed,

Sat by the window silently intent
On visions far away. The Old Year's fame,
The New Year's glory bursting into flame;
Her blasted hopes; of Arthur's sad neglect,
And other topics, thus did she reflect.

From this deep reverie jingling bells without
Called her to look—one glad, one joyous shout:
“Come, come, at last! O, Arthur, why so long?
Why leave me thus? O, don't you know 'twas wrong!
But, O, the joy, the joy that thou art come;
'Tis doubly great! Now welcome to our home!”
Friends flocked around, his horse was cared for well,
And he by cosy fire, his story had to tell.
That night they watched, the Old Year talked about;
Saw its last spark fade, glimmer, die, go out;
The glorious future told in glowing terms,
Free from all toils, free from all driving storms.

Glad New Year's morn awoke the op'ning year,
The glorious sun proclaimed the day was fair.
The preparations for the festal day
Kept glad all hearts in one harmonious way;
Friends gathered in, the Pastor's happy face
And pleasing words gave all hearts grace;
The marriage bells rang out their joyous peal,
The festal board was spread with earnest zeal,
And Love, once more, stamped there his holy seal.

Good things come slowly, often are delayed;
But by delay are much more happy made;
A double pleasure gives when thus obtained;
Are better prized and longer, too, retained.
Thus things are valued by the toil they give—
The struggle of existence is to live.

THE CIRCLE.

A curious chap of spiritualistic mind,
One darkened eve sat brooding o'er his kind.
Deep pond'ring on their ready disbelief
In things divine, and mortal life so brief.
He pondered on the future world of bliss,
And wondered if 'twere anything like this.
He thought if God damnation would bestow
Upon all mortals who should doubt below,
His chance, perchance, would be but weak indeed,
He'd better form his faith for life with speed.
Yet still he felt his mind would ne'er give in
T' accept belief in never pardoned sin,
And thought at least if God in heaven above
Should judge all men, He'd do it full of love;
And as he sat to reverie inclined,
A "Dark Seance" came floating to his mind.

He longed for demonstration from that land
To Spirits given, and right then he planned
Communion with that happy land of bliss,
To ease the deep perplexities of this;
And so he mused awhile, as eve drew on,
And then a light before his vision shone.
He summoned in a half a dozen friends
To aid in gaining his desired ends;
All sat in Circle, hand joined fast in hand,
Around a table, or a sort of stand;
Each heart in hope so fervently enwrapped
To know the table surely tipped or tapped.
Our hero called upon a long-dead friend
To put his soul's unquiet at an end—
A friend well known, a man full fond of fun,
His life a joke, it ceased 'fore well begun.
Deep silence fell and darkness reigned around,

As deep and dark as e'er in Chaos found.
At last from out the darkness there came forth
A vision weird, yet, seeming, marked with mirth;
A face and hand that floated in the air,
A face that made our hero sit and stare,
For surely it resembled one he knew
In other days, 'fore he to manhood grew.
And while he stared, the stand on which he leaned
Gave three sharp raps, and over, then, careened.
He felt it turn, then twist, and strain—e'en crack,
And then a fist or something struck his back;
He started up, half frightened for a race,
But stopped, a hand just slapped him on the face—
A gentle slap, more like a soft caress
From gentle maid; he wished it were no less.
A frightened friend, moved by a curious freak,
The circle broke, too frightened yet to speak,
And made a light—the spirit disappeared,
And demonstrations ceased.

The room was cleared,
That is, arranged; more curious friends came in,
Drawn thither by the strange, confusing din.
For this the light was good; the mortal gaze
Requires much help from artificial rays.
The chairs were ranged around in circle form,
And hands were joined, and then they gave alarm
To let the spirits know that mortals there
Were in due form, and everything was fair,
For immortality of course don't know
What's going on 'mong mortals down below.

The room was darkened, dark as wilful lies,
For Spirits can't be seen by vulgar eyes,
They're only seen by some blest medium's power,
And only then at just the proper hour;

But breathe a doubt, or hint a thought at one,
The spell is broken, broken sure as fun;
Blind faith is needed to complete the pow'r
To see and feel and know the mystic bow'r.

Did darkness disappear? Not so; but light
Flashed over all—a sort of second sight,
Or inward gleam, whereby the human souls
Were seen to roam, like gnomes or witching ghouls;
A light of knowledge from that future state
Which comes to only those of faith in fate.
Thus saw our friends, and all through airy space
They saw the spirits with an easy grace
Like floating clouds upon the azure sky,
Now nearing earth; now swiftly passing by;
Now hiding dark behind a distant star;
Now coming near again, then off afar;
Some angels steady, sober, starry sparks,
And others wilful, weird, and full of larks,
For, as on earth, they curious traits expressed,
So in this other world their souls are dressed,
Intensified, perhaps, for when our dead
Leave off progression, spirits seize the thread
And weave it on, progressing, rising still—
Enlarging, and expanding as they will.
Should spirits die—But that lacks faith and fire,
And God alone knows what would then transpire.

Now close around these airy phantoms came,
And even called our musing friend by name—
At least they spelled it, rapping on the wall,
If raps can make a human name at all—
To make a word, a rap needs divination,
Or else a stretch of wild imagination.
Then books, and pillows, blessed with violent motion,
And chairs, and tables, heaved like waves of ocean,

And tamborines and drums, by spirits dandled,
 Flew round about, as if by demons handled;
 The room itself seemed quickly turning round,
 And all the air seemed full alive with sound.
 Strange antics, these, for angel souls to do,
 And more than strange, indeed, if proving true.
 But then, what other mode of occupation
 Can spirits have who do not meet damnation?
 Besides, 'tis known and understood, full well,
 By mediums, who the future can foretell,
 That spirits do the same foolhardy tricks
 In that life, as in this; and so they fix
 Degrees in heaven. Indeed if 'twere not so,
 Who'd talk with mortals on this sphere, you know.

The turmoil ended, silence came at last,
 They settled down to finish up their task,
 The table tipped, of that no earthly doubt,
 Without material aid, too, slid about.
 If spirit life has more than mortal dower,
 Of course 'twould have much more than mortal power.
 "A spirit waits," the medium said, "be still!
 Now ask my friend such questions as you will."
 Our hero, full of earnest hope, began,
 And thus his questions—curious questions—ran:
 "What know you, friend, about a future life?"
 "I know your present to be one of strife!"
 "Pray tell me, really, is there any hell?"
 The medium said: "The spirit would not tell."
 He asked: "Did Christ in spirit form exist,
 Or was he but a vision 'mong the blest?"
 The spirit said: "True faith should never doubt,
 Nor ask, nor argue things divine about!"
 "Well," quoth our friend, "I seek just now for truth
 To build my faith while yet in manhood's youth.
 Pray tell me, is a creed required to save

A spirit from destruction at the grave?
If so, I'd know the proper one to choose
That I might not salvations graces lose."
The medium said the spirit could not stay;
On urgent duties must at once away.
Strange, spirits when they leave us are not free,
But still remain a wondrous mystery.
Strange, too, they come from heaven, so 'tis said,
But to explain it never can be led.
The spirits' secrets are more closely sealed
Than are masonic mysteries firmly held;
For from the latter there will oft escape
Some word, or sign, or other secret shape,
But of the future spirits never tell,
Nor e're a glimpse of spirit life reveal.
'The hour grew late, the circle 'gan to close;
Our friend, unsettled, sought a sweet repose.

This, then, is all the circle could display
Of that blest haven sought for every day—
A glimpse of heaven. What heart does not desire,
To know that land, to feel God's power inspire
The soul to rapture with a blissful view
Of heavenly life, so bright, so pure, so true!
But spirit circles never can display
The wondrous work of God's mysterious way.
Strange things indeed they do, the vulgar mind
Sees all the tricks, and in them knowledge find.
'Tis strange how easy these are satisfied,
And what slight things by them are deified!
A lady, now, the mystic silence breaks,
And through her lips an angel spirit speaks,
Or, so 'tis claimed, and to the faith they bend;
Though spirits should a cultured discourse send.
Another medium now begins to write
Such stuff as vulgar minds would pr'haps indite;

One medium paints, and by a spirit hand,
Such pictures as no artist skill would stand;
Now men are tied, 'tis said by spirit power,
Untied with speed; the wonder of an hour,
Then tied again in dark, mysterious knots,
All instantaneous work of mystic plots!
Imagination to these things lends charm,
And wild fanatics round them thickly swarm.
But where's the satisfaction to the mind
That seeks for truth, bold, earnest truth, refined?
With all the spirit demonstrations given,
To doubt and fear such minds are never driven;
And, yet, no pleasure comes to ease the heart,
Unless blind faith first plays an active part.

A HISTORIC PAGE.

ON THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

Bright, glad and rosy oped the year just passed.
The people, free, now once again had cast
Their record clear, and James A. Garfield stood
The champion of a free-born brotherhood.
There, sitting on that proud, historic seat,
So sacred made by many a noble feat,
Wherein stern purpose, sacrifice of life,
In bold adventure and fierce, warring strife;
Wives, mothers, daughters, sons and fortunes lost,
For freedom's gain, was made the fearful cost;
He'd gained the highest pinnacle of fame—
Chief of a nation of the proudest name.
Though sad the fields o'er which our fathers trod
To make a nation worthy of our God,

No emperor, king, nor potentate, nor prince,
Was given rule; but sacred ever since
The constellation of our starry States
Was built on earth, by grace of God, the fates,
Or other force, or power, or guiding care,
The point of pride's the Presidential chair.

High rose the people's hope. The streams of joy,
Like rippling laughter of glad girl or boy,
Flowed on in witching, smooth, unbroken flow;
All hearts beat free; the blood, in happy glow,
Coursed on in joyful dance; a happy throng,
Our peoples' voices rang aloud with song.
The busy outburst of a glorious ray
Of light was due—the nation's holiday.

But 'fore that morning's beauteous sun arose,
There came a crash; the joys came to a close,
And wells of sorrow, sad and deep, uprose.
The hearts of men sprang into passion's heat;
Low pulses rose to feverish pow'r and beat;
All faces paled; and tears fell hot and fast,
And frenzied passion ruled, and hate was cast
Across the chasm of a party, split
At sacrifice of power and benefit.
What e'er I do, I feel the pain and care
Of that great crowning ill of all the year;
It rises up, whate'er I contemplate—
The murd'rous Guiteau, and poor Garfield's fate.
For that cold, cruel deed, the moral sense
Of all the nation sought a recompense.
Each patriot's heart with apprehension, beat,
Of dangers crowding round fair freedom's seat.
Some feared that Anarchy might raise its head,
And number our Republic 'mong the nations dead.

All through the mourning, justice cried aloud;
Some sought revenge, and ev'ry head was bowed.
Death threats were made against the murd'rer's life,
While passion sought a more extended strife.
But still our people, honor be to them,
Restrained their passions strong—another gem
To stud the glory of our freedom's crown,
And give our nation still more wide renown.
Forbearance, held with such deep provocation,
Is rare indeed; but then, the dispensation
Of freedom, knowledge, and of cultured grace
Among our people, makes them grow apace
In Christian virtue; and, perhaps, 'twill place
Our nation, leader, teacher to the human race.

Hour after hour, day after lagging day,
Week followed week, and months, too, crept away.
Lying and wasting slowly to decay,
Upon his bed, our stricken chieftain lay.
And then the grim, unsocial monster, Death,
Him clasped, and softly stole away his breath.
The flash, electric, circled 'round the earth,
And friendships flowed from ev'ry grade of birth,
And services, memorial, held on every hand,
Spread gloom and sorrow over all the land.

The Civil Law then grappled with the case,
And men of sense, with meritorious grace
In patience waited, through the long, long trial
For justice to the weary way beguile.
And others, restless, thought it rough and rank
Presumption, calling that man Guiteau—"Crank."
And then, the trial in all its wondrous course
Was measured oft, a weak and mocking farce.

Is fate like this the work of God's own plan
To beat away ambitious work of man?
Are these disasters lessons of the hour
To lead man's mind to bow before God's power?
Is all this seeming, trying of the soul
The binding influence of Creation's whole?
Is not all this display of evil's might
To give mankind a glimpse of higher light?

Our cranks have grown since then in wondrous number,
'Tis strange 'mong them there's so much useless lumber.
They've risen up like mushrooms in September,
Or prize or present hunters in December.
In ev'ry hamlet, town, at least in ev'ry county,
Some *weakened mind* demands a public bounty
For shooting men, as one would shoot a dog,
Or butcher kill a finely fatted hog.
He shoots, is crank, was flound'ring in a bog,
With mind enveloped in a *mental fog*;
A *temporary* blindness came before him,
Or else the *Grace of God* was shining o'er him;
For inspiration's often plead defending—
Strange thought, indeed, dark crime with heaven blending.
'Tis said they see, though in a manner hazy,
But doctors claim one-fifth of all men crazy.
The suicide, whose act is often sensible,
Is dubbed a fool, for he has naught defensible.
But better that, than be so strangely odd
As all his vicious crimes to lay to God.
For were it true that God dictates such evils,
The world might soon become a den of devils.
We then should need indeed a new religion,
Or else another deeply learned revision
Of that we have, to lead us on in faith
That God is good and love is all He hath

To give to us poor mortals here below,
And that He's always willing to bestow.
But, goodness! men with angels want to rank,
And get inspired! With what? Why, bless you: "Crank!"
Weird eccentricity seems now quite lost;
Fanaticism, too, aside is tossed.
This one word, "Crank," now comprehends the whole,
And warps and twists full many a mind and soul.

Yet still the world revolves, though men be shot,
And men be hung. Whatever be the lot
Of individuals, social systems move
Along in course as happy and as smooth,
When days have passed, as e'er they did before
The sorrow came and crept in at the door.
Though passion rises at some brutal wrong,
'Tis soon forgot, and weeping's changed to song;
Tho' husbands die, their widows love again;
And if wives die, men lose their mourning strain;
Children are lost, and others are beloved;
Great nations pass, and even where they moved,
And where they built rich stores of pomp and state,
Others have grown to be as strong and great;
And even worlds wear out and pass away,
And new ones grow to grace Creation's day.

To make men cease from growing into brutes
Requires attack down at the very roots
Of social growth. So while on this small earth,
To have men angels of rich moral worth,
Demands attention e'en before their birth.
To wait till man commits a vicious deed
Of hate, revenge, of passion, or of greed,
Before he's taught of evil or of good,
And when he's made to dwell in hateful mood, -

And then to punish, seems a curious way
Of reformation from the evil's sway.
Each child is gifted with a brain formation
That needs a constant, cautious education,
And if, perchance, one little brain grows wrong,
Because neglected by the human throng,
The social system is of course to blame
If it bring sorrows to its own fair name.

But look beyond! See towering in the skies,
The glowing temple of Reform arise!
See in the future, men, redeemed, refined,
To ev'ry social good at last inclined!
See wrong requited; honor once more throned;
Virtue enrobed in state, and once more owned
By all as queen of ev'ry human heart!
See sin from every social life depart;
See golden truth, once more her banner raise,
And from all throats come songs of honest praise;
See minds untainted, strong and no more weak,
And every word of value that they speak;
See selfishness deep buried in the past,
And every act for social good be cast!
No poor, but all men rich in love and grace,
And earth be made a heavenly resting-place.
There is a future, loving, rich, and warm,
To mark the epoch of the world's reform!
Then let us seek to give our own loved state
The tow'ring splendor of the truly great.

THE WATCH-NIGHT COASTING PARTY.

'Twas the night before New Year's, cold, crispy and clear,
And the work was all done for the fast fading year,
And the hours that were left were hours left for pleasure,
Which the young people meant to enjoy without measure.

The snow was laid thickly, and evenly, just,
And over the top lay a hard frozen crust,
And the moon with her great, big, round, silvery face,
Had been off for awhile on her cold nightly race.

Then the stars, beyond number, with bright twinkling light
All over the sky made a beautiful sight;
And a group of young people met under that sky,
And they met by appointment, a good reason why.

There was Betsey and Josie, Melinda and Jane,
And Thomas, Bill, Freddy and Michael; again,
Miss Flopson and Jerry, all gathered together—
Just flocking as birds flock when all of a feather.

So Thomas and Bill, getting chilled standing still,
Suggested a little way off was a hill;
Miss Betsey and Josie, fun with them abiding,
Proposed they might all go right off there for sliding.

So the boys brought a sled, called in old times a "pung,"
And their clear merry laughter all through the air rung,
And up to the top of the hill they all dragged,
Though from dragging the sled, all the girls of course lagged.

But however, they got there, and eager to ride
Down the hill, a good long one, though not very wide;
And right on one side was a sort of a ditch,
Into which, if not careful, they might all of them pitch.

Miss Betsy with Thomas was seated in front,
And of course in all mishaps would take all the brunt;
Then Billy and Josie was next in good order,
On each side a boy, then a girl, like a border.

So Melinda and Freddy, then next made a pair,
Then Michael and Jane, both well-made, and fair,
And Miss Flopson and Jerry were found in the rear,
And, of course, were expected to guide, or to steer.

'The boys played the gallant, the motive pow'r, movers,
As boys often do in 'most all such manœuvres.
The girls almost always fall back in the shade,
Obedience seems for them especially made.

All ready, well seated, substantially fixed,
Each mated, alternately settled. well mixed;
Then Jerry just gave them a delicate push,
And downward they went with a whiz and a rush.

Away, and away, through the clear bracing air,
Like a fast falling star that shoots downward so fair.
Each breast swelled with rapture, each heart beat with glee,
And their lungs swelled, inhaling the pure air so free!

Thus they coasted two hours, while the old year was dying,
And off in the east the glad New Year came flying,
And they thought one more ride would just finish the year,
The old human cry: "Just a little more fare."

This last time they started they all of them cried:
"Here's a race now with Time; he is almost beside;
The old year is dying, the New Year has will
To see who shall win at the foot of the hill!"

They were going down swiftly, when Jerry looked back,
As he did so, all joined, and the sled jumped the track,
And before they could think, the girls 'gan to scream,
They were all in the ditch, in a heap, like a dream.

All muddled together in all sorts of form;
Upset and bewildered, and full of alarm;
Dumped out like potatoes dumped into a bin—
The New Year passed by them, as usual, to win.

The New Year had come, and Miss Flopsop at once,
When recovered, declared that she was no dunce,
And she whispered to Jerry: “ Dear Jerry, beware,
I claim you as mine, for this is Leap Year! ”

And Betsey and Josie, Melinda and Jane,
Slightly bruised, said that they would right now take the rein,
And so, on that year it was quite plainly seen,
That those girls, though the weaker, could not be called green.

It cannot be told here how many were caged;
'Tis thought though two couples that night were engaged;
The rest of them, bolder, defiant in tone,
Declared that for life they would go it alone.

They had seen the old year pass away from its strife,
They had seen the New Year as it came into life,
For this they were watching, for this they had come,
And they learned this conclusion when on their way home:

And so 'tis with life; hills, ditches and snags.
And 'tis well for each one to be wary of brags,
For perhaps the best foot may be caught in some hitch,
And then you awaken way down in a ditch.

'Tis well to look out, keep an eye on the track,
We had better go on than stop and look back,
For at some fitful moment there might be a bump,
Then you find your whole cargo run on to a stump.

THE MASS MEETING.

A SATIRE.

'Twas on a rainy day once in October,
When leaves and fields of course looked brown and sober;
When Summer, full of nature's beauties flowing,
Gives up her working, and lets die her growing;
I chanced upon a pretty little city
Whose many beauties helped me to a ditty.
While in the hotel office I was sitting,
I wondered at the constant talk, and flitting
Of men and boys, of ev'ry grade and station,
All loudly talking of a wondrous nation;
Why groups of men were fevered and excited,
Almost to seem like sheep at something frightened;
Why some were crowding, others fiercely pushing,
Just as the mob at Barnum's show were rushing.
With curiosity my mind was burning
To know the cause of all this twisting, turning.
So all around the town, for observation,
I wandered 'mid that scene of wild sensation.
Ten thousand figures, nearly, there were yelling,
Like peacocks, full of pompous pride, were swelling;
From windows, handkerchiefs and flags were flaring,
While on the walks 'twas jostling, crowding, swearing.
There came a lot of mounted, mixed battalions,
On foot, on horse, mares, colts and stallions,
In color, dress, style, shape, together jumbled,
Like goods at fires into the roadway tumbled.
Some walked like dogs who'd learned the art of strutting,
And some like rams, at country fair grounds, butting;
Some looked as though they in the mire had wallowed,
And others looked as though they'd beer kegs swallowed,
Yet others looked, and felt no doubt, like princes,
Their faces sallow-green like ripened quinces.

These, deeming all their motley race was regal,
Bound on their banner tops a tortured eagle.
These animals, by some one called human,
They did, 'tis true, resemble men and women,
In ignorance, and prejudice, and passion,
To some strange end determined seemed to dash on;
Through mud and mire with banners, flags, paraded
Promiscuously, and in no manner graded;
And though I lacked, in detail, understanding,
I thought I could improve that vile commanding.
And God be praised, if I may be protected,
From sounds, called music, as were there projected.
They needed, mostly, in the line harmonic,
Some deeply slumbering potion, not a tonic.
There brazen tubes poured forth their tones, conspiring
With martial fifes and drums, mixed in untiring,
And clarinets in E flat key, appalling,
Kept shrilly screaming, screeching, scratching, squalling;
All, here and there, among the crowd so scattered,
With every tone, fierce, rough, harsh, strained and shattered;
And waiving ev'ry thought of probable intrusion,
Marched on in time, in tune, in key confusion!
Then orators, so-called, with fervor burning,
Spun out long words to show their little learning.
With defamation, and recrimination,
Like some strange authors, in some strange oration,
Without a purpose, or without a calling,
Yet still intent to keep on loudly bawling.

I walked along with much ado, and struggling,
Somewhat bewildered by apparent juggling,
And stood, at last, upon an easy corner,
Tired, dirty, hungry, and somewhat forlorn, or
What perhaps is more correct, disgusted;
I thought the social system now had "busted."

I turned to one with gentle, kindly greeting,
 And asked him what this meant, he said: "Mass Meeting."
 Like Indian, then, or heathen on the Niger,
 A fellow screamed: "Three cheers, now boys, a tiger!"
 Good God! I thought, a tiger here, and running
 Loose around! They surely must be punning.
 One fellow turned and bawled in my direction.
 I screamed: "What do you mean?" he yelled, "Election!"
 'Tis coming soon, and we, without reflection,
 Are working now the nation's safe erection!"
 Just so, I see, like bubbles fiercely clashing,
 Each individual ends himself in flashing.
 The nation's politics, devoid of reason,
 As rendered here at each election season,
 Is bawled about by braggadocio bluffing,
 And like a little powder, goes off by puffing.

THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

AS SAID TO BE OBSERVED BY THE OFFICE DEVIL.

THE IMP'S LOGIC.

They call me a "devil;" objections I raise;
 For devils are hardly deserving of praise.
 By the parlance of printers, so crisp and so crimp,
 If I am not a "devil," I must be an imp.
 But if "devils" exist as they say, round the press,
 And if I'm not a "devil," then I must be less!
 Being less than a "devil," of course you will see
 That I must be an imp, for what else could I be?
 With my logic, kind reader, you may not agree,
 For then Editors might come from imps, you will see,
 And that would act badly, for, if it were true,

A devil might make all your reading, for you.
For imps are young devils—of that there's no doubt—
And that is the reason they're badgered about.
But editor printer, imp, devil or what,
I'll tell you my story picked out from a lot,
Made up from observing on bright summer days
The Sanctum's cris-cross, crooked, worrying ways.

THE SANCTUM.

The editor sat in his sanctum one day,
The copy all out and the "devil" at play;
The paste-pot all empty, and down at his feet
A pile of exchanges, all riddled, each sheet;
His scissors grown dull and somewhat loose-jointed;
His pencil worn short and now all unpointed;
And scattered all over his desk in profusion
Was a huge lot of papers in hopeless confusion.
Just off to his left stood that beautiful casket—
The editor's pet—a gigantic waste basket;
Full, full to the brim of MSS rejected;
Some worthless, some fair, and some good ones neglected.
'Twas mid afternoon, a clear summer day,
The mercury up in the nineties away,
And he leaned back his chair, fell in deep meditation,
And sat there awhile in a sweet contemplation.
He listened some time to the rack of the press,
As it threw off the papers in neat, handsome dress;
Till he prided himself on his labors so deep,
And started off home for rest and for sleep.

THE NEXT DAY'S VISITORS.

The dawn of the morning again called him forth;
But before he set out for his editor's berth,
He supplied all the physical forces within,
That the mental might labor with vigor to win.

Then he sauntered away to his sanctum, much pleased
With himself and surroundings—all else was diseased.
But scarce had he taken his pen in his hand,
And had caught at a subject, his brains to command,
When the “devil” at once appeared close behind him—
An irate subscriber was trying to find him—
Then contributors came with such sad, woeful faces,
To scold him for errors they thought sad disgraces;
A mad politician beseiged him severely,
And called him a fool in a manner austere;
A preacher found fault with his sermon misquoted;
Another one sought, in a manner devoted,
A half column notice in local, free gratis;
He then was attacked by two or three ladies
Who had lost in the street a portemonnaie and shawl,
And they asked when he’d find them, and when should they call?
Then the “devil” cried: “Copy!” compositors growled;
The foreman looked angry, the local-man scowled;
For the morn was progressing and not much was done—
There was plenty to do ’fore the edition was run.
But the editor wrote for his issue that day—
Wrote rapidly, never once halting for play,
And as though he would do it until he was gray.

THE LOCALS.

In rushed a reporter, with local, exciting,
Two bullies discovered, both drunken and fighting;
Another one came with reports of a caucus;
A close fisted lawyer brought in a fat law-case;
One brought in a notice of concert, all vocal,
And wanted the “Ad” set up in the “Local;”
Still the editor wrote on his dry editorial.
Now a school boy is punished in manner corporeal.
Anon there came in, with a light, graceful carriage,
A beautiful blonde, with a notice of marriage—

For this was the day of the "Woman's Rights" movement,
Or rather the age of true manly improvement—
The editor listened, sheep's-eyes casting at her—
No wonder his pen should then make the ink spatter.
Then on right behind, speaking under his breath,
Came a man, softly stepping, with notice of death,
And in five wailing stanzas bemoaned his desertion,
And asked would they give them, and freely, insertion?
But the editor wrote still with all of his will,
Wrote freely and forcibly, having his fill.
So a large, restless troupe gathered round him alarming,
All growing excited and some of them storming;
Each urging his point, until gone was the morning.
Compositors clamored; the galley-boy worried;
The foreman grew wretchedly worked up and flurried;
The proof-reader raved at the "horrible work,"
And corrections were made with dash and a jerk.

THE EXCHANGES.

He had done, laid his pen down, to pick up: "Exchanged,"
And o'er the full pages his eager eye ranged.
'Twas political items; an "interview" talk;
And a horse race, a fair, and a fire, and a walk;
Now a flood; here a murder; and a horrible smash
On a railroad; a steamboat blown up with a crash;
Now a robbery, theft, or a wonderful scheme
Of a bridge or a tunnel, a new work of steam;
And a bold revolution; a plague, or a war;
And the last burning out of a comet or star;
The turning about of the streams of the ocean;
Now lights, all electric, a greenback commotion:
The curative powers of a health-giving fountain,
And the wonderful sinking away of a mountain;
Now earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and storms;
A strike, and a panic, epidemic alarms;

And then a long tale without a perversion
Was told of the trick of a husband's desertion;
Then he scanned a good paper on "National Life"
And "National Power," and "Sectional Strife;"
And just as he picked up his scissors to clip it,
Remarking so gently: "That fellow has hit it;"
There came to his ear a half-suppressed cry—
His long editorial was knocked into "Pi!"
The proof-reader worried; compositors swore;
The "devil," close hid himself outside the door;
The foreman stormed fiercely; the editor d—d;
Some into their mouths tobacco close crammed;
And then came the press-man, his work to bewail—
It lacked but one hour of time for the mail!

THE END.

Then the editor wrote, wrote in rapid succession,
Large sheet after sheet, and made, too, progression;
Though his brain was bemuddled with a mixture of gases,
And his ideas thicker than winter molasses,
Confused by the windy tales told to his ear;
And he finished his writing, then turned his career.
He found himself equal, without a divergency,
To meet any duty or toil, or emergency.
So his arm grew enlarged, full more than was need,
And it moved back and forth with a wonderful speed,
And the muscles grew strong with the extra exertion,
And the labor could scarcely be called a diversion;
But it cleaned out the sanctum of gathered intruders,
And the editor swelled like a king from the Tudors.
The last that was seen, on that day, of his face—
It was clothed in the smiles of a satisfied grace,
His body had swelled 'till as round as the moon;
He was sailing away like inflated balloon;
But his office was cleared within and without,
And he and the imp and the paper were out.

A NEW BIRTH.

A VISION.

'Twas New Year's eve, and I sat all alone
Beside my cosy fire, which brightly shone
And glowed, just as it should for winter cheer,
And waited, anxious, for the glad New Year.
The night was dark, and cold, and still; the air,
Sharp, piercing, crisp, and as my eyes roamed here
And there along the lines of frosted trees,
That seemed to grow and spread with summer ease,
And lichens, ferns and mosses all so plain,
And finely drawn upon the window pane,
There passed between me and those beauteous shapes
A sudden picture, drawn from Chaos' deeps,
A thrilling act, or transformation scene—
A closing of the drama that had been.
It drew my wonder forth—I gazed upon
And felt its charm, so vividly it shone.
A dreamy fit came o'er me, one of awe,
I sat transfixed, and this is what I saw:

The wintry wind blew cutting, strong, and low
O'er earth, deep-draped in shrouds of purest snow,
And tott'ring feebly o'er the whitened crest,
A poor old man sought anxiously for rest.
For near four hundred days he'd traveled o'er
The great round globe of earth, and now foot-sore,
Worn out and weary, feebly he had come
To where he started, seemingly like home,
And begged of Time, companion on his round,
To let him rest, if only on the ground.
His shrunken form and thin, spare locks of white,
And toothless jaws, and eyes devoid of sight,
Were pitiful and sad; but still old Time
With steady steps, in spite the ungenial clime,
And stern, relentless visage, onward strode,

And dragged along the nearly worn-out load;
Hard, gasping now at each successive breath,
And groaning feebly for the monster, Death.
And as the midnight notes rang on the ear
The old man trembled with a mortal fear,
Then tottering, drew one heavy, saddened sigh,
And cried: "O give me rest, I die! I die!"
But Time, cold, harsh, unpitying, gazed upon
His death, and sternly said: "Move On, Move On!"
Scarce died the words, and as the last note broke
Upon the ear, that of the New Year spoke,
In agony the old man writhed around—
An instant all was still—a void of sound—
Then with one fierce convulsion, full of pain,
He sprang erect, once more alive again.
But what a change! No longer old and gray;
But youthful, bright, and brilliant as the day;
Young, handsome, gay, with face all smiles of joy;
With faculties and sense in full employ;
With supple joints, and strong and well-built frame;
He, bounding light, quick forward came—
Like the first advent of a genial boy,
To whom life's toil is nothing but a toy,
Into the world of fashion, full of pride—
And took his place close up to old Time's side;
Then his gray forelock grasped in modest play,
Prepared with him to take his onward way.
Yet still did Time, though now the New Year shone,
Keep up with measured step, the theme, "Move On!"
And with electric fire the young man caught
And felt its force, so wonderfully wrought,
As through the cold night air its thrilling tone
Came on from far and near. Then rose a throne,
On great, broad wheels that rolled at even rate,
And all obstructions crushed beneath its weight,

And on it sat King Time, and by his side
The new-born Prince so anxious for the ride.
'Twas glad New Year, and in my eager haste
I sprang to greet him o'er the snowy waste.

All hail, New Year, I cried with sudden start,
And so thou'rt come to play thy little part!
Hast come with youth, and egotistic pride,
As young men grow, and push old age aside?
Or seekest thou a higher pride to start?
Wilt bring true friendship and an honest heart?
Dost bring rich prospects for the hopeful mind,
To dwell on in its present state, confined?
Wilt light the world with new and brilliant joy,
Or only play the part of some rash boy,
Who enters life with aspirations high
And sees them fall, because not anchored by
Sound reason, judgment and good common sense,
And falls, forgotten in his passing hence?
Aye, tell us, youthful sir, the part thou'lt play,
And why such homage man should to thee pay!

"Ask not too much," the new-born hero cried,
"I must come forth, I cannot longer hide;
The old year scarcely from the throne has fled,
'Tis barely true the poor old fellow's dead.
For me, I feel so young and full of fire,
As to the noblest work rise to aspire;
My young heart beats with fervency and zeal,
And my intentions have a high ideal;
But, I am passive in the endless chain
Of this vast, ceaseless, universe's reign.
The arch that spans creation's work with blue
Remains unshaken by whate'er I do.
Besides, it is the part of living man
To help redeem the world from error's ban;

'Tis all the work of man, his only care,
To make the record of the human year.
If human souls shall rise exultingly
To higher virtue and true majesty;
If to them shines a richer light from heaven,
It must through their good works alone be given.
Nor Old Year's record, nor the New Year's fire,
Will raise man's standard one iota higher.
So ask not what I bring. The hand of God
Marks out my life. The path that must be trod
By me is short. I only mark a dot—
A measured year—in time that endeth not.
I lift a veil that human minds may see
Another link in life and mystery;
I give them now another happy chance
That they may moral beauty's light advance;
That they may grasp and understand the code
That lifts the soul up nearer to its God."
The vision vanished; the fire-light brightly shone;
The wind blew weirdly by; my clock struck one.

THE WOOING OF THE FROST-KING.

The king of the frosts, in his robes of pure white,
Sat silent and moody one cool Autumn night.
It was said he was feeling quite "down in the mouth,"
As he thought of the beautiful Queen of the South.
He had woo'd her for many and many a year,
But she laughed at him, jilted him, too, for his care;
He thought her sincere in her wooing, and yet
He ought to have known her a fickle coquette.

So while he was down in a lover's delusion,
Attempting to soften her heart by seclusion,
She had marshaled her forces and risen in glee
And rollicked away in a glad summer spree.
She had called to her aid, too, the great Solar King,
And his rich, burning glory made all the world ring
With glad songs of rejoicing. Earth tendered her stores
Brought from mountains and valleys and oceans and shores
And joyously rendered these fruits of her lands
And yielded summissively to all demands.

Thus the pleasure desires of the South-Queen were full,—
So she wearied a little, and grew somewhat dull;
And the Sun-King grew lazy, and slumbered quite late,
And went early to rest in a glory of state.
One day, though, the Frost-King grew moody and sad,
And he really began to be what is called "mad,"
For he thought that the Queen had resented his love,
And was guilty of flirting with the Sun-King above.
So he rose in his night, just to frighten the Queen,
To make her submit, or her loving to win.
Then he caused the Aurora their forces to rise,
And he called up Orion to guard in the skies,
Then the North Star was seemingly moving more south,
And the ice-world was made then to open its mouth;
Then he called forth the blasts from the regions far north;
Enlisted old icebergs and gave new ones birth;
And he thus felt so well and so strongly equipped,
That if she grew angry, he could not be whipped.
He then sent out his skirmishers, light, frosty chaps,
Who found the Queens' forces indulging in naps,
So they nipped at their ears, and bit many a nose,
But retreated as soon as the Sun-King arose.
Then the Southern Queen scowled, and gathered her clouds,
And marshaled an army all dressed in dark shrouds,

And they grumbled and growled and cried out with pain,
'Till the northwind in force came and froze them again;
And the tears which they shed were wrapped up in ice,
'Till the earth was pinched up as though in a vise.
Then the Sun-King retreated, tho', in excellent order,
And the South-Queen drew back to her own special border.
Then the Frost-King arose, he had gained a light battle,
And he felt all the prestige, so he sounded his rattle
That called forth the winds, and they whistled and roamed
Away to the South-land, whose Queen felt as doomed;
For these winds bit the shrubs and the flowers and the trees,
Till they left them all bare to the winter's fierce breeze.
Then the Frost-King sent out his great army of clouds,
All wrapped in the thickest and whitest of shrouds,
And they spread o'er the earth, and then dropped down as feathers,
Their shrouds, bit by bit, o'er the moors and the heathers,
And about, 'till the earth was quite hidden from sight,
And the Sun-King prevented from giving his light.
Then the Frost-King, o'er earth sat so grimly and scowled,
And his forces, they revelled, they roared and they howled
All about and abroad o'er the desolate earth,
'Till they froze up all things of a warm summer birth.
Not a vestige of anything, growing, or green,
Not a leaf nor a bud of the Queen's work was seen,
And so all things were bound in a cold, frozen clasp,
'Till the earth's children cried: "O how long must it last!"

So the Queen 'gan to think this had gone far enough,
The fun had worn out, it was fast passing off.
She did not admire such cold, bitter embraces,
And looked for some warm hearts and more sweet smiling faces.
So she ordered the Sun-King to more early arise
And longer to shine from his beautiful skies.
Then the frosts 'gan to vanish, and shrouds disappear,
And the Frost-King reluctantly grew less severe,

For the Queen came before him with soft April tears—
That weapon of woman's that man always fears—
And his stern heart was touched, so he slowly withdrew,
For the Queen with her smiling had now 'gan to woo.

Then the buds 'gan to swell, the birds 'gan to sing,
And the bright, golden beauties of life 'gan to ring
All their sweet silver bells in exquisite delight,
Till the frost army shrank, fully charmed at the sight.
Yet still the old Frost-King was sulky and surly,
And snapped at these fairies, so rosy and curly,
Who swarmed into being and rollicked about
With many a laugh and many a shout.
But the Queen was so winning, so brilliant and gay,
When decked in the beautiful garlands of May,
That the old fellow thought he had better be still
And let them enjoy themselves freely at will.
He thought that in this way he could soften her heart—
Might win her to union and never to part.
However, the Queen loved her flirting too well
To be tied to a frozen old man, in a cell,
Or a cavern of ice, in the regions of snow—
No, no, 'twould not do! She'd much rather go
Where the beautiful flowers and fruits would appear,
And the earth give a halo of health and good cheer,
And the sweetest perfumes circle over the land,
And a full summer pageantry live glowing and grand;
Where the musical harmonies scatter abroad
Grand volumes of praises to creation's God;
She would rather retreat, than succumb to the north,
For she'd die as a cold, frozen queen of the earth.

So the Frost-King sat thinking one cool summer day,
And the South-Queen sat pouting the moments away;
She would not accept of his offers to wed,
And he was not pleased with what she had said,

So they quarreled one month, it was hot and then cold,
And the failings of both were unblushingly told.
At last 'twas declared by the God of all earth,
That as neither had title to all by their birth,
That as both came to life at just the same hour,
They neither could claim a precedence of power.
As the mandates of God were unalterably stern,
They must each take the rule in their own proper turn;
That the Frost-King should govern the winter, though drear,
And the Queen should rule over the summer half year;
That as brother and sister they could not be one,
And must remain single 'till the ages are done.
Then was drawn through the heavens the equinox line
And the Sun-King was ordered forever to shine;
To divide the earth's year into two equal parts,
And to shine upon each, giving each its deserts,
And when this line he crossed 'twould be time for a change
And the King or the Queen should their ruling arrange.
So the South-Queen was happy, the Frost-King content,
And each to the duties most willingly went.

A LOVE STROLL.

One beauteous day I gladly walked
With Mary Jane and Kate,
And as we walked, we gaily talked
Aloud, at rapid rate;

And soon we sat beside a stream,
Upon a mossy bank,
And near where silv'ry ripples gleam
Among the rushes rank.

I did not know at that bright time
What made me feel so queer,
But Kate's sweet voice in kindly chime
Was music to my ear.

Gay Mary Jane had wandered, then,
To bask in flow'ry dells,
And in a deep and shady glen
To gather wild blue-bells.

Thus Kate and I were left alone—
It seemed a fairy spell—
And 'fore my eyes bright visions shone
Of joys that round me fell;

My soul seemed wrapped in some sweet trance,
A bright, elysian dream;
My blood coursed on in joyful dance,
A quick and glowing stream;

I saw sweet Kate, and heard her voice,
In accents soft and sweet,
I felt my heart in bounds rejoice,
Her tender words to greet.

I whispered soft and low to Kate,
She answered: "Yes, dear Joe."
'Twas then I felt my joy complete,
And love around me flow.

A light broke in upon me then,
I knew the truth to be,
That I loved Kate, a chorus ran,
To tell me Kate loved me.

I do not know how long a time
We passed so happy—Well
'Twas Mary's voice, in boist'rous chime,
That broke the fairy spell.

“Why Kate! where did you leave my hat?
I left it with you! Tell!
And what is this? Just think of that,
Joe, where’s my book? Well! Well!”

“What makes you look so stupid, both?
Come, speak sir! I declare
If you don’t tell me quick, in truth
I’ll pull your curly hair!”

“O, left them, did you, on the bank!
Why did you do it—Stare!
You’re both in love! I do not thank
You, leaving my things there!”

“You’ll walk alone next time, I guess,
You won’t catch me along;
I’ll go alone, Miss Katie, yes,
And please myself with song!”

“I love to wander all alone
With nature, full and free;
There all things sing a joyous tone,
And sweetly talk to me;”

“The mystic murmurs of the rill;
The rustling of the leaves;
The moonlight, soft, and calm, and still;
My inmost soul receives.”

“To lovely carols of the birds
That fly above me there,
My voice responds with merry words,
My heart with fervent prayer.”

“I stroll among those fairy fields
Of flowers of lovely choice;
My sight and sense with rapture reels,
So gladly I rejoice. ’

“I would not for the brightest gem
Of man, that ever grew,
Pluck from sweet nature’s diadem
One single drop of dew!”

“And when my thoughts in love would bask,
I’ve but to mount in cars
And sail through space, an easy task,
Among the glittering stars;”

“And there I feel a heavenly love
Eternal, sweet and pure,
And while above I happy rove,
I pity you, I’m sure.”

“But nature calls my form to rest,
And on us night doth creep;
Be you by mortal love caressed,
I’ll woo the God of sleep!”

She vanished, and I wandered home
With Kate close at my side,
And as we went, we vowed to roam
Together far and wide.

Four years had passed, poetic love
Had more prosaic grown;
A baby prince, Kate’s precious dove,
Was seated on my throne.

The light of satisfaction fell
Upon my mind and heart,
Love was no less, but something—well,
More practical, my part.

One day I wandered o’er the field,
And by that beauteous stream
Where Kate and I to each revealed
The visions of our dream.

I wandered through that pretty vale,
Of Mary Jane's blue-bells,
And tried to hear the pleasing tale
Each drooping blossom tells;

I raised my eyes toward the stream,
Where rushes grew so rank;
Two beings, wrapped in love's bright dream
Were sitting on the bank.

I spoke—they started—Mary Jane
In blushing beauty sat
Before my wond'ring gaze; 'twas plain,
Now caught in Cupid's net.

“ I would not for the brightest gem
Of man that ever grew— ”

“ Stop, stop! she cried; the diadem
Of mortal love is true! ”

“ I found it hard to love alone;
I could not joy alone;
When nature's beauties round me shone,
Or sang in witching tone,”

“ I sighed for some kind heart to feel,
Some ear to hear the song,
And when those joys would on me steal,
Some soul to lead along:

“ And now—and now—dear Joe, I've found
A sympathetic friend;
We've pledged our hearts and shall be bound
'Till mortal life shall end.”

“ Ah, Mary Jane, I thought 'twould come;
Philosophy is lost
When Love steps in—He makes a home
At every other cost.”

“But nature calls my frame to rest,
And on us night doth creep,
Be you by mortal love caressed,
I'll woo the God of sleep!”

THE BAUBLE'S GLEAM.

While passing down the street one night—
The moon shone softly overhead—
I saw before me, shining bright,
A gem, upon a grassy bed.

Its brilliant lustre chained my gaze
For just a moment, and I stood
And hardly dared my eyes to raise,
For fear of losing trace so good.

I followed closely in its track
Until I neared it, but, alas!
On stooping down, I started back
Abashed; 'twas but a piece of glass.

I mused: How oft a bauble's gleam
Has lured a mortal to delay!
How oft the vision of a dream
Has spoiled the pleasures of a day!

How oft a gaudy pin or tie,
Or bunch of gleaming fancy paste,
Has caused some laughing eye to cry,
Or laid some loving life to waste!

How often has a flirting lass
 Plunged lovers into hate and strife!
 How often has the first sweet glass
 Been made the ruin of a life!

Wherefore, 'tis well to stop and think,
 And not be lured by outside show;
 But seek and search for truth, to link
 Your heart with pure, plain beauty's glow.

MY MUSE WILL HAVE HER SAY.

One day I thought I felt quite prosy,
 My muse, it seemed, was getting dozy;
 But, goodness! No! She, bright and rosy
 Awoke that day,
 And gave me token she was busy—
 She'll have her say.

I've had the mood of skating on me,
 The walking fever pushed upon me,
 The Saved Army charge upon me
 With wildness dazed,
 And creditors "en masse," too, dun me,
 Like people crazed.

But now I've got a fit on me—
 The fit of writing, fresh and free,
 And if you'll list my muse will be—
 What! Bright and brief!
 Perhaps fill you up with joy; may be
 Contempt, or grief.

But, then, my muse, she does not care;
 Give her a chance but half way fair,
 She'll sing, and critics need beware
 If she gets mad;
 She'll trounce them soundly for their share,
 And close up glad.

So if I write of ills, a few,
 That calls for lots of work from you
 To make life better, richer, too,
 You'll know I mean it;
 For, faith, there's lots of ill, 'tis true,
 I think I've seen it.

Could I but fix life's guiding star,
 Or steer awhile the social car,
 I'd all these crazy methods bar
 That bring no good,
 And raise Truth's standard higher far
 Than it has stood.

I'd give due credit where 'twas due;
 Give struggling genius life anew;
 And crush all error, bring to view
 The love to God;
 Have those whose deep heart-germs are true,
 Proclaim His code.

And 'tis not coldness people want,
 When poor and needy, nay, nor cant;
 But rich, free-hearted friendship's chant,
 When sad hearts bleed—
 A little substance, not a feint,
 In times of need.

ONLY A SIGH.

Only a sigh—

But the tale that hangs round it,
What heart has not found it
Or heard it oft told?
A fond father or brother,
Friend, sister or mother,
Laid low in the cold.

Only a sigh—

Not an echo is near it,
Nor a kind soul to hear it—
Ah, what is the ill?
Oh, a darkness encumbers
That breast where it slumbers,
So silent and still.

Only a sigh—

And this one a measure
Of the frivolous pleasure
Pervading the soul
Of an elegant beauty,
All regardless of duty,
In fashion's control.

Only a sigh—

A simple forgetting,
Or it may be regretting
The days that have passed,
Or the swell of an anguish
For long time to languish,
Perhaps, till the last.

Only a sigh—
 Perhaps an expression
 Of the depression
 After excess;
 Perhaps 'tis relieving
 Some heartless deceiving
 In a caress.

Only a sigh—
 Oh who can read it?
 They only who need it,
 None else may try;
 Now light, and now clouded,
 Oft deeply enshrouded,
 Still only a sigh.

MUSIC IN THE PARK.

The twilight beams from Western skies
 Fall softly on the town,
 And glist'ning stars in yon blue space
 Their slender rays throw down;
 I stand admiring, and the air
 Is warm and still—and, hark!
 Rich tones of sweetness meet my ear,
 'Tis music from the park.

Gay is the hour, and in the Square
 Is gathered many a fair,
 In carriage, hack and pony chaise
 To hear the music there;
 And if the skies should not be bright,
 Or clouds be looking dark,
 They'd gather still, to feel the charm
 Of music from the park.

“ Our band,” the pride of all the folks
Who live in “our town,”
Abroad has gained a beauteous prize,
A cup of rich renown;
But never charms so many ears,
Nor makes so bright a mark,
As when it gives in ev’ning time
Its music in the park.

OUR NATION’S BIRTH.

A Country—

Baptized with noble patriots’ blood,
That flowed a pure and willing flood,
As up arose from earth
New men of truest birth,
Who stood like adamantine rocks,
With nerves unmoved by tyrants’ shocks.

The Union—

’Twas born, inspired by mutual love,
And, smiling sweet from realms above,
Our God looked down to bless
The Union’s pure address:
Hosannas loud from shore to shore
Proclaimed abroad the new-born pow’r.

United States—

Kings, Emperors, Tyrants all did frown,
For Freedom now had found a home;
And yet in solemn mass
Proclaim all things—alas!
Beware in any darkened hour,
Of slow, encroaching lines of pow’r.

Our Nation—

The noblest, brightest gem of earth!
From virtue sprung—a royal birth—
The Goddess, Liberty,
In proudest glory, free
Sits robed in sacred garments bright,
And teaches man, Truth, Reason, Right!

LET US QUAFF A RICH GLASS.

Let us quaff a rich glass, even now as we pass,
Of the drink that is free to us all;
Let us unfurl the flag, and none of us lag,
But be prompt to the Temperance Call.

Hurrah for the Pledge! 'Tis a glorious wedge!
It opens new vistas of life;
New joys we will gain if we follow its train,
For it vanquishes all social strife.

It is death to all crime, and now, for all time
We'll be honest, determined and true;
And to drunkenness vile, that to vice will beguile,
We bid a most fervent adieu.

Then once more a glass, each lad and each lass,
Of water so sparkling and bright,
This nectar complete, so refreshing and sweet,
And our souls will be filled with delight.

TO A ROBIN BUILDING A NEST.

Sweet, welcome songster! Why so much distressed!

Why fear approach of mortal such as I?

I would not for the world thy home molest;

Would pass thee softly, silently and shy.

Would I could live as happily and free!

Would I could have contentment such as thine;

With fancy's wings where'er I wished could flee,

As thou, where lasting summer beauties shine.

I watch thy coming in the early spring;

With joy I hearken to thy morning song,

And softly list, when twilight zephyrs ring

With notes from thee, which echo loud and long.

I would not harm thee, do not be disturbed;

But rest thee quiet in thy new made nest—

And though I love thee, still my love is curbed,

For nature's freedom is forever blessed.

I LAUNCHED MY BOAT.

I launched my boat in early youth

Upon the stream of life,

With Hope set deeply in my heart,

And anxious for the strife;

My deck was planked with sturdy Truth,

And floating in the air,

From every mast I set a flag,

Which plainly said: Beware!

I watched with careful eye the snags
That oft rose in the way,
And often took a lengthened turn
That I might not delay;
With cautious care I steered my course
Beneath the darkened skies,
And always came from out the storm
More bouyant and more wise.

When vile temptations fell around
To lead me into woe,
I learned to give in accents firm,
That simple answer, No!
And often have I grasped the helm
Defiantly and strong,
And held my course with firm resolve,
And cheered my way with song.

Midway the course I rest me now
To glance upon the track
O'er which I've passed so steadily,
To see where I've been slack;
And as I view the rolling stream
I start with fear,—and yet
I would not change the path I took,
For I have no regret.

But, Onward! is the theme to sing—
No sleeping on the way,
For time would pass us in the race
If we should oft delay.
Be up, and watchful, ever dare
For justice and for right.
To stand a man, free-born and true,
Unconquered in the fight.

ALONE.

Alone, the night is round me closing,
Clouds have gathered in the sky:
All things are about reposing.
Darkness soon o'er all will lie.

Thoughts crowd on me, 'fore me stealing
Fancy's pictures, grave and gay,
Sharp'ning ev'ry sense and feeling
Blunted through the busy day.

Fireflies dart in beauty round me,
Rustling leaves their stories tell,
Meditations, deep, have bound me—
Day dreams, sweet, I love them well.

Oft in silent hours they've lured me
Far from striving scenes of life,
Have from sadness often cured me—
Sadness caused by toil and strife;

And they oft have left me musing
All the long and silent night,
Dreaming, strangely, half confusing,
Until day burst full and bright.

Often, too, they've left me passing
Joyful through the light of day,
Full of hope, and fast amassing
Glories on life's rugged way.

IF HOME BE TRUE.

O, let me find a heart that's true,
To sympathize in what I do!
My burdened heart as if it grew
In sorrow's well,
Oft fluttering, struggles to undo
Foreboding's knell.

I love my friends, and would not cast
The slightest act, or word, to blast
Their hopes and joys! I'd rather fast,
Or suffer pain,
Than have their hatred on me passed—
"Twould wreck my brain!

Whate'er my faults, I know I've some,
Look kindly on them, friends at home!
The world, unsparing, when I roam
Will crowd me through;
I'll try and laugh, and let them foam
If home be true!

WE ARE PILGRIMS.

We are pilgrims marching onward to that home beyond the skies,
Where Jesus waits our coming, and where all our comfort lies;
There silver tones of harmony are always in the air,
Inviting little children, all, to live with Jesus there.

We are pilgrims, hopeful pilgrims, with hearts all light and free,
With our praises rising heavenward, sent forth with loving glee;
For we know that God is with us, and that He will not refuse
To guard us and to let His love fall down like summer dews.

We are earnest, working pilgrims, and we love our Sunday School;
We love our Saviour's mercy, and we love His "Golden Rule."
We hope to be bright angels, too, and by His side to stand,
When we are called away from earth to live in that Blest Land.

SHOULD I BE LAID SO HELPLESS.

Should I be laid so helpless that
I cannot work and earn my bread,
And some loved heart will have to wait
In close attendance at my bed;
God grant that ev'ry sense will leave
My frame, and ev'ry thought my head
If I should be allowed to live:—
But, O, I'd sooner far be dead!

Friends oft will weary of a charge
That hangs upon them for a time;
And love grows cold; its sweetest sounds
Are heard when space enchants its chime!
The charm of absence lights up love,
And lends it force of wondrous range;
But intimacy weakens love—
The human heart is fond of change!

When youth and early manhood blooms,
And moves the lives of those beloved,
Then love runs smooth, and ev'ry day
The hours are full and well approved.
Sometimes affection holds a heart,
E'en when old age has grown apace;
But, O, too oft, it plays a part
With cold, unsocial tone and grace!

Yet, oft when memory recalls
 Some object of a bygone day,
 'Twill dwell upon its goodness with
 A fondness which no ills can stay;
 Kind recollection finds no trace
 Of error in its ideal form,
 But ev'ry good that hope can grace
 Is felt and makes the heart feel warm.

IN PADDOCK'S OLD ARCADE.

WRITTEN 1875.

I watched, one eve, the varied forms
 That passed this public way,
 'Twas when the twilight chased away
 The hot and dusty day,
 And there I saw a motley troupe,
 In every style arrayed,
 And e'en the printer's devil walked
 Erect in this Arcade.

The tradesman's shrewd and busy air,
 The preacher, staid, sedate;
 The self-conceited agent, and
 The officer of state;
 The dusty son of honest toil,
 The scholar, too, self-made,
 And tramps and millionaires must meet
 In Paddock's old Arcade.

The cloud from Afric's burning clime,
 The gem from Erin's isle,
 The backwoods Yankee, tall and slim,
 Who comes to see the style;

The polished beauty, who can scarce
Through pin-back walk or wade,
And youthful gents, with no support,
All pass in this Arcade.

The youth of ten, with cheap cigar,
The merry-making sport,
The tott'ring steps of gray-haired age,
The pedlar, sharp and short,
And wand'ring minstrels—e'en the band
Has marched within and played,
Till nearly all had wished them out
Of Paddock's old Arcade.

And each one stops for letters, too,
For here the office stands
Where Uncle Sam the missives holds
Entrusted to his hands.
No matter if they've friends alive,
Or if they've all decayed,
They still for letters will enquire
In Paddock's old Arcade.

There is no man in all the town,
Nor woman, girl, nor boy,
Who walks for pleasure, pride or gain,
Or comfort, health or joy,
No matter what the object be,
In sunshine, rain or shade;
They each and every one will stroll
Through Paddock's old Arcade.

THEY'LL HAVE THEIR RENT.

Though storms and winds should roughly blow,
And earth be covered deep in snow,
And trade be gone to Hades low;
Intently bent
The Landlord, fat with comforts' glow,
Must have his rent.

He's always ready to increase
The price upon a yearly lease;
But ask him for a slight decrease;
Lord, how he'll wail;
You'd think he'd never more have peace—
He'd surely fail!

Though merchants' trade be sore distress,
And prices fall to naught—I'm blest,
The landlord's always up and dressed
To get his pay;
However tenants be oppressed,
He'll have his say.

'Tis naught to him that goods are down,
Or merchants have to leave the town;
He shrugs his shoulders with a frown,
Abates no price:
O Lord! he'd rather lose a crown,
Than loose his vise.

INSCRIPTION ON A TOMBSTONE.

O thou bud of beauty, sleeping,
Resting through the winter gloom;
In the summer thou'lt be waking,
Bursting into spirit bloom!

WHEN NEAR MY END.

When I am ill and near my end,
Let none with mirth my body tend;
Make no sad whispers near my bed,
And let no tears for me be shed;
Let no complaints be murmured near;
Make no regrets and have no fear;
But let me pass to peace and rest
In love's best feelings happ'ly dressed.
Let curiosity forbear
To gaze upon my funeral bier
When I am dead and laying there;
To say: "How crooked is his head;"
Or tell "How handsome his last bed;"
"How stiff," perchance, "his hands are laid,"
Or how he labored breathings made;
What words he spoke in his last hour;
Or, what he left, and whose the dower;
Or, if, perchance, he had left naught,
Discuss how burial could be bought;
Then tell of deeds "He did so well;"
Or else some wondrous stories tell,
Whose mirth but shows the hollow heart
Of those who'd play a sorrowed part.
Let no such tales be cited there,
And no such sounds disturb the air.
Let none, for me, wear widow's weeds,
But follow on where beauty leads—
Yet, while they seek a joyful lot,
I would not be by them forgot.
When dead, let me not be compressed
In narrow box; when laid to rest
I'd be in some sweet garden placed
Where flowers are grown, whose walks are graced

By those who 'tend them night and morn;
Where noxious weeds are scarcely born;
Where ev'ry spring friends kindly move
To cultivate the gems I love.

Place just one tree, upon which side
The choice of friends sincere may guide,
Above me. Birds, perhaps, would build
Among the boughs with beauty filled,
And angels, too, might gather there
To guard a place so sweet and fair.

AN EVENING STROLL.

The eve was calm; and lengthening shadows grew,
As beauteous Sol his dazzling light withdrew,
And gaily neared his place of transient rest
In that far-distant, bright, and golden West.
My mind aweary, to a beauteous scene
Of nature's silent solitude serene,
I strolled, to seek refreshment, full and sweet,
From wonders which each yearning sense would greet.

The sky was clear, a thousand beauties gleamed;
And through the leaves the lovely sunbeams streamed;
A mountain, tall, and grand, and stern, and still,
O'erlooked in pride, a lower, meeker hill;
Down in the vale, with soft, sweet, shyful look,
Rolled by a lovely, sparkling, little brook,
Whose silv'ry ripples danced upon its breast,
And laughed at bushes, waving them to rest.
The tall old elms, whose straggling branches waved,
And rich old oaks, that unknown storms had braved,
Bowed each to each, by common friendship tied,

And in communion sweet seemed close allied.
The maple donned, with beeches, gayest robes,
And underneath bloomed many tender shrubs.
The sweet wild flowers down in their mossy bed
Seemed sadly crushed beneath my heavy tread.
I saw them struggle—was there conscious pain?
And some would rise, and partial vigor gain.
The warbling beauties, hiding in the trees,
Moved off from me by cautious, slow degrees;
And soft, warm airs in mystic motion moved,
And with soft cadence nature's music proved.
I spoke aloud! How swift the echoes ran
From hill to hill across the mossy glen!
But weakened, soon, by each convulsion shook,
They died at last 'mong murmurs of the brook.
O that I could, while walking through the glade,
But talk and sing with these amid the shade:
The cricket, telling little tales of love;
The feathered beauties, singing songs above;
The bull frog hoarsely croaking in the pond,
In homely converse with proud friends beyond;
The fibrous leaves that tremble as they sing
Their fugues, and canons, soft and murmuring;
The fleecy cloud that eloquently starts,
And blushes crimson as the sun departs.
My soul could help a chorus to arise,
And ring the chords of ceaseless harmonies!

Then came the twilight. O, the magic pow'rs
Of those soft, soothing, pleasing, happy hours!
The clear, warm, deep-toned, richly mellow light
In slowly deepening shades fell on my sight;
And soon the leaves grew darker on each bush;
The singing beauties 'gan their songs to hush,
And the tall trees stood out against the sky,
Like blackened clouds upon me closing nigh.

The western sky grew less and still less bright,
 While in the East arose the shrouds of night;
 Deep silence fell, and all the sound I heard
 Was water murmuring, and the leaflets, stirred
 By gentle zephyrs from that sunny clime
 Where Sol holds revel o'er a lengthened time.
 The air grew cool, and dews 'gan gathering round—
 I thought I heard them falling on the ground—
 I thought I heard the blades of grass arise,
 And sing their praises to the distant skies.
 The firefly lamps flashed frequently in air;
 I seemed enchanted in that vale so fair—
 I fancied round me fairy elves did play,
 Come there to dance the happy night away.

Then rose the moon, I caught her silv'ry glance;
 I saw the shadows of the trees, advance,
 And wild, weird fancies filled my wearied brain,
 Led me to move in homeward way again.
 I turned away from those dim scenes of night,
 In sweet communion with sad Luna's light;
 Soon laid me down, and then the God of sleep
 Quick closed my eyes in slumber sweet and deep.

CHRISTMAS—1877.

“On our hills and on our vales,
 Fanned by almost summer gales,
 Earth lies warm and cosy now,
 Undisturbed by ice or snow.
 Tulip bulbs their green tops show,
 Beauteous pansies now in blow

Grace mid-winter with their cheer—
Strong, persistent beauty dear—
Lilac buds, too, swelling free,
Join in their strange melody;
Skates are lying uselessly,
Sleigh-bells unmelodiously
Hang unused against the walls,
Sleighs are useless in the stalls,
Robins now and then are seen,
Laughing at our Christmas green.
Only darkened hours are here,
Only sunlight don't appear,
Only skies are scarcely clear,
Only these say: Winter's here."

TEMPTED.

It was night, and a demon stood tempting
A soul that was honest and free,
With a goblet of wine all fermenting
And wickedly sparkling with glee.

"O look at this glistening liquid!
It sparkles with beauty and life,
'Tis the drink of the god, jolly Bacchus—
There is joy in this cup, and no strife!"

"Do but drink of the soul-stirring nectar,
'Twill thrill through your every vein;
'Twill crush out all sadness and sorrow
And lift from the heart every pain."

It was night, and he stood by the tempter
With a heart that was open and free,
And he cried with a voice strong and earnest,
“I am free! So I’ll ever more be!”

“Back, back to the ever dark valley,
Thou foe to the good and the true,
There’s a life where the soul is unfettered,
And the drink—It is God’s sparkling dew!”

HARK TO THE WINDS.

Ah, hark to the winds! They’re saying:
“We roam o’er the land and the sea,
In no quiet nook are we staying,
We’re restless, and fickle and free.”

“We fly o’er the ice-bound ocean
Of the desolate arctic pole,
And keep up the moaning commotion
That swells on the dangerous shoal.”

“We bluster to please a fancy,
And roll up the vast ocean wave,
And tear down the trees in a frenzy,
While we whirl and we whistle and rave.”

“A ship we engulf in our madness,
A village we raze to the ground,
And clouds that are weeping with sadness
We lash in our fury profound.”

“ But we breathe on the northern meadow
As we come from the sun-burnt clime,
And the soil made so warm and so mellow
Sends its treasures to welcome the time.”

“ We kiss the bright leaflets, relating
Their loves while we’re passing along,
And the flowers, with beauty dilating,
We greet with a magical song.”

“ We fan the pale cheek of the maiden,
Who is drawing a last feeble breath,
And we sigh with deep sorrow so laden
At viewing this labor of death.”

Thus whisper the light breezes, saying:
“ We wander o’er earth and o’er sea,
In no silent rest are we staying —
We’re restless, and fickle and free.”

BETTY LEE’S VALENTINE.

Once on a time,
In a very cold clime,
When the season was right in the midst of its prime—
Well, ’twas Valentine’s day,
When young hearts were gay,
That a lady, and young, whom we’ll call Betty Lee,
Went forth with her heart beating quickly with glee
To the post-office, sprightly, expecting to see,
Or to get a sweet missive all scented and wee,
In an envelope small,
With a monogram seal,
And closed up so neatly, just waiting for call.

So she skipped and she hopped
And before the hole stopped
Where they put out the letters
To us and our betters.
And she felt so flustrated she thought she'd have dropped,
With her heart full expanded,
She faintly demanded,
Or asked, if they'd letters, or if they'd incline
To see if for her they'd a nice valentine.
"Pray, tell me your name, and then I will see."
"My name, sir, why surely, I'm called Betty Lee."
And then the clerk fumbled
'Mong the letters all jumbled,
And out all once a letter was tumbled.
It was white,
And 'twas light,
And directed all right,
And was sealed up so closely and cleanly and tight,
And the stamp on the corner was disfigured quite.
Then she thought of two doves,
Who were cooing their loves
In a nest of sweet roses
And other nice posies,
While circled all round is a beautiful wreath
Of blossoms and vines, and there, underneath,
On a very small patch, by a beautiful heath,
Are some stanzas that soft, tender sentiments breathe.
O, how her heart beat,
And how light tripped her feet,
And she felt, oh, all over, so happy and sweet!
She carefully ope'd it. Alas, for her treat!
She unfolded a horribly *two-cented* sheet.
Her beating heart stopped,
Her hopes they all dropped;
Her nerves were so shocked

That she tottered and rocked,
And the joints of her tongue were a few moments locked.
'Twas an ugly thing with a great big round head,
And two great round eyes of the color of lead,
And fierce looking teeth,
And streaks of wild breath,
Little short legs
Like unshapely pegs,
And a glass that was drained of all but the dregs.
Poor Betty 'most cried,
Could not laugh if she tried,
And homeward in byways she secretly hied.
She could scarce soothe her ire,
And grew shyer and shyer,
'Till she cast the vile thing right into the fire.
Poor Betty would after that never incline
To ask for a nice, little, soft valentine.

FEAR NOT THE GRAVE.

O fear not the grave, nor the world of its rest,
Nor the King who the universe rules;
For hell is a myth in a thin shadow drest,
A bugbear for infants and fools!

And fear not a devil, as pictured by creeds,
Invented to harass the soul;
That power has gone, and the world scarcely heeds
That story of fiction so cruel.

Glance back through the ages and ages now gone,
Reach out to the ages to come,
To trace a beginning, or end—there is none,
No shadow to help you to roam.

There's a power that makes all the universe live,
And it moves in mysterious way,
It has always existed, it ever will weave
The changes that work ev'ry day.

And I love this great King who presides over all,
And I know that His laws will endure,
I know that on all things His mandates will fall,
That His world is a world that is pure.

THE ELM IN THE STORM.

The wind came down from the sou'-sou'west,
And thunder 'gan loudly to peal.
And the lightning in fretful, impatient unrest
Sent flashes that made the brain reel;

And the rain came pouring down out of the clouds
That were black as a stygian night,
And hung o'er the earth like huge funeral shrouds—
All nature seemed struck with affright.

And there stood a large elm, in its glory so grand,
And it baffled the wind and the rain;
But the lightning sent fiercely a withering brand,
And the elm tree lay shivered amain.

The noble old tree lay shattered and dead,
A wreck on the carpet of green,
And the rainbow, in beauty, was spread overhead
Where the thunder-clouds lately had been.

I exclaimed: Oh! how oft are the hopes of a heart
Thus crushed by a pitiless blast!
How oft does neglect make a life play a part
In despair and destruction at last!

ALPHABET VERSE.

WRITTEN FOR AN INFANT CLASS.

First and last stanzas to be spoken in unison; between them
a couplet for each child, who holds up the initial letter of
the couplet.

Come, boys and girls, what would you do?
What would you like to say?
Let each one tell the story now
And all in their own way!

Ah! I would sail the wide world round,
See sights in every land.

By happy pleasure I would live,
Find joy on ev'ry hand.

Come, I'd get praises from the soil,
A gift from ev'ry state.

Dear fairy stories I would tell—
Such wonders I'd relate!

Enough, I'd be an artisan
And make an engine strong.

For me, I'd like to make it go—
I'd blow my whistle long!

Give just one little place to me
In some fond loving heart.

Have me to be bright, hopeful, good,
'Twould be a pleasing part.

I'd make a house, large, high and gay,
And paint it very fine.

Just let me dig for gold that lies
Down deep within the mine!

Kind, gentle, loving, always good,
Let all my living be.

Let me the temp'rance banner raise
And cry: I'm free! I'm free!

Make me a man to print the news,
Fresh, startling, ev'ry day.

Nay, dress me in the latest style,
In garments bright and gay.

O let me mount the stage, to speak
To people what I know.

Put me to do some useful work,
To bake, boil, knit and sew.

Quite glad would I be, could I ride
A horse that oft would prance.

Right able I should like to be
To sing, to play, and dance.

Still o'er me let an angel be
To guide me on my way.

To be a true-born lady now
Would please me ev'ry day.

Untainted may my conscience be
From things low, bad and mean.

Vain would my future hopes all be,
Did I on God not lean.

Why should I sleep while others wake—
I'll rouse myself, be strong.

Excuse my X, 'twill scarce come in,
And so I'll pass along.

Young children all should show respect
To parents and to age.

Zig-zags in life will always come,
In all that we engage.

Now we have said our little say,
We wish you all good night,
And when you all go home to bed
We hope you'll all sleep right!

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

When modest beauty makes request
That I her album's page will grace,
I'll do it with an earnest zest,
Because a friend to all the race—
But on this page let me write clear:
Not only friend; but friend sincere.

PRAY TELL ME YOUR CHOICE.

- “ Pray tell me, my boys,” said a gray old man,
 “ And tell me, too, ready and quick,
 What adornments your wives must each have, if you can,
 First Tom, then Harry, then Dick.”
- “ Well, I want one of culture,” said Tom, “ and with grace;
 Though simple yet elegant, too,
 A delicate hand, and a beautiful face;
 They are charms that ever are new.”
- “ Obedience,” said Harry, “ my will must be law!
 Fastidious? no, never a bit!
 Must be plain, too, and neat, and view me with awe,
 Have a fair share of beauty and wit.”
- “ Dick wants one with money; a fig for the charm,
 That has not the glitter of gold;
 Who cares for beauty of face, or of form!
 With money, love never is cold.”
- “ You seek,” said the old man, “ for things that decay,
 That change as the clouds of the night,
 That fade like the flowers, and vanish away,
 Leaving nothing to gladden the sight.”
- “ There’s a love that’s not purchased by beauty or gold,
 Or slavish obedience of mind;
 It comes from the heart and never grows old,
 It is free, and yet, ’tis confined.”
- “ ’Tis a treasure! ’tis true! and its votaries drink
 From a fountain eternal and pure,
 And its faith is so firm that it never will shrink
 From its object, ’twill always endure.”

“It is this you should seek, and be led not astray,
By baubles spread outward to view,
The inward, the substance, will never decay,
But the days of a shadow are few.”

THE OLD YEAR'S DYING.

The Old Year's dying! Let him die;
Let his worn out days go by;
Let his pleasure be declared
Old and useless and ill-fared;
Let his evils, like a blot
On a life be now forgot!
Who would fret for years that pass?
They but bring old age—alas!
Only come unsocial, cold,
Showing youth is growing old!

The Old Year's dying! Let him die;
Pass him by without a sigh!
See the New Year shout and laugh!
He can walk without a staff;
He is young and fresh and gay—
He will live young every day?
Nay, he'll die just like the rest;
Greet the present that is best;
Grasp it; let its pleasure ring
Without sorrow's bitter sting!

The Old Year's dead now, let him lie
In oblivion's mystery;
Life is burdened everywhere—
Cast away all bygone care;

Thickly veil weak hope and fear;
Greet the happy young New Year;
Grasp him firmly by the hand,
Introduce him through the land;
Make the best of what he brings
From creation's minist'rings.

HER PRETTY EYE.

I knew her when a little girl,
A little boy was I;
I always liked her smiling face
And pretty, pleasing eye.

I saw her grow to womanhood,
And when I passed her by,
She gave me such an earnest look
From out her jet-black eye.

She gave her picture to me once—
I laid it gently by—
And always when I looked at it
I loved the pretty eye.

She loves me, and I thought she would;
I'll tell the reason why;
She always looked upon me with
A kind and gentle eye.

THERE'S A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS.

AN IMPROMPTU.

There's a rift in the clouds, and the deep sky is seen,
And a bright little beauty is peeping between,
As brilliant a starlet as ever you'll see,
And it whispers a beautiful story to me.

The black clouds are gathered around its bright glow,
And the storm seems to threaten destruction below;
But the star shines unmoved, and its silvery sheen
Bids defiance to frowns, and all black looks, I ween.

So the heart in contentment and love sweetly dressed,
Has a halo of beauty, is never oppressed,
And it sheds through its face such bright star gleaming loves,
That it lights all the pathways wherever it moves.

I LOVE THE MOON.

I Love the moon's soft, pleasing light—
There's magic in the charm—
'Twill joy the sombre hours of night,
And make the heart feel gay and light,
And soften all alarm.

I love to see the gentle moon
While gliding overhead;
There's something in her helps my dreams
Of brighter worlds and happier themes
Than those on earth displayed.

I love the moon's still, silent rays—
So beautiful a boon—

There's naught in all earth's broad array
That is more beautiful, I say,
Than light from that full moon.

Who would not love the liquid rays
Shed from the full-orbed moon,
Some may wear their lives away,
And beauties only see by day;
But I, too, love the moon.

A LITTLE WHILE.

O I miss thee, often miss thee,
My dearest friend and wife;
I miss thy kindly counsel,
Thy aid in all my strife;
I miss that true affection
That came from out thy heart;
I miss thy constant presence
At home—the mother's part.

When wandering sad and lonely
Along the weary way,
I wish that thou wert with me
As in our social day;
Then fancy, hears, conversing,
Thy voice in friendly talks—
I seem to have thee with me
As in our summer walks.

I seem to see thee smiling
In thy true and loving way,
Till the sunshine grows more glowing
And charming all that day;

And 'mong my flowers, blooming,
 I feel thy presence, too,
 And love their beauteous growing,
 Because they grew for you.

I sit at dinner, eating,
 The meal seems dull and tame,
 The meats have lost their savor—
 My appetite grows lame;
 And then I see thee sitting
 In thy old, accustomed place,
 And the memory of thy loving
 Brings relish rich with grace.

Then in my lonely chamber
 I seem to wait for thee;
 I cannot understand it,
 Why thou shouldst absent be;
 And then I hear thee saying,
 As in thy fading day:
 "One must go first; a little while
 And you will pass away."

COUPLETS.

FOR AN ALBUM.

Friend A—d—, this page so pure
 I'd stand recorded; friend, I'm sure.

I've commenced here a couplet, and how shall it end?
 I have it, Miss I—d—, I'll end it a friend.

Kind friend, now whatever of life may be mine,
 At least I'm gilt-edged in this album of thine.

LINES

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

When asked by friends of any age
To write in album, for their bliss;
I hesitate to mar a page
As clean, and pure, and bright as this!

For, O, how like a human life;
When ope'd it gleamed a blank of beauty;
Now written on, what thought and strife
Mark all its struggling lines of duty.

O GIVE ME A LOVE!

O give me a love that is honest, sincere,
As pure as the springs of the earth,
Whose tenderness ever shall make me revere
And value its beauty and worth.

'Twill dispel all the gloom and rough ills of an hour,
And chase the dark shadows away,
As the dews of the night will enliven the flower
That is scorched by the heat of the day.

Such a love is a joy to the youth and to age,
Is a solace for every ill,
Is the lode-star of life that will measure and gauge
And guide us in spite of the will.

'Tis the essence of all that is happy and good,
And it flows from the Fountain above;
He gives us this blessing, this spiritual food,
For God is a Father of Love.

I WELCOME NIGHT AND WELCOME DAY.

Alone! O God! How can I fail
To call upon thee? I bewail,
And feel my spirits droop and fall
Like autumn leaves at winter's call.

Depression marks my every move.
Did I not know that Thou art Love,
I'd seek the end of all my strife,
Rejoice in nearing close of life.

I almost feel my tears to drop,
E'en though my sad misfortunes stop;
I dread the light of early day,
Yet, sighing, pass the night away.

But, O, I feel Thy presence near,
And that allays my constant fear,
And nerved afresh, I onward press
With courage more, and sadness less.

Creation, spread before my eyes,
Fills all my soul with glad surprise,
I see thy handwork everywhere,
And see 'tis good and bright and fair.

Then joys beam forth from every side,
I have no fear ills will betide,
And onward gladly make my way
To welcome night and welcome day.

WEE BIT KATHLEEN.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Wee bit Kathleen, let me place
Just one little token,
That our friendship, by God's grace,
Never may be broken.

Knife and fork of wee bit size,
Little spoon to match them—
May there always be supplies
Where such things can catch them.

May your life be pure and free;
May you ne'er be troubled;
May our God watch over thee,
And your joys be doubled.

TO CONTENTMENT.

Seductive Syren! Thou would'st woo the heart
Away from bold ambition's eager flight;
Thou would'st the vaulting spirit shroud in night;
Would'st not allow sweet Hope to play a part
In life's bold work; Thou mak'st the soul to start
With fear; with thee there'd be no beacon-light
To glad the heart, or joy the yearning sight
At enterprises grand; these thou would'st thwart,
Would'st hide beneath thy simple way of life
That courts repose—content alone to be;
That shrinks from this bold, busy world of strife
To rust and die in wealth or penury.
Nay, not from thee do men advancement learn,
For thou dost chill impulsive fires that burn.

O FOR A FLASH—

O for a flash of pure, seraphic fire
To brush away an injured muse's ire!
Charge not that base ingratitude will turn
On love and true ambition's spirit burn;
Charge not how slothful ev'ry artist's soul;
That jealousy around its patient love will coil
To plunge the work of God in bitter strife
And sink the noble gifts of holy life!
Too many souls grow weak, unsocial, sour;
Too many spirits fade like fading flower,
And many lose the flash of art's glad light
Because they seek too far and high a flight.
The brightest stars of genius oft are those
Who sink where they in visioned thought arose.
So artists, authors, often strive in vain,
And fail their rightful meed of worth to gain.
Some spread their talents on the wasteful seas;
Some famish, too, for sympathetic ease,
And many die who lack that brazen mask
So oft required to meet the world's hard task.
O For a power to start a world-wide song,
To cast away indifference and wrong!
O for the crown and sceptre of that soul
Divine in image, in divine control!
O for a world where "spirit fabrics," free,
Can reap reward for all their industry!

MY SEASON OF REST.

O if in the midst of a warm Southern ocean
On an isle I'd a bright little home of my own,
Away from the world and its weary commotion
Where never again I might meet with a frown;

I'd chase ev'ry evil away from my presence,
And beauty and love in my home should abide,
And I'd ask from the fairies a magical essence
Of pow'r, which those elves, if they will, can confide.

Around it I'd cluster the jessamine slender,
And cypress with blossoms so rich and so gay,
And sweet honeysuckle and other vines tender,
While roses, profusely, should garland the way.

No scenes of distress should trouble my slumbers;
I'd rest in the land of bright, happy dreams,
And my days should move on in such exquisite numbers,
Like glad dancing waters of pure running streams.

I'd whisper a tale to the birds in their flying,
And the stars should look down on my home sweetly blest,
And angels would sing, in the breeze gently sighing,
A lullaby sweet to my season of rest.

LOVE'S TROUBLE.

Young Cupid felt weary of wooing, one day,
And he quietly rested to think;
He was going to sleep his worn feelings away,
But his eyes would not close for a wink,
And his thoughts went off roaming in weary unrest,
Undetermined what course to pursue for the best.

At length he half slept and half dreamed of a plan
That would wake up his natural fire —
He had thought of the changeable nature of man,
And the ease of awaking his ire—
And there followed him, closely, the demons Distrust,
And Jealousy, too, whom he viewed with disgust.

He went on his way in unhappy mood
Till he came to the couch of a pair
Whose souls with the spirit of good was imbued,
Who had lived on so happily there;
He had known them so long that he thought it a shame
To fire them with aught but his own gentle flame.

But Distrust had crept in where one weary head
Was passing the long hours away,
Awaiting, while fretting, for him whom she'd wed,
Who kissed her so fondly that day;
It was night, late at night, she began to bewail,
For Distrust whispered to her a hideous tale.

At last he came home, and they both sought repose
In a mood that was not love-inspired,
And they turned on their pillows, their eyes would scarce close,
'Till they grew, O so restless and tired;
Then they slept, troubled sleep, through the rest of the night,
Awaking quite often and starting with fright.

But Distrust kept on whisp'ring as they were disturbed—
Love hid in a closet quite near,
He saw the vile passions were being uncurbed,
And his mind was much troubled with fear—
Then Jealousy breathed in those listening ears,
So on waking one fretted, the other shed tears.

One was moody on rising, the other was cross,
Their tongues could hardly be still;
And soon all their faults were told without gloss,
And they scolded at last with a will;
Then Love 'gan to think it had gone far enough,
His bad state of mind was fast wearing off.

So he stepped from the closet, and silence ensued,
Then tears fell from one pair of eyes;

A kiss was the next thing that altered the mood,
 And bosoms heaved often with sighs;
 Then Distrust crept from sight, and Jealousy, too,
 Stole slyly away, when Love 'gan to woo.

Love left them carressing, and happily went
 To recline on green mossy bed—
 And he slumbered so sweetly—his weariness spent
 He awoke with a calm heart and head,
 And exclaimed: O how sweet a good seems to be
 When reasoned a trifle with adversity!

AT EVENING.

Suggested by Mr. P. Cameron's painting of Kirkstall Abbey.

How lovely is the twilight glow!
 Along the western sky
 How beauteous are those rose-tipped clouds
 So lightly sailing by!
 While o'er the blue arched canopy
 There hangs the evening shade,
 And darkness creeps up from the east
 And nestles in each glade.

Down, now, behind the western hills
 Sol seeks for hours of rest,
 And over all there seems to hang
 A holy influence, blessed,
 Then up the moon, her lamp alight,
 Climbs, queen of somber night,
 And in her train march silvery stars,
 Night-watchers, ever bright.

From all these breathes a harmony
Of friendship sweet and true;
On leaf and stem—on everything—
There falls love's holy dew;
Hushed all the merry tones of day,
Rest holds control in ease,
The only sound comes from the leaves
The air fans on the trees.

Upon the water's placid face
There lives a lovely dream;
How dark and deep the shades appear
Within the glassy stream!
In sweet devotion to the time
The bending rushes nod—
The spirit of it all goes out
To meet the love of God.

THERE'S WONDROUS POWER IN RICHES.

Is wealth the shining dollar
Of gold and silver form?
Shall gold lace coat and cellar
The mind from virtue charm?
Aye! Oft by this is chided
Full many a sober mind,
And true hearts are misguided
By glittering gold—we find.

There's wondrous power in riches
For evil, or for good;
Of gnomes or haunting witches
'Twill breed a frightful brood;

'Twill hide the grossest sinning,
Or light of love unfold;
Can brightest good be winning—
This beauteous power of gold.

There's wondrous power in living,
When honest in its part;
There's great, grand good in giving,
When gifts come from the heart;
There's right rich joy in sowing,
If work is truly done—
True gems respond in growing
To a bright, warm, smiling sun.

True wealth's in mind and loving;
In purity of soul;
In that harmonious moving
Of life in God's control;
In wealth of mental study—
When searching after light,
Like morning opening ruddy,
Truth bursts upon the sight.

O, GOD OF LOVE DIVINE.

O God of Love, divine,
We glorify Thy name,
We worship at Thy shrine,
Rejoice us in Thy fame.

We view Thy wond'rous power
With love and awe and pride,
We kneel in humblest prayer,
And fear lest ills betide.

Thy majesty of state,
Great God, our inmost souls
Perceives, receives, elate
With Thy divine control.

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE NIECE.

Go, rest, thou beauteous bud,
Scarce opened into flower;
Go, stars of beauty stud
Thy everlasting bower!

I feel almost in heaven
When on this peaceful theme,
And then, too, I am driven
To feel God is supreme!

Reclining, sweetly, there,
In that calm vale of rest—
I often think it fair
To say: Death is the best!

O Life! confusing hours
And woe each day are thine,
Ruled by mysterious powers,
Hope can with thee but shine.

O, Death! dark, sometimes drear,
Yet quiet, calm and still—
Thou bring'st to life a fear;
Yet peace is all thy will!

THE UNIVERSE IS ONE.

In life and death; from pole to pole;
Round all the earth as ages roll;
From zone to zone, from sphere to sphere;
A Great unerring Law is there.

Round all the beauteous, starry gems
That hang in space as diadems;
In every class, in every race,
Through all the bright blue depths of space.

Of every soul, of every heart,
Of everything, the living part—
From star to star, from sun to sun,
Thus binding nature all in one.

One spirit moves; one spirit guides;
One law that never dies nor hides;
Boundlessly high, deep, long and broad;
This law is universal God!

THE TEMPLE OF THE SOUL.

The temple built by Solomon
Lies now in ruins on the earth—
So shall all works from hand of man—
These only have a transient worth!

There is a temple still more fair,
More lasting, rich, and still more grand;
A temple reared with greater care—
A lasting life in every land.

'Tis built in every time and clime;
'Tis bright and glowing as the day;
It bears all ravages of time;
Nor fades, though ages roll away.

It lives eternal; never dies:
Immortal life and love its whole;
Its splendor through creation flies—
God's temple of the human soul!

I'VE LOST MYSELF IN SPACE.

I've wandered o'er the moon's calm face
And sailed upon her seas;
I've stood upon her mountain peaks
And drank her nectar breeze.

I've circled round the cold North star
And feared, yet wished to part;
I've felt his ice-bound visage make
A chill run through my heart.

I've lost myself in poet-lore,
In views so wild and grand,
Imagination leads my sight
To where the angels stand.

I've sailed o'er vast and distant seas,
I've sank into their depths;
And walked among the coral spires,
With slow and cautious steps.

I've lived at times in Fairy-land,
Among those flowry dells;
With tiny fays have made my home,
In groves of wild blue-bells.

My thoughts have led me far from earth,
Through space so blue and clear;
I've sailed in cars with flying steeds,
From starry sphere to sphere.

IMPROMPTU.

Written at an election, on seeing a man dealing votes,
with ballots in one hand and money in the other.

I've seen the true-born Irishman,
With native pride and zeal;
I've met with true-blood Englishmen,
With hearts as firm as steel;
I've read of Roman Citizens;
The German's Fatherland;
The Frenchman's "Vive l'Empereur!"
The noble Spartan band.

At death the Chinese' last wish is
On native soil to lie;
The Hindoo's caste is cherished as
By native faith they die;
The birth-place is to all a joy—
A thing they cherish dear—
And is it true, in Yankee-Land,
The dollar is the care?

SHE WAS KNITTING.

The eve was bright and balmy,
'Twas early autumn time;
And soft, warm wind blew calmly
From out a southern clime;
I saw a lady walking
With prompt and measured tread,
She held her hands before her,
And bowed her thoughtful head.

She was knitting, knitting, knitting,
As she walked along the street,
And her needles kept in motion
To the movement of her feet;
As she knitted, what she knitted,
I never, never knew;
But I wondered, wondered what she thought,
Out in the evening dew.

I thought she knitted idly,
But the light upon her face,
Of what her mind was thinking
Gave not the faintest trace;
And, yet, a smile was sometimes seen
To part her ruby lips,
While her fingers deftly turned each stitch,
Upon the needle tips.

Did she knit as women knitted
In that old New England home;
When sires and sons went forth from them,
In war's array to roam?
How many silent hours they sat
And knitted rapidly,
In hope and fear for those gone out
To fight for Liberty!

Did she knit as women knitted
When the great French struggle rose?
They knitted names of those to die
By Guillotine—God knows
That was a grim and bitter work
Which measured blood to flow,
And human lives to sacrifice—
I think she did not so.

Was she thinking of her future life?
Was she thinking of the past?
Was there some sweet love that touched her heart,
And made her knit so fast?
Was she knitting for her husband, self,
Or children loved and dear?
I wondered, wondered what she thought—
But wherefore should I care?

BUSY WORKMEN.

WRITTEN IN A WORKSHOP.

Busy workmen, never still,
Grinding treasures from the mill.
Strike the anvil, swing the sledge;
Turn the mandrel; drive the wedge;
Ply the hammer; forge the drill;
Make rough iron suit your will!
Smoke and rattle, noise and clash,
Smelting iron, heat and flash.
Humming buzz-saws, flying chips,
Building houses, making ships;
Saw and plane and file and drill,
Working, milling, turning still.
Busy workmen, never still,
Making wealth from Nature's mill.

LINES.

On seeing a couple of young people leisurely walking,
thinly clad, on a cool autumn night.

You were walking 'neath the moon, Jenny,
The night was calm and still;
A frost beneath your feet, Jenny,
And frozen was the rill.

His arm was round your waist, Jenny,
And love and hope were high;
He stole a kiss, you know, Jenny,
I thought I heard a sigh;

For you were weak and cold, Jenny,
The night air made you ill,
The northwind pierced your frame, Jenny,
And made your blood run chill.

The rose bloom faded from your cheek,
Your pulse grew faint and slow,
All saw the end was nigh, Jenny—
He feels it sadly now.

The spring time saw you fade, Jenny,
A cloud spread o'er his brow;
They laid you 'neath the grass, Jenny,
And he is lonely now.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A merry, merry Christmas, and a happy New Year!
All free from toil and sorrow, and full of brightest cheer;
May rich and golden harvests be reaped by all in full,
And may each hour be gladsome, andn ever, never dull.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

Ah, me! If life were but as smooth
And pure as this clean page is,
Or was, 'fore I its face defiled,
I'd wish 'twould last for ages.

But whether on the way we find
Life cold and oft distressing,
Or find it glad and bright and gay,
One gem is rich in blessing.

Then M—n—, when those gems you meet,
Remember, they're worth prizing—
True, sympathetic friends are these;
Whose souls to God are rising.

LINES.

WRITTEN AT A WEDDING.

Ring, marriage bells; ring out your tune!
Two hearts made glad this merry June;
Two hearts close joined by holy tie,
Four hands to work in harmony!

Four feet to tread the self-same path,
Two loving souls but one faith hath;
Two human beings joined in one;
Two friends to say: "Thy will be done!"

O, Love, no power so great as thine!
With beauty thou dost ever shine!
When true, thou art the brightest gem
Set in glad nature's diadem!

GUIDE ME, GOD OF MERCY.

Guide me, God of Mercy, guide me
Safely through this vale of tears;
Ease my soul of apprehensions,
Take away my doubts and fears!

Lift my spirit from its sadness,
Send me wisdom from above;
Teach me Thou art Light, art Gladness;
Teach me Thou art Truth and Love!

Dark, indeed, life's future gleameth,
Man can never lift its veil;
Place my footsteps as it seemeth
Best and safest for my weal.

Light, O Light my present knowing;
Give me knowledge from the past;
Lead me safely through my sowing,
Thy blest Love to gain at last.

THE MAN OF DUTY.

No crown adorns his pale, deserving brow,
In life unnoticed, and unthought of now;
No gems, immortal, called from spirit lore
Tell of visioned wreaths, in thought he wore,
But, yonder, in that bright and happy land,
Where angels holding golden tablets stand—
There is this record made without a blot:
“The man whose soul its duty ne’er forgot.”

A DAY DREAM.

I dream, yes, often sit and dream
 When I am wide awake
 And all alone, with thoughts all free
 A wayward course to take;
 Then many wondrous scenes are brought
 And pictured in my mind,
 And many deep, unfathomed themes
 Wove in my thoughts I find.

My mind will wander off through space
 Where fairy Mab once stood.
 And o'er the world's broad surface cast
 A glance to learn the good;
 But 'mong the multitude of men,
 A strange and restless mass,
 I see unsatisfied desire,
 Unsocial strife, alas!

I've seen, wrapped in ungen'rous cloak,
 Cold, human forms, close clad;
 I've seen rejoicing where the heart
 Should beat suppressed and sad;
 I've seen the lines of suffering spread
 Upon the face of want,
 While wealth and luxury passed by,
 Proud, harsh and arrogant.

I've seen the tears of sadness fall
 Adown a youthful cheek,
 When one kind word would stop the flow;
 But, no, they would not speak.
 I've seen cold, callous, cruel deeds
 When sorrow cried aloud;
 I've heard the light and careless joke
 Around the deathly shroud.

I've seen where ignorance has made
Sad havoc and distress;
I've known a kind heart broken, crushed,
For want of a caress;
I've seen the baneful force of creeds,
'Fore which minds, human, cower;
I've seen a people crushed beneath
A tyrant's will and power.

I've seen all this, and then I've seen
A boundless earth respond
In fullness with her richest stores,
To earnest labor's bond;
I've seen broad fields of yellow grain
Grown up to golden food;
I've seen the ripe fruits gathered in,
And felt that God is good.

I've seen the pleasing ties of home,
The mother's loving care;
I've seen the youth to manhood grow,
With prospect grand and fair;
I've seen a thousand little loves,
And thought they matched each ill—
Creative pow'r has made all things
A holy end to fill!

The part that fails in this world's scheme
Is weak humanity;
Its years are few. Creation lives
In deep immensity.
Man's life should be one constant work
Of good and noble deeds—
Lo, in all hearts their germs are found,
God's ever lasting seeds!

THAT MONSTER ORGANUM

AND MR. VEE BEE.

Shall I say that I dreamed? 'Twas not all though a dream,
For things are not always, you know, what they seem.
But I dreamed in a sort of a half dozing state
As I, thinking, one eve sat with half aching pate,
And the vision that came to my thus musing mind
Was amusing and droll, of a ludicrous kind.
'Twas the scene of a concert, a musical spree,
Gotten up by a man known as Mr. Vee Bee;
And 'twas in a large hall where a host gathered in,
A vast crowding crowd that could ne'er be called thin.
They had all come to see Mr. Vee Bee's machine,
A wonderful instrument, of organs the queen;
A music box grand, and no musical runt,
And 'twas handsomely painted, and trimmed off in front.
'Twas a giant in structure, a monster in tone,
With a seat set before it that looked like a throne.
Stretching out from the top, like the arms of a fan,
Were a lot of bright tubes, in a fine, novel plan;
At a bellows a boy sat to give it its wind,
Just easy, and lazy, and happy in mind;
At the key-board Vee Bee, like a king sat in state,
While the people in wonder sat in anxious await.
A lady had come there to play a piano,
A Brass Band to help in a manner "Burlando,"
An Orchestra, full, and with feelings superb,
And a confidence nothing could ever disturb;
Then a chorus of singers had a chorus to sing,
Their harmonies outward and upward to fling.
Organum Foghornum stood up on the stage
The eyes and the ears of each one to engage.
The singers first sang in a powerful chorus,
And their harmonies swelled 'till they covered all o'er us;

Then the Orchestra played with its fullest intent,
And the Brass Band its eloquence forcibly lent;
The Organum Foghornum joined in a soft tune
As soft as the light that comes from the moon.
The Brass Band 'gan horning, the foghorns to beat,
The boy at the bellows had got a fine treat,
And he blowed 'till Vee Bee rose right up from his seat.
The Singers joined issue, the Orchestra played,
Then the dogs within hearing all dolefully bayed,
The Singers stood up, and the Blower arose,
The Orchestra sawed out the wildest of throes,
A jackass 'gan braying in backyard close by,
The cows 'gan to bellow, the babies to cry,
The horses, excited, 'gan loudly to neigh;
But the Organum Foghornum led all of the play.
The sounds from its pipes streamed far up in the sky,
And could almost be seen in their force streaming by;
While the universe seemed to be filled with vibrations,
And all things seemed moving in mystic gyrations.
The hearers all trembled, the Band 'gan to quake,
The chairs 'gan to quiver, the windows to shake,
The singers all fainted, the orchestra quit,
Their fiddles all shattered, the brass horns all split;
The piano fell over, the legs shaken off,
The player went of in a vibrating puff;
The windows 'gan smashing, the blinds falling out,
The shingles were raising and flying about,
The bells in the churches in sympathy rang,
Rebecca's stone figure fell down with a bang,
While the "Bells," e'en of Corneville, were heard in the air,
And the rumblings of thunder were heard everywhere.
Still played Mr. Vee Bee in music all lost,
The boy at the bellows still stuck to his post,
Organum Foghornum majestic stood fast,
Though all things around it were wrecked by its blast.

Vee Bee now grew weary, and halted his play,
The boy at the bellows kept on pumping away,
And seemed like one deaf, no ear, some would say.
Vee Bee looked around him, the folks had all gone,
And he and his boy had been playing alone.
Scene changed; and I heard then a beautiful sound—
The tones of the new fashioned organ around—
Its sweetness bewitched me, its power was intense,
And I saw the crowds moving to hear it with sense,
And I asked them: "What is it?" They answered me blunt,
'Tis the Organum made by a Mr. V—n B—t,
"By the crowds on the way," said one, "I should think
'Twould be better set up in a gigantic Rink"—
I awoke with my head in a sort of a whirl,
And the vision it's banner at once 'gan to furl.

FORSAKEN.

The earth seems cold; the sun scarce seems to shine;
The heart throbs, sullen, in its hollow breast;
A gnawing anguish steals away all rest,
And swift winged joy has left the soul to pine
In somber solitude; ambition's powers decline
A feeble effort for a famous crest,
And lie in dark, cold, cheerless mantle drest.
Love is not dead; but still will feebly shine
Though skies above are dark, no cheering star
Be left the faintest gleam of light to shed;
Though life seems void, deep chaos near and far,
And steps drag slowly as with feet of lead;
But memory lives, though clouded with a tear—
When once forsaken, life, indeed, is drear.

DECORATION FLOWERS.

Beautiful emblems, love's talisman keeping,
Ministering beauties so charmingly new;
Place them in tenderness over the sleeping,
Over the graves of the loved ones so true.

Gather them gently, wreath them so kindly,
Memory tokens to heroes in strife,
Cover the martyrs who bled, aye, not blindly,
Bled that their nation should still have its life.

WE LAID HER TO REST.

The darkness of night gathered slowly around
As we stood by the bed of our darling—
Our sadness was deep, and the silence profound,
For the banner of death was unfurling.

We laid her to rest where the sad willows weep,
As the cold wintry day was declining,
And left her to sleep the long last sleep
While we wept, for our treasure repining.

We returned to the home now so lonely and drear,
For a vacancy filled all the dwelling,
And we laid by her relics with many a tear,
And a sigh in our heart sadly swelling.

And we thought of the years of sweet joy we had lost,
And the time we must spend with our sorrow,
Then Hope whispered sweetly, "O, count not the cost,
For in heaven there is joy for the morrow."

ON A VISIT TO BROOKSIDE CEMETERY.

Oh loved Brookside! With feelings sad and tender
I slowly move among thy rising mounds,
And every one new thoughts again engender—
I start with every step at echo's sounds.

And yet, how calm the scene! The sun declining,
Casts from each slab a shadow dark and long,
The brook in tones subdued, seems half repining,
While mingling with the robin's evening song.

The beauteous walks, in winding circles graveled,
So interlaced they near confusing lie;
By mourners' feet how oft in sadness traveled,
And moistened, too, by many a weeping eye.

The shady groves, the glassy pond surrounding;
The spring, with water cool, refreshing, sweet;
The rustic beauties everywhere abounding,
Forms a delightful, yet a sad retreat.

O charming spot, so full of deepest meaning,
Thou art suggestive of life's weary day;,
Thou fillest my soul with awe, while half explaining
The wonders, deep, of God's mysterious way!

How many sleep beneath thy surface buried!
How many more to thy embrace must come!
The life of note, and that unsung, unstoried—
All, all are welcome to thy silent home.

No sound disturbs the stillness of these slumbers,
No scene awakes this city into life,
The years roll by without a thought to numbers,
Without a smile, a sigh, a joy, or strife.

Ah! 'neath this quiet shade, a much loved father,
Reposing in the sepulcher alone,
Awaits the time when all his loves shall gather
Around him, as they did in days ago.

Yon monumental stone its head high rearing,
So closely with its guarded dead allied,
Records, perhaps, some deeds of noble bearing,
Or perhaps a tell-tale of lost pomp and pride;

There by its side an unpretending tablet,
In sweet simplicity and charming grace,
A cherished name upon it, and a chaplet,
Tells where an angel had a resting place;

Yon lonely mound conceals some form, that often
In life, perhaps, has mourned a wretched lot,
With ne'er a friend his cares to smooth or soften,
Uncared for then—unnoticed now—forgot.

And here a mother, from all trouble sleeping;
There children, dear, reposing side by side;
Whose spirits often back to earth come creeping,
To soothe the loved ones on life's troubled tide.

O, view with love, the place where these are resting,
And consecrate the spot whereon they lie;
Ne'er enter in with uncouth step, nor jesting;
But softly speak and tread, while passing by:

For there lies many a prized, a much loved treasure,
A source of many a happy joy untold—
Friends, children, lovers, valued beyond measure,
The tender young, the middle-aged, and old.

O what a source of thought is here reposing!
A lesson springs from every silent tomb!

Methinks I hear, as eve is round me closing,
These words of warning from this endless home:

“O mortal man, the floods are round thee swelling,
The path of life grows shorter every day—
Time marks the hour, and oft without foretelling,
Death lays thee low, a piece of mold’ring clay.

“Bethink thee, then, in time, before thy fleeting,
To do some good; be honest, loving, brave;
That when thou’rt gone, a heart for thee still beating,
Will draw a tear to drop upon thy grave.”

But I must leave these scenes, these cherished beauties,
And other cares my thoughts must now engage;
To living toils must go, and living duties,
That are to living man a heritage.

Farewell, Brookside, thy dead and thou so charming!
Though my farewell will give thee no concern;
But twilight shades are fast around me forming,
And I must to the busy world return.

THE VELOCIPED.

Have you seen the new steed
By men called a *pede*
With *Veloci* prefixed, bear in mind as you read?
’Tis a mighty improvement in gaining of speed.
My stars! Oh what fun!
On a two-forty run,
Or less, on a line as straight as a gun—
The prize o’er the fast horse will surely be won—
I declare in the summer time I must have one.

And then I will glide
Through the town, and I'll ride
On a visit far out to our cherished Brookside;
Will go far from the sound
Of the town, all around;
To the Harbor, all over the old battle-ground,
With the greatest of ease—
They surely will please—
And when fired
And inspired,
With the speed once acquired,
One would never, of course, with the ride become tired.
Well, I've made up my mind
To at once go and find
The secret of riding a wheel 'fore and 'hind.
'Tis a ticklish thing
To be thus on the wing
Like a bird without tail; but I don't want to sing,
For I feel
Like a man just beginning to reel.
Or a cone on its apex, or a ship on her keel—
And my nerves are drawn up like spring made of steel.
There I go 'gainst the wall!
I'm most ready to bawl.
For I've skinned every knuckle, pinched my legs in the fall,
But I put on a face that, of course, hides it all.
By George! that is tough!
There is more skin knocked off,
A black and blue spot on my calf,
And they laugh!
Here's my breeches in holes,
I've endangered some souls
With hard words—here I go right into the coals.
There, that's very well—
I don't think them a sell—

Upset, I declare! 'gainst a neighbor, pell mell.
 And this is the way,
 We go through the day,
 The hardest of work transformed into play,
 Riding Velocipedes gallant and gay—
 I am doubtful, though, whether or not it will pay.

I WOULD NOT ALWAYS WANT TO LIVE.

I would not always want to live,
 In sunshine nor in shade,
 Nor yet upon the mountain top,
 Nor in the silent glade;
 I would not always want to be
 In joys excessive lost,
 Nor on the crushing waves of care
 Forever to be tossed.

A little trouble oft will make
 A good more sweet and true,
 And virtue, too, is measured by
 The evil it goes through;
 The day is made more bright and fair
 By midnight's dreary hour,
 And sweet is known in contrast with
 The bitter and the sour.

The winds blow mild and soft and cool,
 'Then fierce tornadoes roar;
 Then dancing sunbeams play around
 To check a falling shower;

The stars shine out, with sparkling joy,
 And deck the bright blue sky;
 Then deep, black clouds creep o'er the scene,
 And thunders loud roll by.

The ills of life but strew its path
 With signs that say: "Beware!"
 And joys show banners on the way
 Inscribed with: "Have a care!"
 'Tis not the joys, 'tis not the ills
 That make life sweet or sad;
 'Tis how we take them, and how well
 We learn the good and bad.

No, I much like the changing views
 Where contrasts oft are seen,
 Then I can, through their teachings, learn
 To walk with care between,
 The varied scenes will give rich food
 For contemplative thought,
 And thus avert the dangers dark
 With which excess is fraught.

TO MY NIECE.

AN ACROSTIC.

My little niece, I give so free
 A token of my love for thee;
 This knife and fork I hope will bring,
 In tones that shall forever ring,
 Endearing friendship's minist'ring.

WOULD I NOT LIKE TO LIVE ALONE.

Would I not like to live alone,
And feel no breath of care,
And see no saddened tear-drop fall,
And hear no harsh beware;
To meet no rascal's cheating game,
No class nor creed's cold bar?
'Twould be so sweet, thus living free
With nothing evil near.

Would I not like to live alone,
With ne'er a neighbor by?
'Twould be so sad. What, never hear
A laugh, nor yet a sigh?
To see no smile, no human form
Throughout the tedious day?
I'd never know a pleasure then,
And never could be gay.

Would I not like to live alone,
With none to hear me speak?
To have no tender, soothing care
When I am sick and weak?
'Twere better, then, that I should die—
Of what good could I be,
A shipwrecked man, without a hope,
Lost on a boundless sea?

Would I not like to live alone?
O! ask me not again,
For I am weary now to hear
The sad and gloomy strain;
And I, too, know that joys are found
In friendship sweet and dear,
And in the love that each one feels
When true hearts gather near.

TO AFFECTION.

Affection, queen of hearts, bright goddess, thou,
Heard in fond words and seen in loving tears!
When hearts are struggling through the vale of fears,
Triumphant rising o'er conspiring foe,
Thou wrapst the soul in thy transcendent glow,
And sooths and softens all its deepest cares,
And all its sorrows more than gladly bears.
The purest love the human heart can know
Is found with thee; thy true faith fondly burns
Within the breast of Christians, living fire;
The mother knows thee as in joy she turns
To greet her child—thou canst all hearts inspire.
Come, then, thou queen, while life with us sojourns,
And lead each heart to know thy true desire!

I CANNOT TELL YOU WHY 'TIS SO.

I cannot tell you why 'tis so,
And yet, as on my way I go,
Oft, apprehensions fill my soul
Of evils that will round me roll—
I have no reason for the spell,
Know not why with me it should dwell.

Forebodings fill my fancy, strange,
Of seemingly an endless range;
I sometimes shrink, when all alone
With contemplation on the throne—
I cannot tell you what I fear,
Or why I suffer so severe.

Sometimes while walking on a bank
Which overhangs a ravine dank,
I fall, and die almost as real
As ever any one could feel—
'Tis fearful—as I turn and look,
I feel as by an earthquake shook.

I cannot tell you why 'tis so,
And yet, as on my way I go,
Oft, apprehensions fill my soul
Of evils that will round me roll—
I have no reason for the spell,
Know not why with me it should dwell.

IMPROMPTU.

There's a light, though a small one, that's beaming for me—
A light it is true that I scarcely can see;
But it burns, and I know it; I feel it is so,
For it warms up my soul with its richness and glow.

'Tis above me, around me! The Spirit of Love!
It is brought by the angels from their home up above,
And the hearts that pulsate it are few, I'm aware;
But it spreads from their centers full, fervent and rare.

'Tis a joy that I prize, for if one heart is found
That beats truly for me through my life's weary round,
'Tis enough, for 'twill nerve me to labor and toil;
'Tis a light to my pathway; a theme that is royal.

FRIENDLY FRITZ.

They tell me friends are rarely true,
They sparkle, then fade out, like dew,
And only love when in dire need
Of some assistance, or for greed;
For favors, too, they seldom earn,
Give back a very small return.
And sad to say, this seemeth true,
I ask now: Do you see it so?
I think this view is hardly fair,
Although true friends are scarce and rare.
There's one, to me, I know a friend,
A friend when joys in beauty blend
Around me with a halo bright,
Of love in sunshine's beauty-light,
Or when all joy would from me flee,
And sink me in despondency,
He's true in each emergency.
I sometimes think: Has he a soul?
Has God his spirit in control?
Does reason flash from his sharp eye?
Who solves creation's mystery?
He's always ready at my call,
Whate'er mishaps to me may fall;
Though pocket poor or pocket rich—
He never cares a button which;
Though all my blood in health may flow,
Or sickness make me sad and low,
I'm sure he for me friendship feels.
He loves to follow at my heels,
And answers with a loving whine
When I but give a little sign
To have him come. Then his delight—
One'd think he would go mad outright,
He scarcely knows how to repay

My condescension, I dare say.
“Come here,” when I would talk, I say;
“Let’s get from human ears away;
If they do catch a single word
Their curiosity is stirred,
And they repeat it, O so quick;
As lightning flashes fierce and thick;
And all the town will prate about
The things I wish they’d not find out.”
Then he looks up so knowingly,
And wags his tail approvingly;
At every phrase he turns his head
To say: “I understand what’s said.”
He seems to make this plain to me,
He looks up so confidently.
He keeps it, too, I know so true,
He’ll never tell a word to you
Of anything that I confide.
In this I know he’s been well tried.
When human friends do actions wrong
They often cheat, dissemble long,
Or lie, or laugh; but seldom make
Confession, or amends, to shake
Suspicion off. They fondly deal
In falsity, or things unreal.
If this, my friend, does something wrong,
He drags his tail, and sneaks along,
And hides in corner sheepishly,
Confessing thus conclusively.
But, O, how ready to repay
For errors of an ill-spent day!
He’ll beg, lie down, and roll him o’er,
Jump o’er a chair, or shut a door,
He’ll hold a cracker on his nose
In patience, long as e’er you choose—

Do all he can do to regain
My friendship and esteem, 'tis plain.
When tramps do venture in my yard
He presses them most mighty hard,
They run as though they had got fits
When they do meet my watch-dog, Fritz.

I CANNOT GO TO CHURCH.

“ I’ve got to stay at home today—
The church bells! How they ring!
The choir may strain themselves in song,
To me they will not sing;
The preacher may stand up as stiff
As maple, beech, or birch,
And pray and preach, but not for me—
I cannot go to church! ”

“ I want to, but my shawl won’t do—
It seems so out of date—
Rich dolmans and rich fancy skirts
Are now the garb of state.
Thank goodness! Hats of any form
May on the head be worn,
And yet—O well, why should I fret,
I know I’d look forlorn! ”

“ I cannot wear my furs, you know,
The season’s rule they’d break;
’Twould look so horrid, too—the show
And figure I should make!

I cannot wear my last fall's hat,
The trimming's not the shade,
And that Miss G. would talk about
The 'horrid show' she made."

" There's that Miss Flimsy o'er the way—
She's got a stylish dress,
And goes to meeting you can bet
To show it—nothing less!
She tosses, scornfully, her head,
Whene'er she passes me,
Because a much less stylish dress
I've got to wear, you see."

" O well! O well! I wonder now
What difference it will make?
I guess, perchance, I'll get my share
When I from death shall wake;
They tell me, in that better land
'Tis not the dress they want,
But upright lives and honest hearts,
Souls free from guile and cant! "

SINCERITY.

'Tis not by the eye that so flashingly speaks,
Nor the face so exquisitely fair,
Nor the mind full of fickle and fanciful freaks,
A love can be found that will wear.

'Tis not 'neath Dame Fashion's rich, gaudy attire,
That a heart beating true can be found;
'Tis not in expressions, all given with fire,
That you meet with sincerity's sound.

But 'tis felt in the hand that with warmth grasps your own—
In deeds that are gentle and kind;
In soft, soothing words, that in every tone
Show sympathy's blessings entwined.

'Tis shown by the tear with true feeling shed
When sorrows are told to the ear,
In the joy that a friend, to exhibit, is led,
When happiness gathereth near.

The kiss of a mother, the kind words that speak,
From a soul when misfortunes befall,
And the soft-falling tear on the penitent's cheek,
Are truths to be cherished by all.

Sincerity cannot be purchased with gold,
And happiness comes from the soul,
But the life that has these has a treasure untold—
Inscribed on the heavenly scroll.

TO A PANSY.

My foot near crushed thy unpretending vine,
So small and dark among the weeds it grew;
Thy blossom drew my pulse to beat with thine,
So drenched it was with frosty morning dew.

Bright little gem! Thou'st stood the freezing storms
That winter spreads upon the face of earth,
Deep wrapped within the snow's ungenial arms,
To bloom rejoicing at Spring's early birth.

Thy beauty spreads a charm where'er I move,
And lightens every labor through the day;
Thy presence, ever new, I dearly love—
I long to learn thy persevering way.

Then blossom on, and teach me as I go,
Not to be crushed by cold adversity,
But still, like thee, to live, not courting show,
In sweet content, and true simplicity.

A CHAPIN MEMORIAL.

“O friend beloved! I sit apart and dumb,
Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine;
My lips will falter, but my prisoned heart
Springs forth to measure its faint pulse with thine.”
—Mrs. Howe.

Kind nature made thy form, and God in turn
Breathed a bright spirit in thy soul to burn
Like the deep burning of some glorious star,
Its glowing beams wide reaching out afar.
Then from the advent of thy new-born power
Arose a stately form, thy mind, a tower
Of wisdom, strength and beauteous poesy;
Of God-like love and true-born purity.
O leader, teacher, friend! How many feel
Thy loss, and mourn? With sorrow deep and real
Those hearts are full, for thou wert loved indeed—
Wert loved by men of ev'ry school and creed.
Thy genius, sent to thee direct from Heav'n,
Lived in thy spirit when it first was given,

And the bright gleams, which from its living play
 Around all life, send forth a brilliant ray
 Of hope and joy, as from the soul of God;
 Spreads o'er the world an influence deep and broad,
 Lights a glad fire that warms all human hearts,
 Warms into love, and living beauty starts.
 Thine was the action of the Father, God,
 Thy path in life, the path that Father trod!
 Communities may change, and o'er the light
 Of day may fall the somber clouds of night;
 Enslaved and crushed fair Freedom may be led
 A captive, till her friends may think her dead;
 Creeds may dissolve, theologies decay;
 Empires may fall and nations pass away;
 Virtue and Truth in shrouded silence lie;
 But minds like thine can never, never die!
 Bodies fall, "withered calyxes," but freed,
 "The souls go forth as new-born winged seed;"
 Led by the power which God alone can give;
 Like Him, with Him, eternally they live!
 Live in the faith of which they were the light;
 Live in men's hopes, and loves, warm, strong and bright;
 Live in the thoughts and actions of all men;
 Live in the forms of ev'ry social plan;
 Live on, still teaching countless lessons, free—
 Felt through long ages of eternity!

O FICKLE SPRING!

Ah Spring! Ah Spring! I scarce could praise you,
 I scarcely care to love or please you;
 You'd drive one wild, or make one crazy!

I have few thanks,
 For all thy changeful fits uneasy,
 And wilful pranks.

You'll scarce be called a pleasing creature,
 So wild and fickle is your nature,
 Thou'rt praised, I know, by ev'ry preacher,
 Who fain would ring
 Thy beauties as a wondrous teacher—
 O fickle Spring!

Now fondling with a tender care,
 And genial sunshine, balmy, fair,
 Till feathered beauties fill the air
 With happy song;
 Then, down a blast of coldest cheer,
 Comes sweeping strong!

Then frosts the tender blossoms crush,
 Then rain and snow come down with rush,
 Then birds hide low, their sweet songs hush,
 And all things shrink—
 You'd better keep your warm winds flush
 And fresh, I think!

You'll lose your wondrous reputation
 By such a harsh, untrue vibration,
 Cold, warm, wet, dry, in disputation;
 One ne'er can tell
 How long each state will have duration!
 Don't know your sel'!

To save that name: "O gentle Spring!"
 You'd better not to mortals bring
 Coughs, colds, rheumatic's piercing sting,
 That passions raise;
 You'd better smile and sweetly sing
 Your kindly lays.

THE PEOPLE PASSING BY.

I stood at eve,
I do believe,
An hour, in corner shy,
And watched to see,
In mystery,
The people passing by.

They come, they go,
A busy row,
As thick, as thick can be,
The weak, the strong,
The motley throng,
A restless, moving sea.

They walk the Square,
Some shrink, some stare,
The rough, the trim, the gay,
The blonde, brunette,
The gent, the pet,
The shabby, tramping stray.

The brilliant stud,
The boots all mud,
The "blue coat," buttons brass;
The satin dress,
The sweet caress,
A gent arm-locked with a lass.

The old, the young,
A running tongue,
The limp, the strut, the drive,
A dress of drab,
A baby cab,
The carelessly alive.

The halt, the lame,
 The bold, the tame,
 The crooked and the straight;
 The weak of mind,
 The deaf, the blind,
 The low, the high and great.

A graceful pose,
 A crooked nose,
 Now eyes large, sparkling, black,
 The downcast eye
 Now passes by,
 Ne'er looking side nor back.

Where do they go,
 This moving row,
 This stream of moving life?
 What do they do
 And how live through
 The years of toil and strife?

Ah me! At home,
 Not when they roam,
 The tales of life will give;
 One half don't know
 Where others go,
 Nor how they toil to live!

UNIVERSAL GOD OF LOVE.

Universal God of Love,
 Over all, below, above,
 Lighting nature's vast expanse
 With divine inheritance.

Thou canst apprehensions cease,
 Rest all souls in holy peace;
 Thou dost make all harmony,
 Bring all hearts to dwell with Thee.

Thou art Wisdom, Life and Light;
 Thou art Truth, and Peace and Right;
 Thou, eternal, wilt abide
 Friend and Father, Hope and Guide.

SPIRIT FABRICS.

How many soul musicians begged their bread!
 In penury's grasp how oft have poets sung!
 How many painters, pale, poor, wan, ill-fed,
 Have labored, suffered, nerves almost unstrung.

Oft has a brain, so earnest in its way,
 Its beating heart forced to an early rest;
 Oft has the world, in merry mood and gay,
 That heart unnoticed, though so sorely pressed.

Oft has a man of genius stood alone,
 So sternly battling with the ungenial world;
 Oft has a cruel and cold and heartless tone
 All the wild beauty into darkness hurled.

Like fleecy clouds in gold and crimson decked,
 Are the gay worldlings, transient as the days;
 Like the blue sky with shining beauties flecked,
 The work of genius, bright and new always.

As lovely stars that sparkle in the morn,
 Their sister starlets hiding far away,
 So live, bright, shining gems, to heaven adorn,
 Those spirit fabrics of transcendent ray.

TO MY LITTLE FRIEND.

We've missed thee, Lew, these summer days,
Have missed thy pleasing, friendly ways,
Since clouds have hid thy sunshine rays,
 And sickness threw
A cheerless cloak of dreary haze
 Around thee, Lew.

With thee life scarcely had beginning,
But thou didst meet it laughing, singing;
I've often heard thy glad voice ringing
 In tone so true—
A joy to all around thee bringing,
 Bright little Lew!

'Tis hard to break life's loves apart,
When firmly woven in the heart;
To make nerves tremble till they start
 And snap in two—
But life has many a sting and smart
 To bear with, Lew!

But I must say farewell, my friend;
To separation's force must bend
In sorrow's clasp. But, O, this end
 Is sweet for you;
God, with eternal love, will blend
 Thy spirit, Lew!

A HERO FALLEN!

A hero fallen; a chieftain of the land!
One crowned with glory by fair Freedom's hand!
From lowly, rising to the highest plane
That Liberty can give; her cherished fane
Was his. The people's choice; from them he came;
By them was honored in one loud acclaim;
For them he lived; but while in manhood's glow,
Youth in his form and honor on his brow,
As soaring eagle mounting to the skies
When the glad beams of morning glories rise,
Peace o'er the land, and confidence enshrined
In every heart, there came a passion, blind
To ev'ry love, and with a fatal blow,
Crushed ev'ry hope and laid the Hero low.

How cruel he, in whose malicious breast
Moves fierce contention with God's holy plan,
Who seeks destruction of his fellow-man,
As tiger prowling in a wild unrest.
More cruel he whose villain brain thinks best
To strike his country through her chosen head
By piercing him with slugs of deadly lead!
Assassin, traitor! O, what fiendish zest,
Infamous and cruel, his heart must flame!
A burning hate! What punishment is meet?
O God, we pray: Protect our country's fame;
Direct us right; for cold revenge is sweet,
Humanity is weak! But, O, what shame
That human vipers stain fair Freedom's name!

Fast fall the tears! Low beats the nation's heart!
Silent and sad a sorrowing people's part!
Soft, mournful requiems fill the autumn air,
While a vast people bending low in prayer
'Mid shrouds of gloom, feel clouds of sadness fall
To clothe the land in deep, dark funeral pall!

Loud anthems ring, and solemn dirges play
 From sea to sea, o'er mountains far away;
 And mournful fugues all o'er the nations run,
 And bowed submission prays: "Thy will be done!"

Our President!

Justly the crown of bright success was thine;
 A rising light, refulgent star, to shine
 Mighty in pow'r but humble in display;
 Enthroned as king, but kindly in thy way;
 Standing as chief, yet equal with all men;
 A statesman, soldier, free-born citizen!
 Grand is the theme when men like thee must die!
 Around them clings the heart's best sympathy.
 Rich in the love their fellow-beings feel;
 Founded in faith and God's most holy seal;
 In rev'rence held, though ages onward roll;
 Enshrined in heaven an everlasting soul!
 Let ev'ry heart responsive echos frame,
 Discoursing, freely, James A. Garfield's fame!

UNDER THE MAPLE TREE

Under the sparsely clouded sky,
 Under the starlight dim,
 Clothed in a maiden beauty, shy,
 Gentle mien and drooping eye,
 She, by the side of him.

Under the leaves of maple trees,
 Under the shades of night,
 Fanned by a soft and tender breeze,
 Telling tales of love with ease,
 He, by the fire-fly's light.

Under the force of love was she,
 Under its pow'r was he;
 Both were bound in unity,
 Sealed by kiss sincere and free,
 Under the maple tree.

OUR HERO.

AN ACROSTIC.

War paints the hero's work in living light,
 Inscribed by battles waged for truth and right.
 'Neath the proud banner, waving o'er the free,
 Firmly he held the rights of liberty.
 In words of fire the civil law he read,
 E'en though a war-cloud blackly hung o'erhead.
 Lion-hearted, bold, when drawn into affray,
 Docile, but firm, when peace again held sway.

See, now, the page of history is read!
 Can stories old more startling glory shed?
 O'er the broad land his deeds of valor bold,
 To old and young, by comrades dear are told—
 Tales of bright silver set in words of gold!

Hail, then, the hero, soldier, citizen,
 A joy, a light, a leader proud, of men!
 Nobly he looks with Fame's bright laurel wreath
 Circling his brow, and then, with living breath
 Onward has flowed his blood from noble stock.
 Carve now again the words in living rock!
 Know ye the name? 'Tis Winfield Scott Hancock!

COWARDS NEVER WIN A BATTLE.

Cowards never win a battle;
 Nothing venture, nothing gain;
 He who hesitates and falters,
 Shows no giant force of brain.

He who dares not, never will do,
 He who shrinks will never rise;
 He who rises, dares and ventures,
 Oft will give the world surprise.

Be not babes, then, young and tender;
 Men should bold and hardy be,
 Strong and fearless, meeting danger,
 Like the eagle, soaring free!

He who'd gain must push him onward,
 Risking with an earnest zest.
 What is life? One massive venture,
 Working out eternal rest.

CLOUDS ARE ONLY PASSING BY.

Are your principles the true ones?
 Hold them, never let them die!
 Truth and right will always conquer—
 Clouds are only passing by.

Never let reverses crush you;
 Never weep for prestige lost;
 When oppressors crowd upon you,
 Crowd them off at any cost!

Never tremble, never falter;
 Rise with courage, meet the foe!
 'Fore no boasting braggart cower;
 Rise above, not sink below!

Is your cause no more a just one?
 Have you lost fair Freedom's grasp?
 Is your light of hope extinguished?
 Must you die a slave at last?

God—has He then made you soulless?
 Has He crushed your mind and hearts?
 Nay! Upon your brow He's written:
 "Manhood!" Rise, then, do your part!

ACROSTIC.

Suggested on the birthday anniversary of a friend.

Choice are the days of him whose mind is free;
 Him who for friendship's dear sincerity,
 Artless and true, 'mong crowds of worldly men
 Rests strong in truth and honor's noble plan.
 Like as the shining of some central sun,
 Ennobling all its beauty shines upon,
 So is the work of mind when truly done.

When ages pass, fond mem'ries oft will place,
 Enshrined, some souls high up above their race,
 In records, wreathed. Such names they thus inscribe:
 "Doing and daring, free from ev'ry bribe!"
 Ne'er may the deeds of him whose name's here writ,
 Escape remembrance; for his life is fit
 Recording here, as one who merits it.

VETERANS OF HISTORIC STORY.

Veterans of historic story;
 Heroes of the battle field;
 Arms that save the nation's glory,
 Hearts that never shrink nor yield;
 Marching 'neath your country's banner
 In a firm, devoted manner.

Hand with heart forever gaining
 Honor for your nation's life,
 Never be the spirit waning;
 Lead still on to prouder strife.
 When the stars and stripes are waving,
 Patriots feel like danger braving.

Honored sons of our proud nation,
 Sacrifice has made you one;
 Every flag on every station
 Tells of work so nobly done;
 From them floats the grandest story—
 Story of a cause so holy.

Now no more is read, concealing
 Freedom's true extended boast,
 Soldier, subject, slave—one feeling
 Lives and grows, from coast to coast.
 "Man is free!" The motto, streaming
 With a cloudless sky, bright beaming.

Often, from the memory coming,
 Recollections of fierce war;
 Melodies of sadness humming,
 Sounding mournfully afar;
 But a brighter star arising,
 Hope and joy is realizing.

Now no sound, to battle calling,
Stirs the heart or strains the nerve;
Sounds of gladness, sweetly falling,
Comes a peaceful part to serve.
Arts of war have long been ceasing.
Arts of peace are now all pleasing.

So this glad assembling, stealing
O'er you like a summer dream,
Love and friendship is revealing.
Like an angel's holy theme.
Thanks to God, this pleasing meeting
Gives all men a kindly greeting.

WELCOME APRIL SHOWERS.

Welcome, little rain drops now,
Welcome April showers!
Blessed be thy tears of joy,
Bringing May-day flowers.

Hyacinths will soon peep forth,
Tulip leaves be seen,
Dandelion buds, so fresh,
Dot the lawn so green.

Plum trees dress for gayest bloom,
Apple buds look rosy,
Feathered beauties gather round.
Building nests so cosy.

Welcome, little rain-drops, bright,
Doing earnest duty;
Helping hidden wonders out
Into life and beauty.

THE CLOCK.

Written for a Sunday School Christmas entertainment. Required: Twelve children and a strong toned bell. The children to be arranged in a quadrant, or semi-circle, each one numbered. The tick, tock, is to be recited with a swinging motion of arms or body, keeping strict time: the Hark! is to be spoken sharply and the listening to be intent; the bell strikes the hour and each child steps forward and recites the appropriate stanzas as numbered.

Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock,
Time is passing! Hear the clock!
Marking time in steady tone—
Hark! It Strikes! Strikes only One!

Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock,
Hark!

Bell strikes—One.

One universal God, to give
One universal church to live;
One universal love to all;
One Christ, that men no more may fall!

All—Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock,
Hark!

Bell strikes—Two.

Two eyes to read Christ's lessons well;
Two ears to hear his birthday tale;
Two hands to work in love each day;
Two feet to walk a righteous way.

All—Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock,
Hark!

Bell strikes—Three.

Three letters name the God above;
Three words declare that "God is Love;"

Three virtues: Faith, Hope, Charity;
Three graces will forever be.

All—Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock,
Hark!

Bell strikes—Four.

Four seasons in the rolling year;
Four letters spell out Love, 'tis clear;
Four hours, and twenty, make one day;
Four Gospels teach us Jesus' way.

All—Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock,
Hark!

Bell strikes—Five.

Five toes upon each perfect foot;
Five fingers on each hand are put;
Five senses God gives every one;
Five ways to know what He has done.

All—Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock,
Hark!

Bell strikes—Six.

Six days in which the world was made;
Six letters, Christ, God's truth has spread;
Sixth hour, they crucified Him, then,
Sixth hour he suffered—suffered pain.

All—Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock,
Hark!

Bell strikes—Seven.

Seventh day, the Sabbath of the Lord;
Seventh day, the day to preach his word;
Seven days in every Christian week;
Seven days the love of God to seek.

All—Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock,
 Hark!
 Bell strikes—Eight.

Eight hours, three times in every day;
 Eight hours to sleep and dream away;
 Eight hours for work, to mind improve;
 Eight hours for play and deeds of love.

All—Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock,
 Hark!
 Bell strikes—Nine.

Ninth hour, Christ, when upon the cross,
 Nine words cried out, at fancied loss;
 Nine words no other time he'd say—
 Ninth hour he died in mortal way.

All—Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock,
 Hark!
 Bell strikes—Ten.

Ten laws, commandments, God has given;
 Ten laws to make men seek for heaven;
 Ten lessons full of wisdom's light;
 Ten ways to walk the path of right.

All—Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock,
 Hark!
 Bell strikes—Eleven.

Eleventh hour—'Tis not too late;
 Eleventh hour—Be good and great;
 Eleventh hour—The wayward son,
 Our God, through Christ, will welcome home.

All—Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock,
Hark!

Bell strikes—Twelve.

Twelve months, 'fore Christmas comes again;
Twelve months to work, improving brain;
Twelve men, apostles, Christ secured,
Twelve ways to go and preach his word.

All—Twelve boys and girls have twelve deeds done,
Twelve little duties one by one.
Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock,
No more; no more; we stop our clock.

AN ACROSTIC IN MEMORIAM.

Good men, too, pass away! The cloud of death
Envelops all! But there are those whose breath
Of life can ill be spared; men bold and strong,
Right royal helpers to the working throng.
Good deeds they do to mark their life's sojourn;
Ennobling hearts. Men weep as back they turn,
When bold endeavor made those strong, warm hearts to burn.
From life has one such passed, just now, away!
Lo, far and wide his name is writ to stay!
On many hearts a sorrow rests with power,
While nearer friends mourn for that precious flower.
Enroll his name on earth, while high above,
Radiant, his spirit finds the realms of peace and love!

OUR NATION.

Lies there a land that blooms more fair,
Whose skies above are shown more clear;
Lies there a soil whose generous heart
So lavishly performs its part?
Lives there a people whose mighty force,
When menaced by a tyrant curse,
Is governed better by the skill
Of reason's calmest power and will?
Lies there a land whose bounteous earth
Brings forth more beauteous forms by birth?
Nay! By the bounteous love from heaven
We're rich—thank God for what He's given.

IT IS WELL TO BE LEARNED.

It is well to be learned in Dame Etiquette's fashion;
To have all the gay polish her teaching will give;
It is well to know how to get up an ovation,
And to know how society's circles can live.
There are times, though, when fashion and style are not needed,
When etiquette sleeps in a manner profound;
The times when the heart can be free—'tis conceded
That this is when pleasure is most truly found.

You may tell what is stylish in eating and drinking;
How stiff and precise one should sit in one's chair;
But the best of all things at the eating, I'm thinking,
Is the slip in the pantry when free from all care.
You may talk of your teacups, your goblets, your tumblers,
When thirst is the sauce to the appetite keen;
But the dish of all dishes to satisfy grumblers
Is a good, full quart dipper, bright, wholesome and clean.

You may tell, too, how cool and refreshing is lager;
How sweet and how feeding the best heavy ale;
What years of good cheer drinking light wines will augur,
When the muscles are weak and the face thin and pale;
You may tell, sirs, how good is the sparkling iced soda,
What hours of rich pleasure good coffee will bring;
But there's naught in all these that so quite fills the quota,
Like a draught of sweet joy from a beautiful spring.

O there's rich solid sweetness in true simple beauty,
Unpainted, unshrouded by stylish design;
There is joy in the light of Dame Nature's pure duty,
When love and when honesty faithfully shine.
It is not in the glitter of fashion's vocation
That the heart beats the strongest in honor and truth;
In the cottage, though humble in size and in station,
There may have been planted God's beauty and youth.

TO A CALLA LILY.

Pale, slender beauty! Queen of lovely plume!
Gazing from window with thy starry eye,
Bowing thy head to every passer-by,
The senses charming; making sweetness bloom
While wintry winds fill early spring with gloom.
How bright thy leaves; so glossy, richly green,
While, rising high, thy pure white blooms between,
With grace and pride majestic forms assume!
Dost thou not speak? Thy many voices ring
In full, rich eloquence of beauteous song,
That comes to me, and to my senses bring
The light from Nature's God, that holds me strong.
O beauteous plant, sweet Calla! I would sing
High praises to thee, sounding loud and long.

A PLEA FOR THE ROBIN.

Happy Robin-redbreast! Hark!

Hear his melody?

Purest, liquid, rolling notes,

Flowing full and free!

Robin sings his varied song

With the opening day,

Pours again a joyous flood

When it dies away.

From the topmost branch of tree

Flows his liquid melody:

“Daylight holy; welcome glory, holy daylight; glory;

Lovely twilight, twilight glory, farewell twilight holy.”

So he sings, then flies away.

Laughing: “Ha, ha, ha,” so gay.

Lordly Robin-redbreast—now—

See him strut about,

Holding, high, his haughty head

In a keen look out!

On his breast the gayest shield,

Feathers all so trim;

Beauty in his pretty form—

Who so proud as him?

Then from branch of budding tree,

Hear his flowing melody:

“Lordly Robin, lordly Robin, Robin lordly, see me!

Robin lordly, lordly Robin, Robin lordly—Glory!”

Thus he sings, then flies away,

Laughing: “Ha, ha, ha,” so gay.

Loving Robin-redbreast! See!

Now he's in the grass,

Looking for a tempting worm

For his loving lass;

She is doing mother's work

In their cosy nest;
Robin thinks she ought to have
Something of the best.
Now from out the maple tree
Flows his tender melody:
“Lovable Robin, lovable Robin, loving Robin, lowly;
Love me, love me, lovable Robin, glory.”
Singing thus, he flies away,
Laughing: “Ha, ha, ha,” so gay.

Daring Robin-redbreast, Ah!
See him in that tree,
Picking out the very best
Cherries he can see!
Seizing on the rosiest,
Dropping from the bough—
Off he goes to have a feast,
In a joyful glow.
Then on branch of apple tree
He will sing his melody:
“Daring Robin, daring Robin, glory Robin, glory;
Glory, holy, daring Robin, Robin glory, holy.”
Then he flies and hides away,
Laughing: “Ha, ha, ha,” so gay.

Hungry Robin-redbreast—there—
Not content with cherries,
He will take the very best
From all other berries;
Pick out, too, the ripest plums,
Currants, apples, grapes—
And he's sharp; he can't be fooled
By the scare-crow shapes.
Still he'll sing from out a tree,
In his brilliant melody:

“ Pretty Robin, pretty Robin, hungry Robin, see, me!
Robin pretty, Robin pretty, hungry Robin, glory!”

Then again he flies away,
Silent now, on autumn day.

Friendly Robin-redbreast;
What a joy to see
Robin coming in the spring
With his happy glee!
Grudge him not a little fruit
From the garden tree,
For he makes the summer bright
With his song so free,
As from out the maple tree
Flows his liquid melody:

“ Welcome Robin, welcome Robin, Robin welcome be—
Robin welcome, Robin welcome, welcome Robin—me!”
Then he starts and flies away,
Laughing: “ Ha, ha, ha,” so gay.

THE BUNCH OF FRESH ROSES.

’Twas a day late in June, on a warm sunny morning,
I sauntered away, feeling somewhat oppressed;
And there suddenly passed me a man, without warning,
With a bunch of fresh roses pinned on to his breast.

Did he pluck them, I wondered, from bushes all laden?
Did a sister so proud of a brother do this?
Did they come from a half saucy, pretty, coy maiden?
Or was it a work giving still higher bliss?

Was it done by a wife in the young days of loving,
When the heart's work is pure as the free mountain air?
Did the hands of a mother, with love never roving,
So fond of her son, place the pretty gems there?

Perhaps 'twas a gift of an unselfish duty,
A delight to a heart by no evil defiled;
In purity graced by a sweetness and beauty—
Pinned on to his breast by a sweet, loving child.

And I thought, I've seen flowers on maiden and matron,
On boy, youth and man, on the young and the old,
On the lowly, on those who have gold for their patron,
On blonde and brunette—aye! on more than I've told.

Who knows how these pretty adornments are given?
Who can tell what emotions they stir to unrest?
What thrills of pure pleasures these token enliven—
These bunches of blossoms pinned on to each breast.

I LOVE CREATION'S BEAUTY.

I used to think the day too short
For all my busy working;
To think there was no time for rest;
For idle thought, nor shirking;
The golden day seemed like a prize
That called for constant watching,
And sleep lost time—the loss of life—
The waking must be catching.

I used to lie awake and wish,
And wish for morn's appearing;
I used to listen earnestly—
The bird's first songs quick hearing;

I used to watch the rising sun,
To greet his earliest glowing,
And feel my heart so gladly beat—
My heart in reverence bowing.

I used to watch the waving trees
And joy me in their growing;
To sit beside the summer stream
And ask: "Where art thou flowing?"
To bask among the beauteous flowers,
So lovely in their blooming;
And meditate on life and God,
When in the twilight gloaming.

But now, I oft 'wake with regret
To think the day is open;
I dread to rise from off my couch
To give to life a token;
I often wish the day was done
Before its dread beginning—
I almost wish that I had done
With life, and all its winning.

And yet I love God's wondrous work;
I love the fields and meadows;
I love these sunny days of June—
All nature's lights and shadows;
The virtues of an honest heart;
The man that's true to duty;
In fine, the marching pageantry
Of all creation's beauty!

FREEDOM'S HOUR OF JUBILEE.

Hark, the bells are ringing, tolling;
Shouts of joy resound afar;
Cannons' booming tones are rolling;
Bonfires burning, fiercely glare!

Hail, all hail! 'Tis Freedom's glory;
Freedom's hour of jubilee;
Teeming full of thrilling story
Told across a century.

Tales of rich historic beauty
Come to us for our review;
Teaching still again our duty,
Freedom still to love and woo!

Praise, O praise, with tongue and feeling,
Sires, in memory cherished dear;
Bend the knee to God, revealing
Hearts all thankful and sincere!

Father, from Thy throne above us,
Watch and guide Thy children here;
Fondly lead us, fondly love us—
Guard our nation with Thy care!

A LAMENT FOR LILY.

“O sad my lot”—a woman sighed—
“To weep my heart is led,
My joy, my pride, has gone away—
My pretty Lily's dead.”

“ I watched her grow so tall and slim.
I dressed her from the cold,
I hoped to see her always young,
And never weak and old.”

“ I fed her with the greatest care;
I gave her sunlight bright,
And though she grew so sadly pale,
She joyed my loving sight.”

“ But gone is all her beauty now—
I saw her droop and fade.
And now that my poor Lily's dead,
I am so lonely made.”

“ Ah me! Ah me! how sad my lot.
Life's troubles on me press,
I sit and weep and sigh all day.
And sorrow grows no less!”

“ Dear madam, let me sympathize,”
A neighbor said: “Why fret?
'This world is all a fleeting show,'
Its ills we should forget.”

“ Who's asking for your sympathy?
Whose business if I fret?
My Calla beat my neighbors', sir.
A good big sight, you bet!”

THE MODEL LEGISLATOR.

My muse, sometimes a funny elf,
Oft makes me seem beside myself,
Now urges me, persistent creature,
To paint a model legislator.

The legislator, like church steeple,
High towers above all other people.
Of course he labors, as he should,
At all times for the people's good.
His heart so warm toward them waxes,
When they, submissive, bend to taxes;
And if, perchance, to bear the brunt
One man objects, he lets him grunt.
How dare one cry, in opposition,
Retrench! with earnest disposition?
The legislator knows his duty,
And feels it is a line of beauty;
Besides, he spends the people's money
In way so cute, so clean and funny,
That they should feel a warming pride
In such deep wisdom for their guide.
O my! 'Tis wondrous how far-seeing
Is the legislating being!
A creature wise beyond conception,
And free of course from all deception;
He'll gauge exactly men's intentions,
And save each one from all dissensions,
Especially every earnest voter—
He has such dignity and *hauteur*;
He cannot quibble, quarrel, fret;
Why should he—he can't err, “you bet!”
He's never pompous, not one bit;
Conceited? O no, not one whit!
He's always on the side called dexter;
With brain of such exquisite texture,

And sense of virtue, truth and honor—
 The rarest given by Sacred Donor—
 He'll measure, split, and even gauge
 The finest hair of any age;
 With shrewdness, skill and sober wit,
 And aptitude, discourse on it;
 Has wondrous power in disputation,
 And greater still in confutation;
 With cautious care can justice guard,
 And hold her closely as his ward,
 And guide her safely in a path,
 To save himself from loss or wrath;
 A wondrous man—a higher grade one.
 Surely, if the Lord e'er made one!
 And where's the man that dare gainsay it?
 He sets the price—the people pay it.
 They must! Do they object? Good gracious!
 Why grind them, if they're contumacious!

GOD THE CENTER.

Gracious Master! Thou all beauty,
 Thou the fount of life and love,
 Thou the Author of all duty
 Into human living wove.

Grand Creator! Thou Almighty;
 Life of all in earth and heaven;
 Universal Operator
 Of all law to nature given.

Thou all wisdom; Thou all mercy;
 Round the universe this rings:
 God, the Center, Unit, Oneness,
 Of all dead and living things.

WHAT IS LIVING ?

What is living? Is't to die
 A thousand deaths of misery?
 Is't to suffer from disease?
 Have no bright assured ease?
 Is't to be in expectation,
 Clothed in guile and affectation?
 Is't to fortify one's-self
 'Gainst corruption, seeking pelf?
 Is't to hope and ne'er attain
 What the soul does wish to gain?
 Is't to be a slave, not free,
 Lost in doubt and mystery?
 Is't to suffer every hour
 From ungovernable power;
 Feel the force of passion's sting—
 Bow before some earthly king—
 Seek one scarcely knoweth what—
 Ask for what no one has got?
 Is't to be always doubting,
 Hoping, yearning, yet still doubting?

Onward, onward thought will travel
 Seeking ever to unravel
 What the end of human strife,
 What the mysteries of life;
 Wond'ring, wond'ring what can be
 Man's immortal destiny.
 Shall he die and ne'er arise
 From the depths in which he lies?
 Shall mankind forever be
 Bound in dark obscurity?
 Wherefore, wherefore have they come,
 Whither, whither shall they roam?
 Why this mystery of mind

Doubting future bliss to find?
Where, O where, the boasted wealth
Man assumes unto himself—
Wealth of free-born pow'r to be
Like unto a deity?

This is living: 'Tis to please;
'Tis to have a mental ease;
Living is to make one's-self
Morally a mine of wealth;
'Tis to lighten groping fear;
'Tis to give the word of cheer;
'Tis to fan the fire of hope
Till no fear can with it cope;
'Tis to find that sacred part
In the corners of the heart
Where, unshaken, love can dwell
In its own sequestered cell;
'Tis to find the secret to
All that's good and pure and true;
'Tis at last to learn to die
In a conscious harmony.

What is dying? 'Tis to have
Joys that death alone can give;
'Tis to lie in silence deep,
Dreaming naught in quiet sleep,
Then to wake, hope and aspire,
Rising, ever rising, higher,
Where the soul's ambitious quest
Finds at last eternal rest,
With a holy surety,
In the realms of purity.
'Tis to live a spirit, pure,
Everlasting joy secure.

IN A CEMETERY.

O beautiful home of the loved ones departed;
How sweet are the charms that encompass thee round;
How hallowed the themes, to the true loving hearted,
That under the shadows so freely abound!

How many a loved one is with thee now sleeping;
How many a tear has watered thy soil!
But the great charm of all is that angels are keeping
A watch o'er thy sweet, silent resting from toil.

PRETTY LITTLE WINGED BEAUTY.

Pretty, pretty little bird,
Flutters of thy wings I heard,
Anxious cries, too, of thy mate,
Woke my soul with joy elate!

Curiosity inspires
Visits to thee, and the fires
Of my love for thee and thine,
Sweet Communion would enshrine.

Hast thou, little beauty, there,
Guarding with a mother's care,
Hast thou eggs beneath thee, or
Hast thou birdlings three or four?

Pretty little winged beauty.
So intent on love and duty,
I will not thy peace disturb;
All thy anxious feelings curb.

A "NOBLE DISCONTENT."

Let themes majestic fill each soul;
Ambition rise to find
A glorious honor, bringing forth
Rich good for all mankind;
No man should rest, while life is his,
E'en though his flag be rent;
But onward press, with purpose firm,
In "noble discontent."

Let no one chide the restless one
Who seeks that way of life,
Where true ambition fills the heart.
With proud and noble strife;
The world needs men of earnest aim—
Of aim with high intent—
Men who can face the days of trial
With "noble discontent."

Not one that whines at fancied ill,
That grumbles, nor that growls;
Nor one that feels a pleasure when
Misfortune sourly scowls;
Nor one that shrinks when evils come
With crushing purpose bent;
But one that seeks a higher life—
A "noble discontent."

A discontent that climbs above
The sorrows of an hour;
That patiently can stand and bear
A crushing failure's power;
That feels that germ of mighty force
Which God to each has sent,

To rise like Phœnix from the fire,
In "noble discontent."

A discontent which seeks to raise
The moral standard higher;
That makes the secret heart of man
Beat firmer with God's fire;
Whose labor makes live better things,
With love and labor blent,
That seeks and finds progressive work—
The "noble discontent."

RUSTICATING.

'Tis sweet to rest in sylvan groves,
With soft, warm airs around,
Where beauteous flowers and fairies and
Mosquitoes thick abound.

'Tis fun to row adown the stream,
'Bout island and main land;
To drink the fresh'ning vigor in,
With blisters on each hand.

'Tis joy to camp beneath a tent
Upon the soft, wet ground,
When chilling winds are whistling by,
And thundrous storms abound.

WHAT THE RIVER SANG.

“ O, I am the pride
 Of the whole country side,
 As I laughingly gambol along
 In glad, sparkling glee
 On my way to the sea,
 And sing my soft, murmuring song.

“ Full many an hour
 Is spent viewing my power,
 As I fall to a gulf below,
 And in weird eddies roam,
 Fringed with spray and with foam,
 I rapidly tumble and flow.

“ On my banks many walk,
 And I oft hear low talk
 As I pass by a sweet, shady nook;
 Where on soft, tender grass,
 A lad and a lass,
 Express all their love in a look.

“ The spring streams that flow
 From the mountains of snow,
 All gathered by winter so drear,
 Come to swell up my tide;
 Then I violently ride,
 And I oft fill a fond heart with fear.

“ 'Tis then that I dash
 With many a crash
 Down, down to the welcoming sea,
 And nothing can stay
 My mad, savage way—
 Destruction my happiest glee.

“ ’Tis then I’m a power,
Before which men cower,
And tremble in every limb.
Their labor and skill
I hurl down at my will,
And my glory it never grows dim.

“ I destroy in a night
The work of man’s might,
While I roar like a lion at bay;
Their huge works of stone,
I let not alone,
But I wash them away in a day.

“ I stretch out my arms,
Spreading wildest alarms,
As I clasp home a man to my breast,
And I bury him low
While in fury I go,
And then turn round and laugh at the rest.

“ O, I am possessed
Of a demon, at rest
Till the long rains ’gin swelling my tide,
And then, with a shroud,
Like a black thunder-cloud,
I wantonly, savagely ride.”

FOUND DEAD IN HIS BED.

Gone, seeking hours of sleep,
Gone to his bed!
Found—and the arms of Death
Hugging him—dead!
Died 'fore the prime of life;
Dead in his youth;
Gone to that unknown life—
Mystery, in truth.
O what an anguish must
Rend the weak heart;
Fevered the wrecking brain,
Courting death's dart;
Deeming it better to
Die, than to make
Other lives burdened, their
Comforts to take!
Talk not of courage, the
Cowardly deed!
Talk not of strength of mind,
When hearts do bleed!
Talk not of moral force,
Man should not sin,
While the temptations reign
Dragging men in.
Social crime, sanctioned,
Fighting 'gainst one—
Leaves him there vanquished,
Dead and alone.
Cast then no slurs on him,
Be to him kind,
Pity the widow and
Child left behind;
Pity him, Pity them,
Those best beloved,

Hearts, O so anxious as
Distant he roved.
Count not his errors then—
Leave them to God;
Let him rest peacefully
Under the sod.

NATURE'S HARMONY.

The snow that falls so thick and fast,
Will warm the sleeping earth;
The winds that blow and rave so fierce,
Do work of boundless worth;
The frosts so biting, cold and harsh,
Perform some duty, too,
Some treasures come from them, be sure,
Though hidden from our view.
Oh! Nature! ever true, you see,
Does work in purest harmony.

The soft, warm air from Southern climes
Blows o'er the ice-bound North;
The frosts relax, and Nature sends
Her hidden treasures forth;
The trees, in buds of rarest green,
Their wondrous beauty spread,
And flowers with magic incense sweet
Spring from the mossy bed.
Oh! Nature! ever comes to me
In strains of sweetest harmony.

The summer sun, with ardent glow,
Shines on the orchard trees,

Whose fruits in ripening beauty hang,
And kiss the welcome breeze;
The fields of yellow, waving grain,
Receive his pleasant smile,
And many birds with song, so sweet.
The happy hours beguile.
Oh! Nature! full, unbounded, free,
Performs all things in harmony.

If man would learn the pleasing ways
Of Nature, ever kind,
Would cease to wrangle over wealth,
With truths would store his mind;
This life might be a radiant scene
Of joys that now are lost—
What happiness might be obtained
If man would pay the cost!
Oh! Nature's works will always be
Performed with love and harmony.

DANGER.

My bark sailed lightly o'er a sea,
Beneath a sky o'ercast with clouds.
And all around grew dark to me—
I seemed enwrapped in midnight shrouds.

I drifted, thoughtful, 'fore the wind,
As light'nings round me 'gan to flash,
And fear came creeping through my mind
As thunders, loudly 'gan to clash.

High tossed the waves, fierce racked my boat—
No kindly beacon hove in sight;

I nearly lost all hope to float,
'Twas such a wild and fearful night.

Then to the helm I sternly clung,
And steered so cautious through the gloom;
For o'er me, still black clouds were hung
That seemed to wrap me in a tomb.

Still on, persistently, I sailed
In patient hopefulness of soul,
Nor e'er my darkened lot bewailed,
Nor ever lost my self-control.

Soon, in the eastern sky, there gleamed
A gentle flash of morning light;
And, through the clouds, there dimly beamed
Some starlets twinkling, faintly bright.

I glanced around me, and could feel
That storm of finance passing by,
That multitudes, all faint, did reel,
And millions in distress did cry;

And o'er the waters, here and there,
A ship had 'scaped the raging storm;
But many an one, whose course was fair,
Sailed slowly with disabled form.

All were alarmed; and every crew
Their course watched cautiously and well,
For all had learned the storm to rue,
And fear the crisis that befell.

That sea was speculation, lashed
Till Panic's light'nings flashed the sky,
And thunders on the falling dashed,
And wrecked a thousand barks to die.

ODD FELLOWS' ODE.

All hail the day we greet with joy!
The day we celebrate our birth!
Since fifty years could not destroy,
A hundred will but prove our worth.

We've gathered oft with welcome hearts,
With Truth our light, our corner stone,
To bring a union of all parts,
And make all men rejoice as one.

'Tis sweet, this brotherhood of man—
Odd Fellows all can grasp the term—
'Twill fill the Father's sacred plan,
And bring to life each goodly germ.

Faith prompts to act, Hope leads us on,
And Charity at once performs;
But Truth, the first, our shining sun,
With radiance every virtue warms.

Give Friendship in each other's trials,
And Love to smooth the evil day,
With Truth destroy the luring wiles,
And error, then, will die away.

How sweet the joy this day imparts.
Our half-centennial jubilee!
A brotherhood with mystic arts
Now lifts its voice to honor Thee,

Father, divine. We ask of Thee
To bless us in our cause, and ours,
While we will ever try to be
Made worthy of Thy loving powers.

PETTY MISFORTUNES.

- “ I’ve nothing here worth living for,”
I heard a maiden say,
Just as a pin by chance had gone
A misdirected way.
- “ With me things always do go wrong—
I wish that I was dead,
And then laid in my earthy couch
I’d ease my weary head.”
- “ I wish that I could cease to breathe!”
I heard a housewife cry,
Because, while doing something else
The heat had burned a pie.
- “ I always have such wretched luck—
Just then the baby cried—
“ O dear! O dear! If I were dead
All ills would be defied!”
- “ Confound the thing!” a workman cried,
“ I wish it was in ——,
For whether there, or whether here,
’Twould serve me quite as well!”
His hammer, passive, missed the aim,
And bruised a piece of work,
And he, forsooth! to make it good,
’Gan cursing, like a Turk.
- “ ’Tis all a sham! a wretched sham!”
A politician said,
“ The country, sir, is going fast
To ruin—Honor’s dead!
The flame of patriotic fire
Burns not in any way”—
He, lucky soul, had met def. at
Upon election day.

'Tis strange how men, o'er little things,
Will fuss, and fume, and fret,
Yet talk about a city burned
With just the least regret,
And ladies grumble all the day
About a petty scar,
And oft feel glad whene'er they hear
Of nations plunged in war.

GREAT GOD WHEN I THY PRESENCE FEEL.

Great God! When I Thy presence feel,
My weary soul grows light and free;
I know thou carest for my weal,
Wilt guide me o'er each troubled sea.

I view the universe, so grand,
With all my force of wondering thought:
The work of Thine almighty hand
To me, in full review, is brought.

How grand Thy temples rise, O Lord!
How full Thy mercy and Thy love!
Round all the globes, in sweet accord,
Thy harmony will ever move!

How insignificant is man,
Compared with all Thy wondrous work!
Each star a world of mighty span,
Though light, to man is small and dark.

The universe is blank, obscure;
Man hardly dares approach the theme;
The contemplation is so vast,
And yet, 'tis charming as a dream.

Great God! Above, below, around,
On every side Thy care is seen;
I hear Thy power in every sound,
And on Thy mercy humbly lean!

LET'S TAKE THE SUNNY SIDE.

A friend walked with me down the street
One chilly autumn day;
The wind blew fiercely from the north,
And from across the way,
And as we buttoned up our coats,
My comrade quickly cried:
“How cold it is, let's cross the road,
And take the sunny side.”

Ah, happy thought! The sunny side!
Say, why not take it more?
There's many times in this rough life
'Twere well to think this o'er;
And many times when we would fret,
Or sadly downhill glide,
We'd better change our course awhile,
And take the sunny side.

I saw, that day, a little child
Whose form was thinly clad,
With hands quite bare, and neck exposed,
But, yet his heart was glad;
He laughed and jumped, and loudly cried:
“Say, Mister, may I ride?”
He ran and whistled when refused,
Still on the sunny side.

I saw a man all richly dressed
In overcoat and furs;
I heard him grumble at the times,
“How hard!” “How light my purse!”
I heard him fret about his health,
And how some friends had died—
I wondered if he ever saw,
Or felt the sunny side.

When sickness falls upon us, or
When hard reverses come,
We'd save much toiling if we would
Just take this matter home,
And learn that half our troubles would
No longer with us bide,
If we would think a moment, then,
About the sunny side.

Black clouds float sometimes in the sky,
And shadow all the land,
And chilling rain comes dripping down
Till gloom on all things stand;
Yet they will serve a purpose well,
Like ocean's steady tide,
And though to us they're dark and cold,
They have a sunny side.

Then let us wipe from sorrow's cheek
The tear that's falling down;
Entice a smile, or pleasing word,
From him who'd fret and frown;
The shady side of life is dark,
And oft would o'er us ride;
But soon would leave us if we'd take
The bright and sunny side.

REFLECTIONS.

How charming are the lengthening days,
When Spring creeps o'er the earth;
When birds come forth with carols sweet
To greet the timely birth;
The twilight beauties lend a charm
To make the day seem fair,
And buds and blossoms bursting round,
With fragrance fill the air.

How beauteous is the morning sun,
When Summer glories reign!
The blushing clouds sail slowly on
In one harmonious train.
What crystal gems the gathered dews
Hang on each leaf and stem!
The flowers, decked with freshened hues,
Wear each a diadem.

How lovely is the Autumn sere.
When leaves begin to fall;
And shadows from the king of day
Have grown so thin and tall;
When bright aurora's dancing fires
Spread o'er the northern sky,
Or grandly shoot the blood-red spires
Up to the zenith, high.

How grand the deep blue Winter sky,
When night has closed around;
Orion leads the starry host
Along the heavenly ground!
Rich constellations brightly gleam
Upon the long arched field,
And contemplation leads the mind
To see a God revealed.

DON'T BE A DANDY.

Don't be a dandy, full of airs,
 A spire of empty smoke,
 For every boy and every man
 A sort of standing joke;
 Don't be a dog to sneak and crawl
 At every course demand,
 But stand right up, with honest heart,
 And make a manly stand.

Don't creep around when you've complaints,
 And whisper what you think,
 Nor slyly steal behind a screen
 To take a—friendly?—drink;
 And let those know whose business 'tis
 What faults you have to find—
 Be firm, but gentle; stern, but true;
 And show a manly mind.

Don't fall beneath misfortune's blow;
 But stand with tempered nerve,
 To meet the shock; and never, then,
 From honor's pathway swerve.
 Don't stand and suffer bitter wrongs,
 And ne'er resent the ill;
 But show that you've a heart and mind
 To back an iron will.

A worm will turn when trod upon;
 A bee, if hurt, will sting;
 An ass, if whipt, will bray and kick,
 Though beaten by a king;
 A mouse will even stand at bay,
 The rat, too, fights his part;
 An elephant will ne'er forget
 When once he's really hurt.

But man, with reason's boasted power,
A weakness oft will show,
And suffer wrongs to crowd around,
And crush him hard and low;
While one firm foot, with reason's truth
Uttered stern and strong,
Would clear the path, and leave him free
To pass secure along.

MASONIC ODE.

While on the Level here we stand,
And trust upon the Square,
And keep within that circle line
That marks our glory here;
A light divine upon us breaks—
'Tis God's most holy word—
The Light that aids us in our toils,
And leads us to the Lord.

We look with worship on the East,
And see the rising sun;
With fervent words of hope and prayer,
Our tasks are now begun;
The sun then setting in the West,
Our toils are near complete;
The tide of life is ebbing fast,
And death is our retreat.

A little sprig of life and love,
When from the world we part,
Is placed within our silent graves
With true Masonic Art.
Two Holy Brothers welcome us,
Upon the road above,
And lead us to that happy home
Where dwells eternal love.

THAT PAIR OF OLD BOOTS.

I have heard ladies talk of a love of a bonnet,
 Of a beautiful pattern, the sweetest new dress;
 I have read, too, full many a love-laden sonnet,
 Have received and have given, too, oft, a caress;
 But I sing now of something that seldom has honor,
 And a joy, as I sing, through my weary frame shoots;
 'Tis that comfort, that pleasure, that ease to the donor,
 When he takes off the new and puts on his Old Boots.

What a vision of comfort comes to me when weary,
 I plod all the day on my tightly cased feet!
 Though the road to my home looks long, dismal and dreary,
 Yet I long for a rest in that quiet retreat;
 For a comfort unknown to the barefooted beauty,
 A pleasure dwells there that no critic disputes—
 A day-dream of truth, that's relieved of stern duty;
 And it rests in that time-honored pair of Old Boots.

Then a word in their praise, for they've stood by me truly,
 Have done me much service in use and in ease;
 Have repaid me their purchase a hundred-fold fully,
 For they've ever stood by me to comfort and please.
 But my song must now come to a speedy cessation,
 And a pang for their loss through me feelingly shoots,
 As I practice upon them the art of cremation,
 And bid a farewell to that pair of Old Boots.

I PICKED A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

I picked a bunch of lovely flowers one morning after frost,
And sighed to think how soon, to me, their beauty would be lost;
How soon the freezing winds would blow, and fierce the driving snow—
I almost felt the chilling blasts—aye! I feel them truly now.

I picked an apple from a tree, the fruit so nearly ripe,
And much admired it as I viewed its rich and golden stripe;
I shivered then to think how soon all fruits and flowers rare
Would be departed—nothing left but branches cold and bare.

'Tis strange, how soon, how very soon, all summer beauties fade;
How very soon the summer sun is lost in winter shade;
How soon a youth to manhood grows, and passes to decay;
I often think the time too short—a week seems but a day.

We cultivate a beauteous plant because it gives us joy;
But when it fades, as summer fades, its charm we ne'er destroy;
And all the drear and gloomy time, when ice is all around,
We hope to see it, once again, spring from the warmed ground.

So, mem'ry, o'er some pleasing life, reflects when it has gone,
And often feels the joyous beams that from its living shone;
And as the plant, its pleasing charm, imprints upon the mind,
So may our lives, upon each friend, fond recollections bind.

TO A BLOOMING ROSE IN WINTER.

Thou art the only rose that ever dare,
For me, to ope a bud in winter gloom;
Thy presence, and imagination, here
Have led my thoughts, through blooming fields to roam.

How eagerly I forward pressed each morn
 To mark thy tiny buds' progressive way!
 And, day by day, their swelling lent a charm.
 To ease the dullness of the winter's sway.

O, lovely blossom! Beauteous opened flower!
 A halo spreading round my little room!
 While winds, cold, fierce, are whistling at my door,
 And ice enfolds the summer in a tomb.

What lovely hues! What graceful bearing, too!
 How sweet the air made fragrant with thy breath!
 As prized a gem as ever summer grew,
 To crown the beauty of a summer wreath.

Stay with me long, and I will cherish thee;
 Will gladly tend thy simple wants each day,
 And when thou'rt gone, thy beauty still shall be
 In memory held, to glad me on my way.

HOW FLEET ARE THE YEARS OF A LIFE.

How fleet are the years of a life!
 Like dreams they steal o'er us and pass;
 The mind their departed reviews,
 And the heart sighs a saddened, alas!

How brief are the visions of thought!
 How swift, and how sudden they dash!
 Like stars that shoot forth from the sky,
 They are seen and are lost in a flash.

How brilliant the flashes of wit!

As lightning bursts forth from the cloud,
And life is no sooner engaged

Than, too soon, 'tis enclosed in a shroud.

The blossoms, how soon they decay!

How quickly the seasons depart!

The night shades close fast o'er the day,

As clouds gather over the heart.

But the day again lights the sky,

The heart, too, is eased of its care,

And though sorrow and happiness fly—

Still Hope reigneth peacefully here.

I'VE BEEN THINKING.

I've been thinking, deeply thinking—

Life is oft a bitter jest,

Never easy, always worry,

Never silence, never rest.

Life is oft a bright illusion,

Tempting mortals not to die;

Always wanting, always hoping.

Never, never telling why.

Oft 'tis fearful, full of danger,

Vice surrounding everywhere;

Goodness! O 'tis hard to find it!

Hearts are often crushed with care.

Yet 'tis charming, beauty springing
Everywhere on either side;
Oftentimes, when ills surround us,
Joy, the happy moments guide.

And 'tis earnest, not one moment
Must be lost by night or day,
Every second proves this truthful:
Life flies rapidly away.

HOT COFFEE.

WRITTEN ON ELECTION DAY.

Hot coffee, hot coffee! Come all ye that thirst!
Here's a drink that is wholesome; no more be ye curst
With a demon that steals all the sense you have got;
Here's a drink that will feed you, this coffee, all hot!

Hot coffee, hot coffee, all day at the polls,
'Tis an angel of mercy to poor suff'ring souls;
Drink, drink till ye thirst not, this nectar of life,
And vote when full conscious of what is the strife!

Hot coffee! hot coffee! How bright is the day
When men in all soberness argue their way,
When no turbulent passions, induced by strong drinks,
Can muddle the mind till, unconscious, it sinks.

Hot coffee! hot coffee! Hurrah! let us cry,
Hot coffee for all, let none pass it by!
'Twill invigorate, satisfy all craving thirst,
Sustain you in manhood, God's best gift and first.

DON'T BURY ME IN THE DEEP, DEEP NIGHT.

Don't bury me the deep, deep night,
When darkness o'er the earth
Hangs like a pall of black despair,
To crush the spirit's birth!
For then 'twould seem a sin to break
The silence, so profound,
And spectres, too, might rise and dance
Upon the swelling mound.

Don't bury me at the break of day,
When light, her flag unfurled,
Bids Larks and Robins, sing a lay
To wake a slumbering world!
For then 'twould cast a gloom so sad,
Through all the glorious day,
'Twould not seem right that friends should weep,
While Nature felt so gay.

Don't bury me in the full mid-day,
When brightness shines above;
When business, toil and worldly strife
Destroy all thoughts of love!
For then the crowd will jostle by
The mourners as they pass,
And none will stop to breath a sigh,
Or speak a sad, Alas!

But bury me in the evening shade,
When nature sinks to rest;
When Sol, in fading robes arrayed,
Sinks slowly in the West,
When Summer blooms, that best of times,
To dwell on such grand themes—
The balmy air would soothe the soul,
With bright and beauteous dreams.

I STOOD UPON A BARREN PLAIN.

I stood upon a barren plain,
Beneath a cloudless sky, at night;
The stars sang forth a subdued strain,
Yet gleamed like living eyes of light.

Far, far as mortal eye could reach
Across the dry and sandy floor,
No tree, no shrub, or friendly speech,
To cheer me, lone, and weak and sore.

I stood one moment; boundless space
Above, round, below me there—
A great, eternal, changing race
Of atoms, crowded everywhere.

No friend? yes, one, whose mighty arm
Protects the universal soul,
Stood by me, soothed my brief alarm,
And taught me God could all control.

The grains of sand, the human frame—
No choice between them in that hour.
As all things from one center came,
So all things bow to one grand pow'r.

He, He, alone, the one great God,
No favors gives to things of earth.
He ruleth all things by one code;
He, common parent, gave all birth.

In Him, alone, I rest content;
To Him, alone, I bend the knee;
To Him, alone, my pray'rs are sent;
With Him I trust futurity.

AND A LADY THUS MUDED ON HER CALICO DRESS.

Alas for the days now by fashion so guided!
I scarce can keep pace with the changes that run;
I review when with mother I fondly confided;
When my dress was of calico, skirts of home-spun.

If I tore them, no fortune was lost, 'twould not end them;
A needle and thread the misfortune would bless;
I could darn them so neatly, I loved, too, to mend them,
Till I felt a new pride in my calico dress.

It was altered as often as e'er I desired it;
I could dress as the seasons their changes begun;
I could make it look new, too, whene'er I required it;
Could purchase ten patterns where now I get one.

And oft as I don my new silk or alpaca,
With flounces and ruffles and buttons profuse,
I sigh at my ponderous trappings—Alack! Ah!
The dress of my sex is almost an abuse.

With all the new fixings, though made to the letter,
I feel that of comfort I get less and less,
And I never looked neater and never felt better,
Than when I had on a new calico dress.

There's a charm in the old homely styles of my childhood,
When riches were measured by health, nothing less,
When a girl was a queen, though she lived near the wildwood,
And used but ten yards for a calico dress.

OUR PRETTY ADA MAY.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST.

Ah, who can tell, thou little one,
The anguish of our hearts!
Ah, who can measure that fond love,
The thought of thee imparts!
We often sit and talk of thee,
Now gone so far away,
And picture thee as living here,
Our pretty Ada May.

We even feel the kisses, fond,
We took from thy sweet lips;
We hear thy infant prattle now,
And see thy merry skips.
We hear the patters of thy feet,
Thy happy laugh so gay,
And see thy eyes, bright, sparkling eyes—
Our pretty Ada May.

But these are gone! Our fondest hopes,
Our gayest castles fall;
All crushed and crumbled, now, beneath
Thy fun'ral shroud's dark pall;
We built our structures on thy life,
To last for many a day,
But death came by and swept all off,
Our pretty Ada May.

But who can tell what ills thou'rt saved,
What joys, too, thou hast gained;
A bright and pure angelic life
For thee; and we are pained!

Our loss thy gain; our daughter, dear,
Let that our pains allay;
But still we oft will think of thee,
Our pretty Ada May.

A FRIEND.

Oh tell me not that love is dead,
That hope lies slumbering in me now;
That naught shall ease my aching head,
Or smoothe the wrinkles on my brow.

Oh tell me not that friends no more
Will greet me if I sadly roam,
And beat about on sorrow's shore
Where evils wrap my heart in gloom.

But say the one who grasps my hand,
Will be a friend of truest mold;
A friend—a prize in every land—
More precious than bright, glittering gold.

A friend would weep at my distress,
Would sigh with every sigh of mine,
And on my brow a kiss impress,
And smile when joys around me twine.

I'd rather have one friend like this,
Whose soul would sympathize with mine,
Than all of fashion's measured bliss
Made up of gems that richly shine:

Than all the wealth and show of earth,
Or fame, that kingly powers impart.
No mind can measure half the worth
Of such a friend, with such a heart.

DO NOT DESPAIR.

Do not despair—

Then trials will soon decay,
And joys untold will shine;
The troubled cloud, and darkened day,
Will both like visions pass away,
And hope, sweet hope, is thine.

Do not despair—

The straightest path is bent,
And evils new unfold;
Unnumbered lives in sighs are spent—
The veil of sadness, still unrent,
Hangs over toils untold.

Do not despair—

Why spend your life in cries
Wrung from an aching heart?
See, the fruits of earth arise
With songs of gladness to the skies!
Take, thou, the happy part.

Do not despair—

Why should you stop to weep?
Meet troubles face to face,
Ne'er let a sorrow rankle deep
Until the heart sinks low to sleep;
Outstrip it in the race.

Do not despair—

For time is fleeting fast—
To-morrow is not thine;
A dark, ungenial hour once past
Should be forgot—reflections fast
Destroy a happy mine.

Do not despair—

For life is short, and dear.

Ne'er let it, then, be spent,

In echoes wild of wearying fear,

And troubled thoughts that force a tear;

Pass them and be content.

TEAR DROPS.

A tear-drop fell from a jet-black eye,

And a story was there unfolded;

A flash of passion had just gone by,

From which the bright pearl was moulded.

That flight of a passing fire shot forth

Defiance and daring to all on the earth.

A slight drop rolled from a strong, gray eye,

'Neath a brow that was full, yet contracting;

The light of a love that often will lie

In the hearts of the stern and exacting.

It told of that deep-hidden, well-kept spring,

That would flow for a sorrow, but close to a king.

A bright little gem from a hazel eye,

On every lash hung trembling.

Here passion and love each other defy,

Imploring and sometimes dissembling;

The heart would recline in passion a while,

And then the soft moments with love would beguile.

A sweet little drop stole silently down

A cheek, from a blue eye, weeping.

It told of a sorrow brought forth by a frown,

Or neglect, while the moments were fleeting;

The heart was pierced deep, and the well-springs burst,

And flowed like a wound when the lance strikes it first.

ON SUNDAY.

Talk not of charms of New Year's time,
 Its snow and sleigh-rides gay;
 Its rich and inexhaustive meals
 To clog digestion's way;
 Its winning, pleasing, smiling duns—
 Good gracious! Talk of bores!
 Its calls and invitations pert,
 That hang side fastened doors.

Though Christmas brings its merry time,
 'Tis bustle all the day;
 The children's toys from Santa Claus,
 All inharmonious play;
 And goose, or turkey, keeps the house
 In constant steam and fret,
 And cold iced cream, and puddings hot,
 Oft cause a sad regret.

There's July's tragic holiday—
 Did any ever see
 Such fearful, wearing, toilsome hours,
 As these are made to be?
 Parades, 'mid smoke, heat, dust and noise,
 'Most driving people mad;
 And when 'tis o'er, can one be found
 That does not feel "so glad?"

But Sunday, with its charm serene,
 What quiet, pleasing hours!
 The universe seems fanned to rest
 By Nature's unknown powers.
 No sound of labor can be heard,
 And everything seems blest,
 And all the busy toils of life
 In soothing silence rest.

Then give me Sunday, with its calm,
Its soft and quiet time;
I love to listen to the tones
Of church-bells as they chime;
I rest in self-composure then,
Unknown on other days,
And fear no innovation harsh,
To mar my quiet ways.

BEAUTIES.

What pleasures in our homes where friends
Give each a greeting tone!
How happy are the kindly ties
That bind us there as one!
How charming are the magic lives,
The loved ones of our hearts,
Who steal the shadows from our brow,
And there a joy imparts.

There's beauty in our fireside joys;
While climbing on our knee
A prattling bunch of innocence
In confidence so free,
Tells, quaintly, all the day's mishaps,
Or sings some simple strain,
Or with some curious oddity,
Makes each one laugh again.

Those happy hours of sunny youth
When native loves entwine;
How sweet the world appeareth then,
And how its beauties shine!

The days roll on in hours of bliss,
And dangers are unknown,
And love and harmony seem leagued
To make all life their own.

When ripe old age upon us creeps,
The beauties still hang round;
And mem'ry throws her glances back
Upon enchanted ground;
And though the end be drawing nigh,
Dear friends still gather near,
And these we know will all attend
Around our funeral bier.

Bright beauty gleams o'er all the world,
On all created things;
All nature's music chants the song,
And loud the chorus rings;
The vast, united throng of worlds
Through all unbounded space,
Makes one full, perfect, finished whole,
In beauty's richest grace.

TO AN EXCURSION PARTY.

Bright be the skies high above you;
Soft be the airs that shall fan you;
Staunch be the boat in which you will float
'Mong the beautiful isles that surround you.

Light be your hearts as you move on;
Fond be the mem'ries you dwell on;
Gay be the charms, and fair be the forms,
That wherever you move you may gaze on.

True be the motives that guide you;
Oh! may no evils betide you;
Safe may you come back to your homes,
Glad recollections allied to.

HOPE IS THE GUIDING STAR OF FAITH.

Hope is the guiding star of faith;
Reason, conviction's light;
And truth is reason's corner-stone;
And virtue, power and might.

Hope leads the soul to choose a creed,
Whereby a life is wrought;
Faith clings, unshaken, to the God,
That reason's light hath taught.

Beats there a heart that for a faith
A yearning never felt;
That has not in its inmost depths,
Before a God-head knelt?

Thinks there a mind that, in its calm,
No veneration had;
That by creation's wondrous work
Was never yet made glad?

Let them go view the hills and dales,
The fruits spontaneous grown;
The seeds, self-cultured, in the fields,
By unknown powers sown;

The varied seasons' steady change;
The wonders of the sky,
Whose beauteous panoramic train
Forever marches by.

Or watch a bud burst on the tree;
The leaves as they unfold—
The great, creative power of God
By everything is told!

A FAIRY SONG.

I oft play on the glebe by a spider's slight web,
All woven with delicate strings;
And I'm fanned by the air that gathereth there
From a gossamer's beautiful wings.

I bask 'neath the leaves, and my mind quickly weaves
A charm, with the help of my wand;
And I'm led into dreams of the happiest themes
That are known in the fairy-land.

I recline in the cup of a flower, and sup
Of its fragrance, and beauty so rare;
And I frequently stop to bathe in a drop
Of the dew that gathereth there.

I sail o'er the waves, though the angry sea raves,
In a wonderful, delicate boat;
Though they rush and they roar, I still easily soar,
And softly and tenderly float.

I pass 'tween the beams of the sun, as in streams
They fall on the beautiful earth,
And I scarce move the grass, as I joyously pass
In happiness, freedom and mirth.

I laugh, in the trees, at the soft summer breeze,
As it playfully passes along,
And I listen, so still, unmoved by the will,
To its tender and softening song.

The wind's midnight sigh, in passing me by,
Is music, that soothes me to sleep;
As in slumbers I hide, I listen, with pride,
To the truths given angels to keep.

VETERAN SOLDIERS' SONG.

AIR—"TRAMP, TRAMP."

Here's a heart and here's a hand,
For each comrade of this band,
And for every friendly patriot in the land;
Let us raise that flag aloft
That has cheered our marches oft,
And we'll plant it where 'twill ever waving stand.

CHORUS:—Hark! now hear the vet'rans marching,
Down where the Soldiers' Unions meet,
Now the warlike strife shall cease,
For to-day we meet in peace,
And our flag waves o'er a Union all complete.

In the glowing records, bright,
Written in that darkened night,
When our nation was endangered by her foes;
It is told us: Man is free,
Of whatever race he be,
And no more a heavy yoke shall bring him woes.

CHO.—

Then to the passing breeze
Let us send a song of peace;
May brother rise 'gainst brother never more;
But may friendship be our boast,
And may hatred now be lost.
And each heart be patriotic to the core!

CHO.—

If our legislators, bold,
 In their work so often told,
 Would but do as well as soldiers in the field,
 How happy we should be!
 What a nation, rich and free!
 And our glory would be more than doubly sealed.

CHO.—

ON A PEONY.

I looked at a Peony early in spring,
 That grew in my little front yard;
 I gazed at it long, and I thought of it thus,
 While placing around it a guard:

It has started in youth, and is vigorous in growth,
 Its buds are just forming to bloom,
 And soon they will burst into beauty and light,
 With the pride that they seem to assume.

But as summer advances, the plant will decay,
 And the flowers, that so charmingly shone,
 Droop and wither, fall off, and lie on the earth,
 Forgotten, uncared for, all gone!

Just so 'tis with man, the bud of his youth
 Matures in the days of his prime,
 And he droops as old age leads him on the tomb,
 Where he falls, too, a victim to time.

But there is this with the man, that is not with the flower—
 The deeds to the world he can give;
 The name he can leave to embellish an age,
 And a soul that immortal will live.

WE WENT TO THE CIRCUS.

We went to the circus, did Jane and I,
The sun shone hot, and the roads were dry,
And a few light clouds were in the sky;
But we could not let the show go by.
 So we hitched up the roan,
 And started for town,
And the sweat on our faces was soon rolling down;
And the dust flew all over Jane's clean, white gown,
 Till she looked like a fright,
 In the dirt on the white,
And I thought we'd surely be a strange looking sight.
 Jane said: "'Twas a pity
 To be seen in the city
Covered all over so sweaty and gritty."
And I felt a bit nervous, restless and fitty.
 But we got to the town,
 And we put out the roan,
 And we brushed ourselves down,
 And cleaned off our feet, and wiped off our crown.
I took Jane by the hand,
And we followed the band,
That sat in a wagon all gilded, japanned,
With a driver in front. who drove six in hand.
 And we saw all the lions;
 And the hardened young scions,
Who rode by the side of the camels and mules,
And the chaps who were dressed just to make them look fools.
 We stood still at last
 Till the street show had passed,
Then we went round the town, Jane holding my hand,
And I holding hers, as agreed to, and planned;
I bought, then, some peanuts off from a stand,
And two pieces of gingerbread. O, my good land!
We ate with a relish that few could command.
 And then we passed by

Where they sold berry pie,
And Jane looked at me wistful, and smiling and shy,
And some fellows behind us, I could not tell why,
Were snick'ring and laughing as though they would die.
Then she wanted ice cream, and whisp'ring sly,
Some iced lemonade, too, because we were dry.

But we thought it was late,

And our hurry was great,

To get to the ground where they put up the tent,
And I left Jane aside while I hurriedly went
To purchase our tickets; a dollar I spent,

Just think what a lot,

And what work I had got

Just to make up the sum of the circus expense;

It would seem that a fellow like me'd more sense.

But a circus don't come mor'n once in a year,

And I ought to be willing that much, sir, to bear.

Besides, if a fellow has got a nice girl

That makes his heart flutter, puts his head in a whirl,

He has got to move out, or his banner unfurl;

And Jane thinks I'm right, she's a right-down good girl.

So into the tent,

On pleasure firm bent,

With Jane's hand in mine, we happily went.

Then we looked at the animals arranged in the cages,

Great lumberesome wagons, and something like stages,

Jane laughed, and her parasol poked at the monkeys,

And we looked at the mules, and then at the donkeys

Who tried to go riding them all round the ring;

While the clown tried to make the folks think he could sing.

He should just hear my Jane—by gracious, he oughter—

Sing, "Wait till the moonlight falls on the water."

But I cannot relate

The wonders so great;

Or one-half that we saw in that wonderful tent,

So I'll tell you we saw the big ele-phant.

WHAT IS WINTER MADE OF?

Say, what is winter made of?
'Tis made of ice and snow,
Of cold and fierce and bitter winds
That from the north-east blow;
Of eastern chills that penetrate
Each fine and tender nerve;
While imps of Influenza—King—
Their master fiercely serve.

And what is winter made of?
Why, made of red-hot stoves,
Of parched-up air, and tortured lungs,
And coughs and colds in droves;
Of frosted ears and fingers nipped,
And badly frozen toes,
And driving hail and cutting sleet,
And hills of gathered snows.

Nay, truly, what is't made of?
'Tis made of saddened hearts,
Of bitter, lonely solitude,
Of heartfelt pangs and darts;
Of sighs and sobs and life all drear,
And hopeless hours of thought;
Of lost ambition and lost love,
And broken hearts, ill-wrought.

And is there not one gleam of joy
Throughout this darkened time?
No merry peal, no happy laugh,
No sweet and genial chime?
Ah, yes, the hope that summer's glow
So sweet, will come again;
The faith that heaven is for us all,
That God will ever reign.

SUNBEAMS.

I saw the glorious morning sun
And felt his earliest ray;
The apple blossoms brightly gleamed,
And robins tuned their lay—
As sunbeams fall, their warming rays
Awake a world to sing in praise.

I walked upon the meadow fair,
All wet with purest dew,
And thought those drops were nature's tears,
Which Sol, by absence, drew;
Yet, stealing o'er the grassy bed,
He dries the tears by nature shed.

The sunbeams light the universe,
And give to life a form,
And bring new energy to bear
By touches soft and warm.
The smallest, finest, blade of glass
Stands up more firmly as they pass.

And then when raindrops softly fall,
The rays steal gently through,
And show the beauteous rainbow there,
Of every shade and hue.
All nature grows more gay and bright,
When sunbeams spread their precious light.

CONDEMNED.

Bear on him gently,
Be not too cruel;
Taught as he has been
In such a fierce school.

Bear with him patiently;
Gold he has none.
So much more earnestly
Should justice be done.

Is he an angel
Humanly clad?
Will that crime of murder
Make heaven glad?

Will his execution
Cover the sin?
Or shall we from God thus
A new favor win?

Will his fearful penalty,
Paid in a doubt,
The new dispensation
Help bring about?

Errors are plenty,
Corruption is rife;
Deal not too roughly
With one human life.

ALONE IN THE TWILIGHT.

Alone in the twilight! O joyful emotion!

What gladness the spring once again brings to me!
Like the star to the Mariner, lost on the ocean,
It tells me the way from the cold wintry sea.

Alone in the twilight! How sweet and attracting
The evening thus lighted and cheered by the song
Of the birds, while the clouds in light clusters contracting,
Seem playfully leading the dark night along!

Alone in the twilight! Oh, often reviewing
The past, with its changes, I've sat thus alone;
My mind was as often the strange scenes construing,
And my future with beauty and happiness shone.

Alone in the twilight! The night shades are creeping
Now rapidly on, and the stars, too, have come;
The song of the birds, is now hushed in their sleeping,
And nature resumes in silence and gloom.

TREASURE THE "NOW."

Count not too fondly on pleasures in store.
Shadows oft come, the substance, before;
Just as the gloomy clouds, presaging rain,
Creep in the sunshine and hide it again.

Count not too surely on sorrows in view.
See how the morning sun drinks up the dew!
Nature, though weeping in darkness and night,
Smiles at her sadness when morn brings the light.

Carefully, cautiously, treasure the "Now!"
See that 'tis joyful each day as you go;
See that, in all things, your labor is love,
Leaving the rest to God, ruling above.

VISION BUILDING.

Here I sit in pensive mood,
Silent and alone;
Watching visions sailing round—
Fancy on her throne,
And I gaze, with anxious face,
On the beauties rich and rare,
That so grand adorn and grace
All my "Castles in the air."

Here a bright magnetic view—
Wealth, in richest store;
Spreading o'er my path in life,
Peace forever more;
Scene that pictures to my mind
Joys so happy, bright and fair—
But one thought I give and find,
All a "Castle in the air."

Now a vision deep, sincere,
In the distant gleams;
Like a blazing star of light,
Shedding beauteous beams.
Love! it warms my beating heart,
'Tis my first, my deepest care;
But I turn, alas! and part
From a "Castle in the air."

Dreams like these so often steal
O'er my thoughtful mind,
That I think they must be real,
Living joys to find;
But a tear-drop fills my eye,
And a passing breath of care
Comes before me, and I cry:
All are "Castles in the air!"

"IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?"

Is it anybody's business
If while sailing on life's ocean
We should chance to take a notion
 To look upward to the sky,
And not to ask for favors
From any of our neighbors?
 Whose business is it, why?

Is it anybody's business
If while down the street we're walking
We should chance to be—well, talking
 To ourselves upon the way?
Or if we should meet a stranger,
Or should even see a danger,
 We should turn another way?

Is it anybody's business
If while on our way we're winding
We should always be fault-finding
 At everything we see?
Or if a friend should greet one
When he should catch or meet one,
 We should leave him to be free?

Is it anybody's business,
Or can anybody blame us,
Or need anybody shame us
 If we should sharply speak,
And claim some strong exceptions
When there's thrown at us reflections?
 Would you have us soft and weak?

Yes, 'tis everybody's business
If ridiculous we should be
When we've sense enough, and could be
 All true men, well behaved;
Each person has his duties,
And each one has his beauties,
 But need not be depraved.

Yes, 'tis everybody's business;
 For nature is resplendent,
And all things, though dependent,
 Should be treated with respect;
And men are little pieces
Of nature's strange caprices,
 But none deserve neglect.

A PEER AMONG THE LOT.

No creed, no sect, nor clime, should bar
 A man from equal social rights;
Each one is called to help in war,
 To risk his life in fiercest fights;
To share the burdens of the land,
 From palace and from humble cot,
And so 'tis right that each should stand
 A peer 'mong all the motley lot.

Nor gold, nor tinsel makes a man;
Nor jeweled crests, nor glossy coat;
Nor gorgeous mansions, fix the plan
That sets the stamp of man a groat;
But he whose heart is true as steel,
Who battles wrong, is never bought,
Whose sympathetic soul can feel;
'Tis he that's peer with all the lot.

The lord, whate'er his gilded mood,
Or honied words, or countless gold,
Is not one whit more man, or good,
Than he who by hard work grows old.
Whate'er is good for him of toil,
Is good for him who wealth has got,
And he who tills the native soil
Is peer 'mong all the wealthy lot.

Each man's a peer, if Honor's stamp
Is fixed upon his open brow,
And Virtue lights her fairy lamp
To set his heart in fervent glow;
No matter where his work may be,
At castle, desk, farm, shop, or what;
If Truth can make him bold and free,
Then he is peer 'mong all the lot.

MY FANCIFUL PICTURE.

I pictured a land in my fancy one day—
'Twas a wondrously deep, charming scene—
Where Hope, patient Hope, sweetly wended her way
In the glories of life, ever green.

I painted it, too, with the richest of hues,
And hoped that they never would fade;
Each tint gave new life to the bright, glowing views;
But they vanished as quickly as made.

The theme was a world full of beautiful flowers,
Where the loveliest blossoms, and rare,
And fruits, that were gems, hung in green, native bowers,
In soft-scented zephyrs of air.

The bright, sparkling streams flowed along on their way,
Amid verdure luxuriantly green,
And the plumage of birds was as lavishly gay,
As in dreamland could ever be seen.

The social existence was true; 'twas unfed
By contention and hate and despair,
And Love reigned supremely—forbearance was spread
With contentment, and joy, everywhere.

Not a sigh, nor a sob, ever came from the breast
Of any who lived with me there,
And the ease of the life was never once drest
In a thought of an ill or a care.

But my picture quick faded; it could not be real;
'Twas a vision untruthful, alas!
A scene that the mind sometimes loves to unseal
For a view of its sweetness and grace!

HE WON A NOBLE RACE.

Talk not of policy, and spurn
A double dealing way;
When error comes to baffle you,
Combat it ev'ry day;
You'd better meet defeat by far,
With Truth your weapon strong;
Than win success with Error's chain
To bind your soul in wrong.

'Twas never meant that man should sink
A coward and a slave;
'Twas meant that he should always be
A free-born man and brave;
God gave a heart, a hand, a tongue,
The thoughts of man to free;
To crush out wrong wherever found;
To give him liberty!

Shall fraud be called a righteous work?
Shall lying rule the hour?
Shall tyrants wield a rod of iron
Because they *claim* the pow'r?
Shall Truth be hid beneath the cloud
Of Error's fearful reign?
Shall God's best work be beaten out,
And ne'er be found again?

Nay! Raise aloft the beacon-light,
That tells of honest worth!
Stand firmly to the work of life;
Crush Error to the earth!
Keep up the brave and gallant fight,
Ne'er falter in your place,
And let the final record be:
He won a noble race!

THE MIDNIGHT ALARM.

A midnight silence, long and deep,
Hangs, like a cloud, the city round;
Save one, no noise, all hushed in sleep—
The watchman treads with muffled sound.
The starlight gleams
So still, it seems
No startling fear
Can strike the ear;
But signs portentiously conspire
In murmurs low, and murmurs, *fire!*

The night-watch gives the wild alarm,
As in the southern sky he sees
The gathering clouds of fiery storm
Rise quickly with the fresh'ning breeze;
The blood-red glare
Now fills the air,
While deep-toned bells,
And fierce, wild yells,
Betoken sad destruction dire,
And all the town resounds with—*Fire!*

Now wakening beings fill the street,
And echoing cries spread far, the while
With beating hearts and hastening feet
They gather round the burning pile.
Then from it, "Help!
O, save us! Help!"
Cries mother wild
With darling child,
While up the flames spring higher, higher;
And wider spreads the raging fire.

One moment stands the surging throng,
In deep suspense and racking thought;
Then from each heart so full and long,
A deep, relieving sigh is brought;
One soul risks all,
Quick scales the wall,
All danger's braved,
And now—They're saved!
A flash soon flies from spire to spire—
The walls are buried in the fire.

BOUND TOGETHER.

Soft fell the twilight, still more soft
The air from southern climate driven;
And still again more soft the light,
That from the silv'ry queen of night
Came flowing down from heaven.

Soft fell the words of gentle love
To fervent, flowing, passion bending,
And then, soft fell two bright eyes down,
Two eyes of deep, rich, glowing brown,
With blushing beauties blending.

Again, soft fell one small, white hand,
In bondage to one generous other—
The moon and stars could see all this—
Two faces met in one sweet kiss,
Two hearts were bound together.

NOISY LITTLE URCHINS.

Noisy little urchins, bold,
Just let loose from school,
Running hither, thitherward,
Free from teacher's rule;
Free as winds that round them blow,
Bright as skies above,
Full of fun and joyfulness,
Glowing, too, with love.

Romping little urchins, rude,
Falling in the snow,
Sliding down the slippery hill,
Faces all aglow;
Skating on the icy walks,
Crowding people off,
Pushing by without a word—
Just a little rough.

Laughing little urchins, gay,
Laughing all like mad,
Running, bawling, chatting loud,
Every heart-string glad;
Full of life and energy,
Never tiring out,
Always ready for a joke,
Or a noisy shout.

Reckless little urchins, wild,
Clashing everywhere,
Dashing off a rising bank,
Having little care;
Jumping in the flowing creek,
Wading in the mud,
Clinging on to passing teams,
Rolling on the road.

Growing little urchins, strong,
 Growing to be men;
What will be their little tricks
 Or their playings then?
Grown to active men, you see,
 And pretty women, fine,
All their doings will be old,
 Just like yours and mine.

AWAKING.

I felt the daylight creeping in
 And filling all my room;
It soon grew strong and drove away
 The morning twilight gloom;
The sun then stole in through the chinks
 In early mellowed light,
And roused my slow awaking eyes—
 He was so glad and bright.

I listened, and the sweetest sounds
 Were floating in the air;
I thought Æolian harps were hung
 Close to me, and afar;
Then songsters sang in such sweet tune,
 To greet the sun's rich rays;
And then a chorus burst in full—
 'Twas nature's hymn of praise.

I left my couch, the lovely morn
 Was full of life and joy,
And went to feel the morning air,
 And sunbeams soft and coy;

On ev'ry tree a beauty sat,
And did his share of song—
I'll ne'er forget those melodies,
I heard them all day long.

MASONIC LIGHT.

Whoe'er can see rise in the East
The glorious orb that rules the day;
Then on our checkered floor behold
The teacher of our hidden way;

Or the pale moon whose silvery face
Will love on every heart engraft;
Then standing in the West, recieve
The recompense for worthy craft;

Or hear the kindly voice from South,
The matchless words and caution give;
And not feel with a heartfelt pride
That there it is a joy to live.

To live beneath Masonic Light,
To feel around its halo spread,
And then to know, in that long night,
Its beauties hang around the dead.

Dark, dark, indeed, the captive's mind,
When to our altar first he's brought,
And bright the light he'll surely find
When opened are the portals sought.

What untold depths of solemn thought;
What reverence; what mystery;
What funds of science, deeply wrought,
Are taught us by the letter G!

THE LIGHT ABOUT THE HEAD.

[ARRANGED FROM DICKENS.]

- “ O sister, sit beside me now, you will not go away?
Be good, papa, to all—the waves—the same they always say—
The print upon the stairs fades out, 'tis not enough divine;
A good face bends before me—see the river's ripples shine!”
- “ The boat upon the river sails, so swiftly sails away,
And lulls my waning spirit—What do the light waves say?
Across the sea, the angel forms are looking o'er the foam—
One looks like you—'tis my mamma—she beckons me to come!”
- “ The boat is drifting out to sea, the waves are leading on,
And now I near the other shore, and one form greets me—one!
Come, nestle close beside me, for I love, O love you so—
The light about the head, dear Floy, shines on me as I go!”
-

LINES ON RECEIVING A BUNCH OF MAPLE LEAVES.

How strange the workings of creative pow'r!
What wide diversity in nature wrought!
These maple leaves come at this morning hour,
And fill me full of contemplative thought.

They tell me plainly of the season's change,
That winter, with its bitter wind, is nigh,
That autumn, with its captivating range
Of beauties, now, is passing slowly by.

O, Maple Leaves, no more the robin, gay,
Shall seek the shelter of your friendly shade!
No more the lovers, halting by the way,
Be startled by the flutters you have made!

The branches, left to mourn your early call,
Stand sighing midst unsocial wind and rain;
Or seem inclined, when sunbeams haply fall,
To throw out buds of beauty once again.

These Maple Leaves have ripened unto death;
Are passing unto dust with mute refrain;
And when the spring shall wake the flow'ring heath,
No vestige of their beauty will remain.

But other leaves, p'rhaps on the very spot
Where they have hung, will tremble in the breeze,
For change, continual, is the common lot
Of all created things—'Tis God decrees.

TRUE NOBILITY.

Proud Kings and Queens may all be drest
In styles of rare antiquity,
May boast a large and royal crest,
And blood of rarest purity;
The titled lord may brag of wealth
And prate with pride of pedigree,
And noble, too, may style himself;
But Virtue is nobility.

And men may chink their coins of gold,
As rolling on in luxury,
They view, with hearts so bitter cold,
The sufferings of humanity.
Such are not noble. Nature's God
Has passed the firm, the grand decree:
"Though ruled by wealth and royal rod,
True Virtue is nobility."

The form that laughs with nature's charm;
That lives in purest chastity;
That is not proud; in love is warm;
Whose soul is open, pure and free;
Whose hand can wipe a falling tear;
Whose heart doth love fidelity;
Whose mind naught else but truth can bear;
Is stamped with God's nobility.

TO THE QUEEN OF THE LOVELY NIGHT.

O beauteous queen of the lovely night,
In the deep blue depths of sky,
Toning the softness of thy light,
'Neath the thin clouds passing by;
While the air blows mild from a southern clime,
And the snows around say, 'tis winter-time!

I love to look on thy full, round face.
So free to a mortal's gaze;
Guide, too, to many a wand'ring race
As they watch thy changing ways,
Oft telling them, quaintly, many a tale
To guard them, and teach them their barks to sail.

How oft dost thou hear the story told
By lovers beneath thy throne!
But thy silv'ry light, will the mind unfold
And foster a loving tone,
And the blood grows warm, and the heart more free,
When watched by naught else but the stars and thee.

Thou queen of the starry race above!
Thou light to the rustic's toil;

Who watch thy progress with simple love,
And labor the teeming soil!
Thou callest the beautiful fairies to dance
By the soft, tender light of thy winning glance.

THE SUICIDE.

Sadly and mournfully,
Wearied and worn,
Out on the broad world,
Lonely, forlorn!

O, how the heart sank
In the lone breast!
O, how the nerves strained
In fearful unrest!

O, how the visions fled
Fast through the brain,
He, wildly and fearfully
Battling the strain—

Till the worn spirit fell,
Broken and weak,
And the rash hand raised
Death to bespeak!

Pity! O pity,
The heart so distressed!
Look at him tenderly
In his last rest.

Faith in his Maker,
In fellow-man, none;
Resting forever,
Unfortunate one!

BE NOT HARSH.

Be not harsh with accusations;
 Try to save each other pain;
 Know, in all your protestations,
 Love will always love regain.

Softly, softly deal your censures:
 Justice give to every one;
 Curb all rash and violent ventures
 Of a cold and bitter tone.

Do not crush the supplications
 For relief, from care and woe,
 And when lured by dark temptations
 Learn to firmly answer, No!

Nature's brutes, devoid of reason,
 Evil passions may display;
 Man, brought forth in better season,
 Ought to choose the better way.

GIVE US THY HAND.

“ Give me your hand, Papa, the way is long,
 The night grows dark apace, I scarce can see,
 My feet are weary, and I am not strong,
 I stumble as I go so wearily;
 I scarce can stand;
 Give me your hand.”

Give us Thy hand, kind God! When comes the day?
 The hidden future guides us not with light,
 The night is dark with us; teach us the way
 To Thy blest realms of living beauty bright,
 We, trembling, stand;
 Give us Thy hand!

Give us Thy hand! Fast fades our mortal day;
 Our footsteps falter in uncertain course;
 The daylight hides, and tempting ills betray
 Our wand'ring hopes of life; lend us the force
 Of Thy command;
 Give us Thy hand!

Give us Thy hand, Our Father, Lord of all;
 And, hark! the moving world, a yearning throng
 Of Thy meek servants oft upon Thee call,
 And cry: "O help our pleading song,
 We waiting stand;
 Give us Thy hand!"

MY MOUNTAIN LIFE.

A SONG.

I'm free! I'm free! My Mountain Home
 O'erlooks the bright blue ocean;
 With joyful heart I often roam
 And watch its deep commotion.

I often sail my tiny boat
 When evening winds are blowing;
 When clouds above me gently float
 With beauteous colors glowing.

I roam the woods in early morn
 'Fore th' king of day has risen.
 When growing lights just newly born
 Make dewdrops brightly glisten.

I stand alone on mountain rise,
 And gaze on earth and heaven,
 And raise my voice in honest praise
 For all that God has given.

THAT PAIR OF RED MITTENS.

'Twas a cold day in winter—I had a vacation—
That I walked down the street in a wondering stare;
For there went right before me a stylish creation,
Made up by Dame Fashion and finished with care.
'Twas a fine little beauty, a modern-built beauty,
With skirts closely pinned back and looped up behind,
And a sweet pair of boots fitted tight as a duty;
But her mittens, fire red, brought this song to my mind.

I have seen them as blue as the sky in its brightness;
I have seen them as white as the fresh fallen snows;
I have seen them so black as to shadow all lightness,
And marked blue and white in balmoral rows;
I have seen them of sheepskin as brown as a berry;
I have seen them of wool, and of fur from all lands;
I have seen them so large they were burdens to carry,
So deep and so wide one could scarce find his hands.

But those bright scarlet mittens, so daintily fitting,
So carried with studied and artistic care,
Attracted my eyes while my thoughts went on flitting,
'Till I passed her and thus lost that object so fair.
But the charm of their beauty was lost to my fancy,
When to see who it was I just turned my head back;
It went like a flashing of dark necromancy—
The face of that maiden—good gracious—'twas *black!*

LEANING ON THE GATE.

The moon shone softly over-head,
The stars were looking bright,
And scarce a breath of air then moved
Across the early night;
Yet frosty chills hung all around,
March had not 'gan to rate,
And Angelina, lonely, stood,
And leaned upon the gate.

Her head was bare, and round her form
A thin, light summer shawl
She loosely held with one white hand,
The other she let fall;
Then raised it to her pretty chin,
And poised herself to wait,
Then gently moved, to better lean
Her elbow on the gate.

She watched each passer-by, intent.
With silent, musing hope,
And very soon a trim-built youth,
Washed up with perfumed soap,
Came up and bowed, with pleasing smile;
She said, with joy elate,
“ Good evening, Fred, come, come at last ! ”
Then both leaned on the gate.

Sweet lips were pressed, they laughed and talked.
Till time marked long past eight;
The moon was young, and near the west;
She said: “ Let's leave the gate,
And go inside where it is warm.”
He said: “ Let's walk, I'll wait
While you prepare.” “ No, Fred, 'tis cold,
Don't lean upon the gate.”

They walked, they talked, an hour was passed,
He said: "'Tis now too late
To stop and woo in words of love.
Supported by a gate.
Will you be mine!" "Yes, Fred, I'm thine."
"Then let us surely mate."
So now she leans, yes, fondly leans,
Upon his measured gait.

TWO STRANGERS MET.

Two strangers met, and as they met
They talked about the weather;
A youth and maid, both young, and yet
They joyed to meet together.

There seemed to be a creeping vine
Around their young hearts twining,
And from the future life, divine,
They saw a bright hope shining.

One eve they sat alone, both shy,
But he thought not of leaving.
And as the pleasing hours went by,
Each mind a knot 'gan weaving,

The knots each wove soon grew to one,
'Twas love's best, purest feeling;
Two hands obeyed the heart's sweet tone,
A kiss the fond tie sealing.

Let no one block the path they rove;
But bless them in their daring:
Two lives bound close in holy love
Are God's best blessing sharing.

'T WAS ONLY A BUD.

'Twas only a bud that I saw,
Alone on a flourishing bush,
I viewed it in silence and awe
As visions 'gan 'fore me to rush.

I saw its gay leaflets unfold,
And spread their rich beauty to sight,
I dreamed of a beauty of old,
That made my heart joyous and light.

It led my fond memory back
To years when the spirit of love
Spread beauty and joy on my track,
To follow me when I would rove.

I reveled in happiness then,
And toyed with my bright little pet:
Each day brought a heaven again,
For love was my talisman yet.

This blossom, so glowing, will fade,
The bush be left lonely and bare,
And over the mountain and glade
The winds will be sighing with care.

My beauty thus faded away,
And left me all mourning awhile—
I draw on my mem'ry each day,
And see a sweet face in a smile.

AMATEUR AND RUSTIC.

He drew his bow across the strings,
And tuned it open A,
He gave the peg a gentle twist
To have it surely stay,
Then with it harmonized the E,
And then the A and D,
And with the scroll upon his knee,
He tuned the D and G.

And then he tried them all, and found
The E a trifle sharp,
So that he gently pulled a bit,
And snapped it like a harp;
And then he played rich double stops
With fine artistic skill,
And o'er the strings his fingers ran;
Then gave a rippling trill.

Around him stood an anxious crowd,
Drawn there to hear him play,
With expectation's fervor full,
And loth to move away;
The player struck a thrilling theme,
A solo wondrous fine,
A choice selection, full of art,
De Beriot's sweetest line.

Now deeply lost in that rich air
The player grew to be;
He seemed to live alone, and moved
About unconsciously;
Harmonious sounds filled all the room,
The player's every nerve
Was strung to music's magic pow'r,
The beauteous art to serve.

He pushed his graceful bow along
In quick staccato move,
And drew such mellow, gliding tones,
As filled his soul with love;
His trembling lip and changing face
Told how it touched his heart,
And how he loved his violin,
That spoke so well its part.

He closed, and laid his bow aside,
His "fiddle" viewed with pride;
Just then a rustic in the crowd
Said, as he edged aside:
"Say, mister, can't you play a tune?
I like to hear her scream,
But can't you play a good old jig?
Say, play the 'Devil's Dream!'"

WATCHING THE FEVERED CHILD.

Poor, uneasy, suffering one!
Soothe him with a pitying tone,
Tossing, restless, on his bed,
Fevered pulse and aching head;
Nerves in one continued strain,
Answering to a wandering brain.
Poor, uneasy, suff'ring one;
Watchers glad when night is gone.

Bathe his forehead, burning hot;
Now he sleeps, disturb him not;
Now he wakes with frightened start,
Throbbing temples, flutt'ring heart,

Raving at some fancied wrong,
Singing now familiar song,
Rolling oft from side to side—
O, let peace with him abide!

Slowly by each moment slips;
Moisten now the parching lips;
Soothe the tongue with fevered coat;
Wet the dry and swollen throat;
Smoothe the hot and ruffled bed;
Turn the pillow 'neath the head;
Changed the form where health once shone,
Poor, uneasy, fevered one!

Closely watch him, more and more,
When the fever's gone, is o'er;
Crave for food all hours he will,
Never seem to get his fill;
Steel the nerves 'gainst yielding still;
Save him, too, from getting chill;
Let him back to fevered tone,
Sad the end, poor, suff'ring one.

THE MYSTIC HALL.

Beneath a shadow dark I stand
With hope to aid my toil,
And onward through the massive porch
I go, nor feel recoil;
The giant columns, emblems old,
Inspire my heart and make me bold.

I mount those winding flights of stairs
The Craft all know so well,
And list with rapture to the tale
That tongues instructive tell,
And as I near the middle floor,
Knock firmly at the outer door.

What magic in the little tale
Told him who knocks that door;
The bright historic story makes
Me wish that it were more,
And as I pass that portal gate,
My heart beats free, with pride elate.

Then on the middle floor I stand
'Mid that deep mystery,
And wonder at the vast import
Hid round me secretly,
But as I glance at that bright "G,"
A light breaks o'er me, and I see.

Upon the South, the West, the East,
I turn with homage due,
And feel the friendly Token's grasp
From Craftsmen, strong and true—
The Level, Plumb and Square are mine,
And Jewels three, and light divine.

Before the mystic throne I stand,
And take my recompense,
In nourishment, refreshment, joy,
Delighting soul and sense;
And, then, in reverence bending low,
I 'fore the Great Creator bow.

THE STAR OF LIBERTY.

The star of liberty is shining,
It lights the brightly glowing sky;
A beacon, never more declining,
Around us ever it is nigh.
With beauty full and so refining
Fair Freedom never more shall die.
By faith of noble sires,
By blood that never tires,
Columbia shall be free—
Forever more be free!

The flag that o'er us now is waving
Inspires each heart with glad applause
To go where'er it leads, and braving
All danger for the sacred cause;
And who the mind would be enslaving,
Must, on the threshold, stand and pause.
By fathers' toiling cares;
Our hundred free-born years,
Columbia must be free—
Forever shall be free!

Then light the bonfires ruddy gleaming;
Let songs of praise fill all the air,
And give to God all honor, beaming,
For bounties shed with love and care;
Forever keep, so gaily streaming,
The nation's banner ev'rywhere.
By ev'ry heart that's brave
Our land shall have no slave;
Columbia shall be free—
Proud, great, and nobly free!

AWAKE ! AWAKE !

Awake, awake a good old song,
A universal rally;
Let echoes ring out loud and long,
From ev'ry hill and valley.

Rise in your strength, a mighty clan,
The bonds of wrong uncoiling;
Be up and doing, every man,
Your foe's corruptions foiling!

With ballot true, that free-born right,
Your manhood's safe foundation,
Strike for the truth, that wondrous light,
The life of our loved Nation!

Rise, people; rise ye sons of toil!
Your star once more is beaming;
Stand forth again on freedom's soil,
Each heart with honor teeming!

MOVE ON!

“Move on! Move on!” Now take the theme!
Each cold, bare tree joins the refrain;
The stars take chorus in the dream,
And mountains roll it back again;

Each human life contains the hymn;
Each bud and leaf keeps up the chant:
The ripened fruits in tones sublime
Join in the-song with every plant;

The spring that from the mountain side
Flows downward o'er its pebbly bed;
The season's changes, as they glide,
Are by the chorus onward led;

The pure, white snow and falling rain,
The rolling waters of the sea,
With clouds the song pours forth again,
Till nature rings with melody.

“I'M TIRED AND SICK OF LIFE.”

Hush man! Dost want to die? Wouldst dare, without
A murmur, pass to that vast gulf beyond?
Canst frame a heartfelt wish, a pure desire,
Wrought by fair reason's conscientious view,
To sleep, to wake no more; no more for aye?
Couldst leave the world, with all its loves and joys,
Without a sigh, without a wish to stay?
Why rail at life, or nature, always right!
Didst ask to come? canst help thy going too?
Nay man! The Spirit of creative power
Thrust thee upon the busy stage of life;
Will cease thy being when thy work is done;
Will teach thee, if attentive ear thou'lt give,
That thou wert made for life, not life for thee.
Thy part is one of many, mixed with joy
And pain 'twill pass, both creatures of thy brain;
'Tis left with thee to make the joys of life,
And make its ills; and thou dost want to die?
So soon, so soon; and not one hope fulfilled!
These few, short, hopeful years of life gone by
And no success! Fond youth, with all its loves,
Its bright ambitions, castles fair and gay,
All sacrificed upon the hopeless shrine
Of wild despair! Nay, nay, reject such thoughts,
“A brighter morn awaits the human day,”
And 'tis thy part to wait, to hope, to work.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

'Tis past! Thou'rt gone from us no more to be
Our living joy! Gone to eternity!
Thou'st left these scenes for brighter joys found there,
Where loves around thee spread their glad'ning fare!
Thy seven summers flew away so fast—
We never thought the eighth would be thy last;
But when the leaves of autumn 'gan to fall
Thy spirit seemed to answer to the call.
Oft have I held communion with the days
When thou wert light to many troubled ways,
And sighing, when the vision would depart,
Respond in solemn accents from my heart:
Farewell! Thus oft that saddened sound,
In thought, comes to me in my daily round,
And oft reflections flit across my brain
And bring before me thy loved form again.
My bright eyed girl! How oft thy little feet
With pleasing patters ran my steps to meet!
How oft thy ringing laugh, in joyous tone,
Came swelling round me while thy dark eyes shone!
Thy little pride, and ever careful taste;
Thy little playthings, never laid to waste;
Thy quaint reserve, when strangers came too near,
And yet thy mind ne'er seemed to know a fear;
Thy happy progress with thy A, B, C,
From that to reading e'en promiscuously;
Thy mem'ry, full, retentive, to the last,
It's recitations gave correct and fast;
Thy little friendships, made at every turn;
Give pleasure to us now that these we learn;
All these remembered, thou wilt ever shine
My star of beauty, dearest Ernestine.

A DARK NIGHT.

Rain, rain, rain!
O how it rattled and fell!
In thick misty sheets
All over the streets,
And thunders would weird tales tell.

Stubs, ruts, holes!
The treacherous sidewalks lay
With splinters and gaps,
Like hidden man-traps,
And never a light by the way.

Dark dark, dark!
As black as the nameless night,
And dark lamp-posts
Like tall, grim ghosts
Stood mocking the passenger's fright.

Dark, rain, ruts,
And ghostly lamp-posts tall,
And never a light
To guide one aright
Save when flashes of lightning fall!

Pray, pray, pray,
For the men on the city throne!
Ask for them, light,
On each dark night
When they're called out late and alone;
For ghosts from the mighty deep
Might rise and round them creep,
'Till they'd tremble and quake,
And shiver and shake,
As they'd falter and stumble and weep.

THE TALLOW DIP.

When infancy was my blest lot,
The rush-light was our joy,
Or else the floating taper small
The darkness would destroy;
The tallow candle stood at hand
To give a brighter ray,
And watch was kept in gloomy thought
Until the dawn of day.

Fair science since to groping man
Gave fluid, gas and oil;
The very light of day was dimmed,
And seemed to back recoil;
All reveled in the luxury
Of light, so glowing shed,
And blessings, thus, seemed falling fast
On every student's head.

Since manhood crowned my youthful days
A bounteous light has shed
On all my work, when daylight from
The busy world has fled;
But just as I had learned to think
That science ne'er would slip
Aback, I find myself compelled
To use a *tallow dip*.

And once again a candle's gleam
Gives light upon my work,
The *light* of other days is made
Thus in each move to lurk.
And from each dim and sallow blaze
Such trembling shadows fall,
That from the depths of space, obscure,
Strange visions to me call.

The rolling wheels in busy whirl,
Increase their restless speed;
And shadows rise in frightful shapes,
Like demons newly freed;
I raise my head to look around,
Imagination reels,
My eyeballs seem to glow, dilate.
As wonder o'er me steals!

How frail is man; how deeply wed
To customs old and dull;
How loth to catch the fleeting gems
That knowledge fain would cull!
The least advancement I would not
From human progress clip.
Nor would I use, to light me on,
The worn-out *tallow dip*.

WEEP FOR THEM KINDLY.

Weep for them kindly.
Heroes who fell,
Serving their country
Bravely and well;

Deck them with flowers.
Gems of the best,
Tenderly strewing them
Over their rest.

Sacredly cherish
Victories gained,
Making our nation
Free and unstained.

Hark to the story:
Freedom twice won.
Father and brother
Lost, aye, and son;

Children left fatherless,
Widows who mourn;
Sorrow and sadness to
Many hearts borne;

Slaves all unshackled,
People made strong;
Freedom established,
Unfettered by wrong.

Joy, to the universe,
Wide, deep and broad,
Swell loud the Anthems
Up to our God!

Weep for them kindly,
Heroes who fell,
Serving their country
Bravely and well.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Up in the morning early,
Up at the break of day,
Spring, young, bright and curly
Greets the coming day.

Hark! The birds are singing
Sweet and cheerful lays!
Up in the heavens, springing,
Sol gives warning rays.

Waken then your slumbers,
Sing your songs of praise,
Swell the joyous numbers,
Nature's beauties raise!

Up in the morning early,
Up at the break of day,
'Spring, bright, earnest, curly,
Calls to you to-day!

OVER HILL AND OVER DALE.

Over hill and over dale
Autumn winds are blowing,
Crimson, gold and russet-brown
Leaves are aged growing.

Cold, gray clouds float in the sky,
All with raindrops laden,
Shedding tears, now here, now there,
Like a fretting maiden.

Gorgeous colors gild the sky
When the day is closing;
Life and beauty fade away
In the earth reposing.

Night comes on with rapid pace,
Gloomy as a minster;
Every life, like Autumn, falls
In the lap of Winter.

MRS. McWADE'S HOUSE-CLEANING.

It was house-cleaning time;
And 'twas just in its prime;
And 'twas right in the bleakest and wettest springtime;
And, again, in the midst of a cold, freezing clime;
That Mrs. McWade,
With the help of a maid,
And of Mr. McWade,
Succeeded in starting that good housewife's trade.
By the deepest and shrewdest schemes cunningly laid:
And to have her own way,
Spite of what others may say,
The house must be cleaned all so trim and so gay.
Both inside and out, in the space of one day.
So she bustled and bounced,
Neither pinned back nor flounced.
And with arms bare and dimpled she thoroughly pounced
On the tables, the bedsteads, the bedding and chairs,
And the books, and the pictures, and other fine wares,
Till the house was a mass of jumbled affairs.
They bared all the floors,
Put the carpets out-doors,
And the bed clothes were put in the wash by the scores,
And the mop and the scrub-broom played freely on floors.
But Mrs. McWade,
Not the least bit afraid
Of the doing too much by herself or the maid,
Or by Mr. McWade,
Must have the stove blacked;
There were lights of glass cracked,
And a big rocking chair was found to be racked;
She saw that the ceilings were fly-specked and stained,
And whitewash or kalsomine must be obtained,
And the doors, that were painted, or otherwise grained,
Must be rubbed down and varnished, their beauty regained,

'Fore the carpets, when cleaned, were laid down and strained.

There was cleaning of rugs,

The destroying of bugs,

And the washing of bottles, and jars, and of jugs,

Of tumblers, and goblets, and dishes and mugs,

The destruction of doctor's stuffs, and other queer drugs,

As dark and suggestive as the poison of 'Thugs.

Then nervous McWade,

By the help of the maid,

Taking out all the blinds and the windows, alas!

Let fall a large sash, and broke all the glass.

He slipped, and he fell

'Gainst the maiden, pell mell,

And sad, sirs, to tell,

She unluckily fell;

She clutched at a chair,

And a flower-pot there,

While Mr. McWade,

Coming after the maid,

Upset a full water-pail, full to the brim,

Of dark muddy water, all thick at the rim,

And he and the maid sprawled as tho' they would swim.

Then Mrs. McWade,

Of destruction afraid.

Cried out: "Have a care!

O, dear, I declare,

You have broken my chair,

And ruined my calla! Just see there, O dear!

O dear, what a shame!

So careless, so tame!"

But Mr. McWade

Got up with the maid,

And a truce entered into, so careful and staid,

And a future course then was cautiously laid,

With peace 'twixt McWade, his wife, and the maid.

The stoves were pulled down,
By a great clumsy clown,
And the stove-pipes were handled with grimace and frown.
Then Mr. McWade, sirs, cried out: "O, good Heavens!
The house I declare is at sixes and sevens!"

And Mr. McWade,
By the labor outlaid,
Grew weary and worn with the terrible raid;
While his wife had grown sober, and steady and staid,
And a soft quiet grumble was heard from the maid.

And they all then agreed,
That to make things succeed,
They must cultivate patience, that virtue so rare,
And not be a dodging like dogs at a fair,
Nor worrying, nor fretting, their lives out with care.

"Be no more in a flurry,
And no more in a hurry,"
Said Mrs. McWade,
To the joy of the maid
And Mr. McWade:
She declared it was best to be steady and staid,
And instead of a day,
'Twould take near a month to make things look gay..

HOW THE SNOW FELL.

It was so delightful
When first it came;
White and so beautiful,
Docile and tame.

It fell down so gracefully,
Light and so tastefully,

Lovingly, soothingly,
And so approvingly;
Every one greeting it,
Wading down deep in it
When first it came.
Then, as it fell,
So smoothly and well,
The wind came and shattered it,
Lifted it, scattered it,
Picked it up skillfully,
Threw it off willfully,
Drove it off spitefully,
Piled it up frightfully,
And still it fell.
Fell fast and shiningly,
Creepingly, drivingly,
Stiff, strong and whirlingly,
Straight on, and curlingly,
Almost unceasingly,
Cheatingly, fleecingly,
Weirdly, inspiringly,
Wildly, untiringly,
Fiercely and daringly,
Freely, unsparingly;
Fell fast and well,
Fell fast and thickly,
And still it fell
Rapidly, quickly.

Everyone grovelling
Down in it, shoveling,
Plowing it, raking it,
Pushing it, scraping it,
Boring it, shaking it,
'Till men 'gan muttering,

Housewives, too, sputtering,
Boys weak and stuttering,
Sinews, all fluttering,
All for the snow,
The white, falling snow,
The beautiful, beautiful snow.

MY MUSE WOULD SING IN CHURCH.

My muse would sing in church one day—
Perhaps 'twas hardly right—
But still, do what I would, she'd sing,
And held me with her might;
I listened to the glorious hymns
That flowed from voices strong,
And felt electrified to hear
The organ's richest song.

I saw a man with austere mien
And stiff, unfalt'ring move
Pass by me with his silken hat
Held in a bond of love;
I saw a lady moving by
With long and flowing trail;
Her graceful step and glist'ning robes
Made many a wonder tale.

I saw a man pass up the aisle
With awkward, bashful mien,
His coat was weather-stained and torn,
And all his dress was plain;
But still he knew the ways of church,
Though sitting as in "stocks,"
And at the contribution time
His mite went in the box.

I saw a woman bend in prayer.
 To her 'twas earnest food;
I saw a man slow enter in,
 And felt his restless mood;
I saw a mother soothe her child
 As it sank down to sleep,
And almost felt the comfort sweet
 That little one would reap.

But who can see the inward life?
 Ah, dress up as you will,
The mind, if rough, untutored, coarse,
 Will be untutored still;
However much the hair be banded,
 How fine the paisley shawl—
It may, perchance, attract the eye,
 But does not measure all.

The robe may be of richest stuff,
 The coat of latest style,
And yet they will not cover up
 The heart that's full of guile;
The bonnet, ne'er so gaily trimmed,
 The hat of newest mode,
Will never hide a weakened brain,
 Nor ease it of its load.

The germ of truly golden good
 In ev'ry human heart
Lies waiting only to be taught
 To play a proper part,
And 'neath the garb of silk or rags
 There may be honest seed,
And true and faithful hearts and hands
 To do a noble deed.

THOSE MUSICAL CRITICS.

"He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skilled in analytic."

—Butler.

They sought the muses in a dream,
 Grew classic to the full extreme:
 They knew exactly to a shade
 A hurried part, by whom 'twas made;
 And when, and where, and how 'twas laid;
 They knew, could fairly realize
 When Soprano failed to vocalize,
 Found out, by some exquisite hitch,
 Just when a note was out of pitch,
 And by the millionth of a hair
 Told if 'twas sharp, or flat, or fair;
 Knew when it lacked a proper shading,
 And when a chorus wanted grading;
 Could measure *forte* and *piano*,
 And drag behind with slow soprano;
 They knew when Basso was untrue,
 And when an Alto trembled, too;
 Told when the Tenor had a cold,
 And when the people, too, were sold;
 Knew every bad enunciation,
 Detected faulty intonation,
 Could measure with exact precision
 Both time and tune, and with decision
 Called ev'ry simple ballad trash,
 And waltzes, polkas, vulgar hash,
 And all who sang or even played them
 As vulgar as the folks who made them;
 Could tell just how the voice was wiggled,
 And who it was that sat and giggled.
 They criticized, sir, all they cared to,
 And that, you know, was all they dared to.

They were the wisest men and critics,
Versed wondrously in analytics:
In fine, they ventured all they knew
Before the people, and, 'tis true,
They strained, and strained there at a gnat,
And, over-reaching, fell down flat;
But 'fore they had the camel swallowed—
It grew an Elephant, which bellowed,
'The fine-drawn critics got a fright
Which scarcely let them sleep at night.

MORAL: Don't pick your neighbors all to pieces,
To pamper up your own caprices;
But if you cannot sing or dance,
Let some one else, sirs, have a chance.

LABOR AND SKILL.

It is labor that makes all the wealth of the world;
That brings, from the depths of the soil,
The challenge, which Nature, so gracious unfurled,
To her people who labor and toil.

So the ore has been torn from its bed in the earth,
And wrought by the strong will of man
'Till it circles the earth in a wonderful girth,
And distance is made but a span.

Then the ocean is studded with monuments, grand,
To labor in concert with skill,
And tokens are wafted from every land
The glorious record to fill.

GIVE ME AN HOUR OF SILENT THOUGHT.

Give me an hour of silent thought
Beneath the apple trees.
When all their gayest buds have burst,
Perfuming all the breeze;
Around me lilacs, lilies sweet,
Narcissus, tulips gay—
I know not how more pleasantly
To pass an hour away.

A thousand thoughts then come to me,
A thousand voices speak;
I follow Nature in her course
Through many a curious freak;
I hear the songs of harmony
From beauties on the wing,
And feel a deep, exquisite sense
Steal o'er me as they sing.

I've seen a chicken burst its shell,
How wonderful the sight!
I've seen a bud unfold its leaves
And spread them to the light;
I've seen a flower close its leaves
When dark clouds threatened rain;
I've seen it spread them open wide
To greet the sun again.

I've seen a star shoot from the sky
To lose itself in space;
I've watched the slow and beauteous march
Of all the starry race;
I've seen the cold, pale moon, and heard
The music of her light;
I've seen the sun at early dawn,
Unlock the gates of night.

From pole to pole, a wondrous stretch,
 Across the vaulted sky,
 In deep, unfathomable space
 Extends a mystery;
 My soul in rapture contemplates
 The vastness of the theme,
 Until I'm lost in deep amaze
 At Nature's endless scheme.

THE WALKING MATCH.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
 O'er the hard-packed sawdust track;
 Tramp, tramp, tramp,
 The ellipse around and back;
 In the early evening's glow,
 When the heart gives free each throe.
 And music's thrill
 Helped give the will
 The hundred miles to go.

Walk, walk, walk,
 Through the wee small hours of night;
 Tramp, tramp, tramp,
 On, into the morning light;
 With long, long hours before,
 With short, short hours passed o'er;
 But onward still,
 With iron will,
 Though it be a dreaded bore.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
 O'er fifty miles or more;

Walk, walk, walk,
Till the feet are blistered and sore;
Till the heart beats fast and light;
Till the red cheeks blanch to white;
And still they tramp
O'er the sawdust damp,
Tramp till again 'tis night.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Till the ninety miles are passed;
Walk, walk, walk,
Till they near the end at last;
Till the pulse and nerves are strained,
And the strength has almost waned,
And all to speed
A grasping greed
To a cold, unmerciful end.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
See the lonely, friendless girl
Walk, walk, walk,
Till her brain begins to whirl.
With not one friend to care;
'Gainst the unkind scoff and sneer
Of the heartless men,
Who force her in
To take the bitter fare.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
And the hundred miles are done;
Walk, walk, walk,
And the prize again is won.
Uncared for, uncaressed,
With limbs and feet undressed,
With no look back,
She leaves the track
Alone, to seek for rest.

TO A BIRD

THAT FLEW IN AT MY WINDOW.

Sweet roamer, welcome! Thou dost bring a charm
That woos me from a misty web of thought.
What omen bearest thou? Say none to harm;
Nor tell me that thy coming is for naught.

I greet thee as a messenger of love
From realms of purity and happy bliss;
Where life, with sweetest harmony inwove,
Breathes in an atmosphere of joy and peace.

Sweet, tender bird! While flying through the sky,
I could not wish thy bondage, causing grief;
But now I crave caresses that shall buy
Thy Freedom, and thy panting heart's relief.

There, gentle bird, go seek the genial air
That bears sweet fragrance in its passing breath;
Depart this narrow room, so full of care,
And roam through woods, and o'er the flow'ring heath.

O lovely groves, and incense-breathing wind,
Receive this truant from thy free domain!
Ne'er court the toils, sweet songster, of mankind;
Nor wander to this close abode again!

TO MORN.

Pale Morn, awake! Now dark and gloomy Night,
Awaits, prepared with somber coronet,
For far off flight; though sadly ling'ring yet,
To see thee burst the flooding gates of light.

A world of throats are waiting, with their might
To sing thy praise, when thy first gaze they get.
Night's tears, in drops of crystal beauty, set
Like countless silver beads, await thy sight
To laugh and sparkle with a glad delight;
And vanish in thy smile, so soft and warm.
The weary watcher prays for thee so bright
To hush dark Night's forebodings and alarm.
The gorgeous hues of heavenly splendors seize
Thy opening sign—then starts thy own glad breeze.

O, GATHER THE LEAVES.

O, gather the leaves from the autumnal trees,
Come, gather a bunch with me,
Of scarlet and crimson and golden and brown,
All beautiful hues that you see.

Be they tinged with the blood from the north-wind's bite;
Be they burned by the hot southern breeze;
Be they browned by the ripening power of age;
They each my fond vision will please.

They tell me of myst'ries deep hidden from sight
Of all but the eyes of the soul,
And they whisper a tale to my list'ning ear,
Even when their first beauties unroll.

And I watch them outspread, all so tender and fresh,
As I sit 'neath their beautiful shade,
And I feel, aye, I feel that mysterious pow'r
That all living wonders has made.

TO "FRANKIE."

To thee, frail Frankie, here a thought I'll give,
 And to thy album my slight tribute lend,
 That where thy steps may rove, to rest, or live,
 My kindest wishes for thy weal I send.

Light be thy skies, and placid be the stream
 That bears thy bark upon its silv'ry crest;
 Mayst thou be blest in ev'ry happy dream
 Of the bright future, in its richness dressed.

So, Frankie, when, perhaps, in idle hours,
 Thou'lt read these tinted pages o'er and o'er,
 Bethink thee, friendship is a magic pow'r,
 And owns rich bounties for its happy store.

So wished I once, so in thy album wrote,
 'Fore life had faded from thy weakened frame;
 Now I to thee again these lines devote,
 As to me comes thy form in mem'ry's dream.

I saw thee fade, thy face grow pale and sad;
 Thy lustrous eye in sunken socket laid;
 Marked the new grasp disease each day had made;
 Marked, too, how Hope the sad forebodings stayed.

But when the Summer's strength was waning fast,
 And the gray clouds of Autumn scarce had come;
 Like the winged seed, that ripens to the blast,
 Thy spirit flew away to its last home.

Then, fare-thee-well! The light of heaven's day
 Beams not on mortal life, in passing here!
 Thou, like a star, of pure, transcendent ray,
 Hast light eternal in that better sphere.

THE HOUSEHOLD PET.

How oft his merry laugh rang out;
His happy voice, how often heard;
And often, too, his joyous shout
Was stilled by one soft, chiding word.
Life was to him a happy gift;
But clouds arose without a rift.

How slowly beat each hopeful heart
Of friends, who sadly o'er him stood
And saw the last drawn breath depart;
While tears flowed fast and unsubdued.
And as they wept a sad farewell
The angel's softly said: "'Tis well."

Each whisper was in sorrow dressed,
And ev'ry list'ning ear too, found
A mournful echo, from each breast,
To ev'ry sigh that floated round.
Then, while the daylight brightly shone
The prayer was breathed: "Thy will be done."

They laid him where a father's care,
And mother's love, so often told,
No more can cheer that child so fair;
No more the little form enfold.
He's safe with Him whose majesty
Said: "Suffer them to come to me."

THE MITS MOTHER KNIT.

When I think of my boyhood, its pleasures and duties—

What practical dreams were those days of real bliss!

Then a shadow oft steals o'er its sunshiny beauties,

As I think of my mother's affectionate kiss.

She has gone, and of comfort I lost a great measure,

A comfort I cannot express in words fit,

And it came from her fingers in work of true pleasure,

In the stockings and mittens she lovingly knit.

Since then I've had stockings, neat, pretty and seamless,

Of cotton, merino, and other fine stuff,

And stylish enough, just to make one's nights dreamless—

To smooth any path be it never so rough.

I've worn gloves of all sorts, too, fine kid, fur and leather;

I've had them, too, loose, and of exquisite fit;

I've worn them in sunshine, rain—all kind of weather—

But they could not compare with those mother knit.

But it is not the merit of cotton or woolen;

It is not the merit of color or form;

Nor the fit, nor the texture, that's sinking so far in

My heart, and that makes it beat faithful and warm!

But, O, 'tis the thought of the love woven in them,

The thought of the hours mother gave for my sake;

'Tis the comfort of knowing affection could win them—

A sacrifice mother could willingly make!

COME FROM THY HIDING PLACE.

Come from thy hiding place,
Thou queen of night;
Send forth the starry race
Loving thy light!

Hide not thy silv'ry face,
Beautiful orb!
Let not clouds thee incase—
Thy light absorb!

Soft shed thy liquid beams
Down on the earth,
Giving to nightly dreams
Fresh'ning birth!

Light thou refreshing dew,
Food for the flowers,
Give them thy loving view
Through nightly hours!

Come from thy hiding place,
Thou queen of night;
Bring forth the starry race
Loving thy light!

MY BLACK AND TAN AND I.

A little, "Black and Tan" I got
To keep me company;
With coat jet-black, and richest brown,
And such a knowing eye;
He was so full of romping fun;
His chief delight to jump and run.

If him I teased, till quite provoked,
 No hate had he in mind;
 Was ever ready to forgive,
 Obedient, too, and kind;
 And just the instant I'd desist,
 With friendship, true, he seemed possessed.

Did on my heart depressions fall,
 Or evils fill my mind;
 If I could find my friendly dog
 A sure relief I'd find;
 For then a merry time we'd try,
 My faithful Black and Tan and I.

He never found a word of fault
 If I'd get cross and fret,
 And if I'd scold he'd drop his ears
 And drag his tail, and, yet,
 He'd frisk about like one possessed,
 When I would scolding tones arrest.

And so I liked my dog, now gone,
 His fond affection tried,
 So true, so free, nor bought, nor sold,
 To me was close allied:
 A constant friend on ev'ry trip—
 My well built "Black and Tan," called "Jip."

A PLAIN "GOOD BYE."

Good friends, adieu! I wish you well,
 And many a happy day,
 And many a pleasure may you meet
 To cheer you on your way.

There's many a weary toil to meet;
And many an ill to bear,
And many a sigh to leave the breast,
Where hearts are pressed with care;

There's many an error in the world,
And many a fruit that's sour,
And many a crooked path to take,
And many an evil hour;

There's many a charge unjustly made
To bring forth bitter woes,
And many an innocent to pay
The debt that guilt still owes;

There's also many a drop of joy,
And many a thought that's calm,
And many a soft'ning word to speak,
And many a healing balm;

There's many a glad, repentant tear,
And many a tender heart,
And many a ling'ring, quiet love
To play a holy part.

Then pick for beauties as you go,
Keep joys that you may find;
Good bye, and may you sometimes think
Of those you leave behind.

A PRAYER.

Thou God of mercy, look upon
A poor frail mortal such as I;
Lead me in paths where Thou hast shone;
To know Thy hidden mystery.

Who walks abroad will dare to feel
 Thy presence is not ever nigh!
 To whom will nature not reveal
 A view of Thine eternity!

E'en as a grain of desert sand
 Upon the barren wastes of earth,
 Among the works of Thy great hand,
 Am I—a speck of humble worth.

Almighty God! Around me throw
 The mantle of Thy saving grace;
 And turn upon me, even now,
 That I might bow before Thy face.

Lead me to feel that Thon art mine
 That ne'er from thee shall I be driven;
 Teach me to earn that gift of Thine,
 The rich inheritance of heaven.

FOR GOD AND LIBERTY.

The days of deep, deep thought have come
 On this our natal year,
 And men of true and earnest faith
 For their loved nation fear,
 The ship of state sails out to sea,
 And foes are at her helm,
 And breakers lie before her prow,
 And threaten to o'erwhelm.

The nation trembles in the storm,
Her people deeply sigh;
And call for men of honest worth,
To heed their fervent cry;
And sturdy leaders call aloud,
“We’ll break corruption’s yoke!”
And freedom-loving multitudes,
Reply with hearts of oak;

“We love our nation’s liberty,
Our faith and still our pride,
The union of all hearts and hands
O’er all our country wide;
The universal rights of man,
Unshackled and unstained,
And hate corruptions that will leave
Our land in serfdom chained.

We’ll fling once more our noble flag,
To kiss God’s freeborn breeze,
The name of our loved land shall be
Revered on land and seas;
And every breath our people take,
Shook from each well-laid fold,
Shall fan anew the ardent fires
Built by our sires of old.”

Rise, freemen, neath the northern skies!
Rise, in the Southern clime!
Rise, heroes of the early East!
Rise, Western sons of time!
Come, all in one united thong,
Beneath this banner, free,
Send loudly forth a heartfelt song,
For God and Liberty.

GUIDE THOU MY WAY.

I feel him near,
My God, my care,
When in the morn I rise and fear
That ills may meet
My wandering feet;
Still in my heart His love I greet,
And pray
Each day:
Be with me, Lord, guide Thou my way!

Be by my side
My God, my guide,
When evils, and when joys betide,
Help me to raise
My voice in praise
At morning, noon and night—always—
To pray
Each day:
Be with me, Lord, guide thou my way.

I hear him call,
My God, my all,
When on my bended knee I fall,
And utter there
In holy care,
My oft repeated, fervent prayer,
And say
Each day:
Be with me, Lord, guide Thou my way!

BOYHOOD MEMORIES.

I never shall forget the time
That I spent as a boy;
The scenes that then were facts to me
Old Time can ne'er destroy;
The great big elm-tree round whose trunk
I oft played hide and seek,
Is graven on my mind—e'en now
I almost hear it creak.

I've rolled my hoop around the square,
A mile 'twas said around,
For hours and hours, and never yet
Felt wearied of the ground;
I've climbed the lamp-posts just to watch
Police while comrades played,
And often gave a false alarm
To see them run, dismayed.

I've stood and listened to the lark,
And watched her rise from sight,
In line as straight as arrow's course,
In early morning light.
And still her notes of happy song,
In fading tones and low,
Poured on my ear from out of space—
My memory hears them now.

I've gathered cowslip blossoms gay
When summer winds were mild,
And rambled through the shady groves
Of pear trees, tall and wild;
I've gathered berries large and black,
Along the country road,
From hedges, rich with fragrant flowers,
And bending with their load.

Far o'er the world since then I've roamed
 To countries new and wild,
 To climes more warm—more fiercely cold—
 To none more sweet and mild.
 I should not like to live there now,
 'Tis changed, perhaps, and yet
 Those early scenes and boyish plays
 I never can forget.

But, sovereigns rule on that fair land
 Across the foaming seas—
 Here freedom's starry banner floats
 To kiss the greeting breeze;
 Let others say their resting place
 On shackled soil shall be—
 United States, fair freedom's home,
 The land, the home for me!

THE RETALIATION OF THE BEES.

AN ALLEGORY.

A lot of bees once gathered in a store,
 And revelled in good will to all their number;
 From nature's horde, by lawful labor sure,
 Increasing wealth with scarce a rest for slumber.

It happened once, by some unguarded move,
 And wily foes intent on wholesale plunder,
 The band of bees forgot their friends to love,
 And sought their ties of blood to break asunder.

Designing drones the hateful passion fanned,
The larger half of bees they shrewdly flattered,
And crafty usurpations boldly planned,
And thus the harmony of all was shattered.

So warlike bees each other fiercely killed,
And all the land was covered with the dying;
For sixteen summers anger was not stilled,
And hate her banners in the breeze kept flying.

A summer came, and industry grew scant,
For want of busy bees harmonious working,
And many bees grew hungry, lean with want,
And grim starvation all around was lurking.

One day the workers looked about their store,
And found the vaults were empty, treasures stolen,
The drones grown fat, and insolent, and more,
With love of power and strong dominion swollen.

They murmured when they found their freedom gone,
And uttered loudly some fierce protestations;
And as the rulers seized more power upon,
They entered, sternly, some broad accusations.

Then forth o'er all the country's widest range,
The bees meanwhile some silent acts performing,
Burst out the cry: "We workers seek for change;
For leaders bold, and fearless at reforming!"

Against corruption's iron grip one day
They massed, a solid record boldly making,
Determined all their foes to clear away,
Who saw the move with fear and trembling, quaking.

A few usurpers bolder than the rest,
And skillful in the labor of defrauding,
Proposed to cheat the workers of their crest,
And raised a "stop-thief" cry while self-applauding.

But roused by indignation's fervent call,
The band of honest bees prepared for action,
And on the hateful drones there 'gan to fall
A fearful retribution—'gainst their exaction.

Sting after sting, and still a sting again,
And scoffs, and jeers, kept all around them falling,
And scornful epithets fell like the rain,
As bees the vile corruptions kept recalling.

Then out upon the wide world's bitter cold
The hunted drones in fear and trembling wandered;
The workers prospered as in days of old,
Nor ever after their true friendship squandered.

Once more they each would shake each other's hand,
For harmony again was on them beaming;
And they had honest bees put in command,
And unstained truth, their banner, forth was streaming.

ANOTHER UNFORTUNATE.

One more unfortunate!
O how unfortunate!
Cover her sin; let fair charity beam;
Make no exposure,
Nor public disclosure,
Lay her away with the marks of her shame.

Breathe not a censure
For the girl's venture
Into eternity, stain on her soul;
God's love is no rarity,
He is all charity—
Leave the frail mortal in His control.

Censure the coward,
He who empowered
By nature's law to protect and preserve;
He who so baseless,
Cold, callous, graceless,
Turns from his duty a passion to serve.

Weep, O society!
Weep to satiety!
Kneel in a penitent pray'r for a crime
Almost a fashion!
Ye need compassion
From the great God who rules for all time.

ON THE FIRST OF MAY.

Dark and gloomy was the morn
Upon the first of May,
It still more dark and gloomy grew
Towards the close of day,
The swallows floated through the air,
And robins sang their call,
And blue-birds flew from tree to tree
As rain drops 'gan to fall.

The trees began their buds to show,
The grass was looking green,
And yet the frosts had not dispersed
Entirely from the scene—
The happiest day, 'tis said to be,
Of all the happy year—
But that must be where Summer's long
And Winter less severe.

THE LETTER IN THE BOX.

“There’s a letter in my box up there,”

I guess it is for me,
And p’raps the little visitor
I should just like to see—
I’ll call for it! The fancy gem!
I wonder who ’tis from!
A sister in the distant West?
It cannot come from home.

’Tis small: who knows but some fine girl
Has kindly thought of me!
A female hand directs it sure—
Whoever can it be?
The beauty here would talk to me
In mute and silent strain—
I’ll write to her, and then, perhaps,
She’ll “Meet me in the lane.”

I’ll move into that corner there,
The dainty page peruse;
I do declare, the romance here
Most makes me court the Muse.
“My dearest Joe”—I do not know
This writing, I declare;
The little darling talks as though
This *is* a love affair.

Some dark-haired maid with large, full eyes,
And form of beauteous mold;
I’ll warrant, too, her heart is warm,
And neither dull nor old;
I never felt so mighty queer
In all my blessed life—
She signs—Good gracious, fooled, by Jove,
It’s only Jane, my wife!

COME BESS, LET'S GO UP TOWN.

“ Come Bess, they say the band will play
Upon the square to-night,
And we must hear them.” “ Yes, I'll go,
'Twill be a real delight!”
“ And then you know, 'tis Saturday,
And all the girls in town
Will be upon the street, dressed gay,
And walking up and down.

“ And p'rhaps we'll meet that stylish chap
We met in last July;
But if we do, we'll keep straight on,
Nor look, but pass him by;
And then if we should meet Jane's beau,
And she is somewhere near,
We'll tease her just a little bit—
The jealous little dear!

“ I want to see, too, how that chap
That goes with Betsy Jones
Looks when upon the street at night,
And see his cunning frowns;
They say he's full of stylish airs
And does so strangely talk—
I wonder if he's real stuck up!
But Bessie, let us walk!

“ There's Mamie, don't she look a fright
In that new Polonaise?
She's got those horrid clicking heels;
But Mame has funny ways;
I wonder if she's got a beau?
There goes that Johnny Stout,
Cigar and cane, he thinks he's some,
The foppish little sprout!

“ They say that simple Jenny Shane
 Ran off with Jimmy Fate;
 And there’s her sister, bold as life,
 With disagreeable Kate.
 They say Bob Bay, and that dark girl,
 That lives at Mrs. Stay’s,
 Will soon be married. I declare,
 Folks do have funny ways!

“ There’s Fred, he’s with that horrid Sue—
 He’s got a wretched taste;
 See how she looks with that blue sash
 All dangling from her waist!
 Such horrid hats, I never saw—
 My goodness, what a fright!
 See that girl’s dress, she scarce can walk—
 Tied back so dreadful tight!

“ Why, I declare, there’s Ella, too,
 And dressed all up in black;
 And with her Eva, she has got
 A new alpaca sack.
 Say, Bess, there’s Alf, and all alone,
 Let’s go and see him, come!
 He don’t know much, but then, you know,
 He’ll have to see us home.

“ The band has gone, and see the streets
 Will soon deserted be!
 O, ain’t we lucky, there is Bill!
 That just suits you and me;
 You take Alf, and I’ll use Bill,
 And then we’ll each have one,
 And those two girls across the way
 Can’t say: ‘ Come home alone!’ ”

I HEARD THEM SAY "GOOD NIGHT."

They stood upon the street, a group,
Just come from daily toil,
Of ditchers, diggers, mason's help,
Or tillers of the soil;
I passed them closely, and I saw
The eyes, that shone with light
Of love and friendship, strong and true,
And heard them say: "Good night!"

'Twas said in such a kindly voice,
In tone so soft and true;
It seemed to soothe a week of toil,
It thrilled me through and through;
As gentle words as ever came
From lips of polish bright,
They lingered long upon my ear—
That sweetly said "Good night!"

Their hands were rough, and hard and coarse,
Each face sunburned to brown;
Their uncouth clothes, toil-stained and old,
Hung loosely dangling down;
But when I heard them speak, I thought:
The case but hides from sight
A warm affection, and 'twas taught
To me by their "Good night!"

Who knows? Perhaps full many forms
Who walk the streets by day
In styles of rich, artistic dress,
And studied steps so gay,
Might learn from these unpolished men
A true, sincere delight,
If they could hear, as I have heard,
Them speak the words "Good night!"

O, who shall say that in the heart
Of laboring forms of man
No love exists, and all their life,
Is one unsocial plan!
Nay, in those uncouth forms that stood
Outlined, that evening bright,
The warm blood flowed in genial streams—
'Twas told by their "Good night!"

It seems to me, that when the time
Of dissolution comes,
And those we love are led away
From these, our earthly homes,
No words said as I heard them said,
So soothing, softly bright,
Could better serve the closing life,
Or ease the last "Good night."

BROKEN LOVES.

When true heart friendships, broken, fall asunder,
Life seems a shadow brooding in unrest;
The star of hope, a shrouded cloud is under,
And joy responds not to the yearning breast.

Then Love is lost; its chord of bondage broken;
Clouds gather fast, the dreary way grows dark;
To happiness, thus crushed, there comes no friendly token,
No restful haven for the storm-tossed bark.

As mariners at sea, wrecked on the fitful ocean,
With compass lost, storm-driven, torrent-dashed;
So broken loves throw life in sad commotion,
And hearts are shattered, wrecked and lost and crashed.

EASTER DAY.

Ring, Easter Bells, loud Easter Bells!
Send forth your glad, inspiring tales!
From zone to zone, from pole to pole,
Let songs of joy and gladness roll;
Let ev'ry Christian's heart respond
To his Redeemer's loving bond,
And o'er all lands help Him hold sway
Who rose to heaven on Easter day,
Who gave to all the power to win
A vict'ry over death and sin!

A brighter morn awoke the Christian day,
When Jesus left the garb of mortal clay;
When He, all love, by persecution driven,
With God's own pow'r ascended into heaven,
And there installed, in faith, at God's right hand,
O'er all the world was given full command.
There in the realms of heaven's boundless space,
All clothed in that blest mantle, God's free grace,
Are gathered spirits, by His ransom, rare,
Redeemed and saved in His kind, loving care.
There, they, with us, in voice of sweet accord,
Sing joyful praises to the God and Lord,
And meet around His throne, transcendent car,
Where He shines forth, the one bright guiding star.

THE SWEET FACE WE MISS.

It is lost from our home, and a light laugh is missed,
And the cheeks are now gone that we once fondly kissed;
And the two charming eyes that oft sparkled anew,
Now no longer are open, our coming to view.

O what dreams we have dreamed, as the soft hair we stroked;
And what hopes from our hearts were then fondly evoked;
While the two ruby lips were held up to our face,
And the little light form was held close in embrace!

Then the long rippling laughter, the chattering tongue,
And the gay little songs that were in my ears sung—
They but seem like the dream of a night—now all gone!
But the mem'ry is stamped with the light as it shone.

But the vacancy stays! Will it never be filled!
And the craving heart—will it never be stilled!
O the picture, so charming, will ever remain,
And we'll view its fond beauty again and again.

O the ringlets we stroke, and the cheeks that we kiss!
How sadly, how sadly, their loss we would miss!
How we cling to our darlings though called from our side!
And this love in our hearts will forever abide.

TO MY OLD FRIEND,

JOHN HUNTER.

Farewell my old friend! Now thy days have all closed!
But the world still moves by thee, as though thou hadst dozed.
But, alas! Though the mountains should tremble and shake
I know that to this life thou wilt never more wake.

Thou wilt lie by the side of that form thou didst love;
Thou hast waited to greet her glad spirit above;
Thou hast counted the minutes, each day, as they passed,
And thy waiting and watching is favored at last.

There's a deep, solemn mystery in life, at its best;
And a deeper in death, that strange season of rest;
And a still deeper mystery encircling the soul,
And one that we mortals can never unroll.

THE PEBBLY SHORE.

The wild waves washed the pebbly shore,
And playfully did roll;
But th' white surf came with hollow roar
That reached my very soul.

I looked out o'er the waters, waste,
To th' distant sky beyond;
A tiny boat made rapid haste
'Fore Boreas' fairy wand.

The black-clouds rose up in the west,
And spread out far and wide;
The wind moaned low in sad unrest,
And softly, deeply sighed.

Then rough waves hid the little boat,
At times, away from view.
I prayed: "O save the craft afloat
At sea with precious crew!"

But gath'ring clouds, in mutterings wild,
Hung o'er the angered sea,
And lightnings through the sky defiled,
In flashings, vividly.

A white-squall rose in western sky,
And stretched its arms before,
And clasped the boat, close sailing by,
And life there lived no more.

The fierce waves rolled by wild and fleet
And crashed upon the shore,
The wreck to fragments crushed and beat
And moaned this song: "No More!"

AT FORTY-FIVE.

Just forty-five! Just forty-five!
As sure, as sure as I'm alive!
But yesterday it was more,
'Tis said, than simply forty-four.
Full sixteen thousand days and nights,
To view the ever dizzy heights
Of hopes and expectations, wild!
An "*Ignis Fatuus*" from a child!
To strand upon some barren shores;
To hear destruction's savage roars;
To be by eddies drifted back;
By adverse winds driven off the track;
To rest upon some lovely lands;
Be guided by some friendly hands;
To have the heart beat glad and free,
And blood flow on in ecstasy!
One day to have a flood of joy,
That years of clouded toils destroy;
Then have a thund'rous storm to brood,
And sink the soul in somber mood!
How fast, how fast the years roll by!
As each one goes I feel more shy
Of living on; and then I send
My thoughts off, searching for the end.
A million ages more than miles
Through space they go among the isles
That stud life's river as it flows
To where the mystic ages close.
And still I think: Just forty-five.
'Tis surely that; and still alive!
I wonder what will come to be
Within the next half century!

AROUND THE PUBLIC SQUARE.

When ev'ning closes up the day that ends the weekly toil,
 And summer skies are richly clothed in twilight beauties royal;
 There gather many well-dressed forms, the blonde, brunette and fair,
 To walk with fancy steps and style around the Public Square.

Young men of fashion, gaily dressed, and bachelors in scores,
 Stand idly on the hotel steps or side the merchants' doors;
 And not a few there are who like to exercise the fair,
 Jaunt gaily on beside the girls around the Public Square.

While walking there you meet a face on one side of the street,
 And passing to the other side, again the form you meet;
 The plain "Good ev'ning" soon becomes a smile, a laugh, a care,
 So oft you meet him passing 'round the walks of Public Square.

The proudest nabob in the town; the most exquisite fop;
 The damsel, who on fashion's wings has mounted to the top;
 The direst enemies; the clown; the dun, the friend so rare,
 With hardy sons of toil thus "*meet and part upon the Square.*"

THERE'S A HEAVEN.

There's a heaven in the smiles of a beauteous maid;
 When she's clothed in simplicity's grace,
 The heart is made glad and is never afraid
 At the smile on an exquisite face.

There's a heaven in the bright azure depths of space;
 In the light of its bright, starry eyes;
 In the sun's burning glow, and the moon's lovely face,
 As they look from those beautiful skies.

There's a heaven, too, in love when affection's sweet smiles
Are brought from the depth of the heart;
Then the soul, in rejoicing, each moment beguiles
With the bliss of divinity's art.

There's a heaven where God dwells, in merciful love,
To welcome all good hearts, and true;
Where the soul changes never, in living above,
For eternal life gladdens its view.

ARISE, LOVE, WITH ME!

A SONG.

Awake, love, awake! Let thy dreamy eyes wake;
For the gray dawn is breaking with glee;
Bid adieu to the night, greet the beautiful light,
For 'tis morning—Awake, love, with me!

Up, up! For the night-shades are fading from sight,
And the bright morning beauties are free;
Then arise, like the lark, for no longer 'tis dark,
And 'tis morning—Arise, love, with me!

Arise! For the light streams, in feathery beams,
From the sun, o'er the land and the sea,
And a vast feathered throng bursts in chorus of song—
For 'tis morning—Awake, love, with me!

Arise! There is health, there is beauty, and wealth,
In the air, that is laughing with glee;
Now the sun has control—'tis a joy to the soul—
O awake, and arise, love, with me!

THE WOMAN'S ARGUMENT.

What means this strange commotion now spreading o'er the land;
Which agitates the social world with some new pow'rs command?
It is that truth and honor's power may make all hearts rejoice;
That in the legislative halls must woman have a voice;
It is that scowls and passions wild from hearts of men be driven;
It is for equal hours of toil an equal wage be given;
And it gleams in golden sunshine's glow, and in the bracing air,
And 'tis creeping into human hearts—'Tis a cry for justice, fair.

Don't woman teach the youthful mind to know the nation's laws!
Don't she defend fair Freedom in a just and holy cause!
She suffers, sacrifices, pays for national support,
And feels the country's weal or woe in spirit and in heart.
Who's first in Christian life and love! Who makes the light of home!
Who fights the demon of the still! Shall woman here be dumb!
An equal risk, an equal loss—Why not an equal gain!
The voice of woman should be heard, just as the voice of man.

When epidemic's raging force sweeps o'er a suffering land.
Who ministers with tender care, and gives the helping hand?
Who, when misfortune's crushing force weighs down the manly mind,
Can bear the burden, soothe the heart, and new nerve power find;
Who, but the mother, daughter, wife, or sister? To the front,
For only love's sweet recompense, she comes—endures the brunt.
And over all the social world the light of woman's love
Sheds softening shades that tone down all the ills with life inwove.

FIRST HAPPY AND THEN SAD.

A pair of laughing eyes,
 A pretty, dimpled chin,
 Rich, pearly teeth, and balmy breath,
 A finely woven orange wreath,
 A happy heart within.

A strong-built manly form,
 With eyes of brightest blue,
 A fine large head and bushy hair,
 And words of soft and tender care,
 A heart sincere and true.

Two laughing eyes grown sad,
 One heart in sorrow beats,
 Two faded lips o'er pearly teeth
 Now closed with tightness, like to death,
 She walks the open streets.

The strong-built manly form
 Lies 'neath the churchyard sod,
 And in the world to weep and moan,
 To fight life's battles all alone,
 She's left, with babe, and God!

Again a manly form
 With eyes of deepest black,
 With passion's ferver, force and skill,
 To bid her sorrows all be still,
 And bring her beauty back.

A dress of widow's weeds,
 A wreath of roses, gay,
 Another sweet and pleasing smile,
 Another love the hours beguile,
 A heart renewed to-day.

One head again bowed low,
One heart no longer glad,
Now she in death's grim chamber laid,
And he in sorrows robes arrayed;
First happy, and then sad.

So gladness takes a shock,
And sorrows wear away,
As storms arise, and sunbeams gleam,
And age creeps over youth's bright dream,
Or night obscures the day.

THE CHASE.

As clouded Evening draws her veil
To hide her charming beauty;
Dark Night, clothed in her sable dress,
Creeps out to grasp her booty;

Pale Eve shrinks from her to the Morn,
To ask him for protection,
And Night pursues, with steady stride,
But follows in dejection;

But Eve gains not on taunting Morn,
Nor Night on soft, pale Evening;
But still they keep the steady chase,
Each to the purpose cleaving.

Morn looks behind and laughs with joy
At Evening's earnest pleading,
And Evening, trembling, glances back
At gloomy Night, on speeding.

ALBUM LINES.

ACROSTIC.

May life, with trouble undisturbed,
Yield to thee joy, full and uncurbed;
Right rosy be the path for thee
To travel over joyously,
And friends surround thee lovingly.

FOR MY SON.

Upon your album's pure white page,
I'll just a moment's thought engage,
And trace this record, like a sage,
In sincere tone:
True friends are life's best heritage—
Count me as one.

IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

Stars fall, sometimes, from the sky,
E'en when its blue is brightest;
Tears oft fall from out the eye,
E'en when the heart is lightest;
Hearts, sometimes impressions feel,
When none was e'er intended—
The beauty of this page was real,
But now, my friend, 'tis ended.

SUMMER'S COMING RAPIDLY.

Bull-frogs blowing, strong streams flowing,
Cool north-winds in fancy free,
Rain storms, fickle, downward trickle—
Spring is here assuredly.

Snow flakes falling, bluebirds calling,
Robins singing merrily,
Green buds swelling, sunshine telling
Summer's coming rapidly.

Winter lingers, chilling fingers,
Waiting for the queen-month May,
Warm and tender, young and slender;
He will then melt fast away.

THINKING OF THEE.

A SONG.

Now the lone hours are passing away,
As I sit in the twilight of day,
And list to the chorus of birds singing joyous,
And think, aye, keep thinking of thee.

O what views of angelic glory
I take from my thoughts' bashful story;
As the light of the day
Steals my fond heart away,
It goes yearning, yes, yearning for thee.

As the hours of the night lead my eyes
To the regions of Love's paradise,
In the sweet dreams of sleep
My spirit will keep
On communing, communing with thee.

And when light breaks upon me in morning.
And I rouse from my sleep at the warning,
Of my dreams I'm admonished,
Yet I feel not astonished,
To find I'm still thinking of thee.

I GATHER BRIGHT PEARLS.

I gather bright pearls from the sea's sandy floor
And gaze through their transparent case,
And I read there of life in the future, all pure,
As they glimmer and glow in my face.

I gather sweet flowers from the evergreen dells
Where they grow and eternally bloom;
Where the bright dews of heaven fill the musical bells
With the nectar of life and perfume.

I gather grand truths from the mystical lore
Of Nature, so varied and free—
Those bright, sparkling beauties, the stars, I adore;
They are studies of wonder to me.

I CANNOT SAY: FAREWELL!

O Love, divine! My soul communes with thee!
'Tis sweet to feel thy presence to me nigh—
And, yet, alone, it seems a mystery
That mortal should with spirit life ally.

As musing thus I sit, my fancy steals
To thee, my wife, and asks thy sweetest smile—
Be with me 'till my yearning spirit feels
That thou art glad to my lone hours beguile!

We've fought together in this world of strife;
Together sailed upon the troubled sea;
We've reaped the sorrows of this week-day life,
And soothed each other's woes confidingly.

Together, too, we've supped the cup of joy;
Have felt the sweetness of connubial bliss;
In visioned castles, oft in manner, coy,
Re-sealed life's compact with another kiss.

Full well we knew the measure of our faults,
And, loving, could forget each seeming wrong,
And rise from error, as the spirit vaults
From earth to heaven, in a chastened song.

Ah, me! 'Tis sad to part, and, yet, with pride,
I view the record on the scrolls of time;
How two true hearts, so faithful, side by side,
Pursued their way from youth to life's full prime.

And so, my wife, thy body in the tomb,
Dust gone to dust, thy spirit to our God;
I seek thy influence to my lonely room,
And oft review the way in life we trod.

Nor can I say: Farewell! For thou art mine,
In death, as in this fitful mortal race—
To solace me, thy star will ever shine,
Nor can another fill thy hallowed place.

AMONG THE STARS.

I stood upon the beauteous lawn,
When night had closed around,
When not a leaf was known to move,
The ear could catch no sound;
The very air seemed gone to rest,
So silent 'twas, and still—
I, wrapped in contemplative thought,
Was lost from human will.

Aurora, faintly, shed a light
Along the Northern sky;
A multitude of starry gems
Were slowly moving by;
Calisto, round the frozen pole,
With Arcas held her sway;
And Cassiopia's regal throne
Stood on the Milky Way.

High poised in space above my head,
Bright Lyra shone, a queen;
And on the east sweet Cygnus' Cross
In perfect form was seen;
And there, upon the other side,
Stood Hercules in power;
And then a star came falling down—
It was a charming hour.

The Northern fires in blue and red
And white were dancing high,
In pointed spires that seemed to stand
Before the deep-blue sky;
The starry worlds shone through their lights
With little fainter show,
And rich Arcturus brighter burned
In contrast with their glow.

How wondrous is the lovely night!
What beauty skies contain!
The wild imagination seeks
For food, and not in vain;
Though that blue space no eye can pierce,
The worlds, unnumbered, lend
Their aid and argument to prove
Creation has no end.

SHE LEANS UPON HER GOD.

She once was seen a happy girl—
It seemed without a care—
The birds and blossoms charmed her then
And future life seemed fair;
Yet, afterwards, she let a tear
Fall down her cheek so pale,
And wished, aye, oft sincerely, too,
For Death's dark angel's call.

Again, she often roamed so free
O'er meadow, hill and vale,
And gathered lovely blossoms while
She heard the cricket's tale;
Yet, afterwards, oft sighed in vain
For childhood's happy time,
And she would shrink and grieve in pain
At every laughing chime.

Once more again, she loved a youth
With fond and fervent love,
And gave her heart and hand to him,
God witnessing, above;
But soon she sat in solitude,
And hummed a mournful song,
And feared to meet the human wreck
She'd loved so well and strong.

And still once more, she stood beside
A grave, in which was laid
Him whom to her was all in all
When she was but a maid;
And still she shed a silent tear
For that lost love so good,
And passed the long, lone hours away
In sorrow's saddest mood.

And so, in early woman-life,
 Joy could not be her part—
 It seemed a waste of life and love—
 A waste of loving heart;
 But now she rests in holy light,
 From paths so sadly trod,
 And leans on that true hope of soul,
 A just and loving God.

THE SUMMER'S GONE.

The summer's gone, and one by one
 The beauties leave the scene,
 And festive buds, and trees and shrubs
 Throw off their garments, green.

The sun delays his warming rays
 To cheer the short'ning day,
 Seeks early rest in cloudy nest
 Bedecked with colors gay.

The cold, gray clouds, in wintry shrouds,
 Fly through the icy sky,
 And up behind, a chilling wind
 Comes greeting drearily.

ON OBSERVING A SLEEPING CHILD.

I could not help some pleasing thoughts
Passing through my brain,
As on the sleeping child I cast
My wistful eyes again.
That little bunch of innocence
Sleeping soundly sweet,
Resting from his baby cares,
What happiness complete!
So full of thought the view for me.
That bunch of life, yet dead.
How strange that sleep should be so like
What mortals ever dread,
And yet who knows but death itself
May be a heavy sleep—
A rest for bodies weak and worn,
A slumber long and deep;
And that the soul is yet the life
That lives forevermore,
And just awakens with the death,
To farther, higher soar?
In sleep both mind and frame are one;
In death they break apart—
The mind no longer rules the frame,
Or guides the beating heart,
It soars aloft, beyond, afar,
Through clear and boundless space,
And grasps a universe of thought,
While on its airy race.
It basks in groves of heavenly rest,
Communes with God beside,
Its heart beats long and loud and deep,
With Virtue, Hope, and Pride.

THE INEBRIATE.

He entered life so bright and fair,
 With brow unwrinkled by a care,
 A youthful son,
 His course begun,
 Upon a path that glistening there
 A golden prospect seemed to bear.

But in a sad, regretful hour,
 When joys excessive, evils shower,
 He drank a glass
 Of wine, alas!
 Sad error of his early youth,
 Destroying hope, and love and truth.

A drunkard now he staggers by,
 With bloated cheek, and blood-shot eye,
 And reels and falls.
 His vacant calls
 Attract the gaze of passers by
 Who turn away and sadly sigh.

And, when he sleeps, wild, troubled dreams,
 With forms to fear, and choking streams
 Disturb his soul;
 His eyeballs roll,
 And around his hot and fiery brain
 The demons draw a red-hot chain.

He rolls and wakes with hideous face
 And trembling form; O piteous case!
 With wrinkled brow,
 And step so slow,
 He then, in agony and pain,
 Seeks refuge in the glass again.

And thus a human life is run,
Diseased by error ere begun;
 The mental powers,
 Like ruined towers,
Decay. A veil drops o'er the shame,
And death concludes the frightful game.

“KISS ME 'FORE YOU GO.”

My little chub, near three years old,
 So full of life and glow,
With voice so sweet, says, “I like you
 Pa, kiss me 'fore you go.”

Whene'er he sees me take my hat
 His eyes will glisten so,
Then up he turns his little face
 With, “Kiss me 'fore you go.”

And many weary hours have come
 With troubled thoughts, when, lo!
His little voice dispelled the gloom
 With “Kiss me 'fore you go.”

I wonder if in years to come
 His thoughts will ever know
How much we loved his little form,
 And “Kiss me 'fore you go.”

The heart indeed must hardened be
 That e'er could utter no
T' an upturned face and laughing eye
 And “Kiss me 'fore you go.”

THE SPIRIT OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

One eve, when on the lodge-room floor,
I heard a threat'ning of distress,
A light, low rumbling at the door
As thunders in their stillest dress.

I listened, as it louder grew—
A death-like stillness filled the room,
And growing strong at last it drew
A cloud around me full of gloom.

It told a sad and mournful tale,
A brother sick, and dying, too,
A wife by watching worn and pale,
While children all neglected grew.

Each brother's heart beat heavily,
Each hand was open to assist,
And comforts went forth actively
'Till thankful eyes were filled with mist.

A week went by, and once again
The mutterings came with muffled sound;
Death sang the sad and mournful strain,
And shattered nerves were trembling found.

The bell tolled slowly to and fro,
As brothers massed with steady tread,
And gently laid his body low
In that last city of the dead.

Another week, and softened now
The widow sat resignedly,
And orphans met with friendship true,
Their hearts full, warmed by sympathy.

I turned and saw a vision, keen,
Before me like a rainbow sweep;
I read these words upon the scene:
“The spirit of Odd Fellowship.”

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER'S DEATH.

We stood around her bed, 'twas late at night,
With feelings deep, and sorrowful, and dread,
And gazed upon her form, as the last breath
Told us so plainly that the child was dead.

I hardly thought 'twas real till every pulse
Was hushed, and motion ceased, and then a sigh
Escaped so silent, deep and long, from those around,
And tears fell fast from every friendly eye.

It seemed so still—the whispers soft moved round;
The very air seemed laden with regret;
My full heart swelled within my sobbing breast—
My eyes I found with scalding tears were wet.

Her mother stood transfixed with silent grief,
And I, her father, saw a vision bright.
We smoothed the hair from off her angel brow,
And bid our child a loving, last good night.

The vision bade my grief, at once, be still,
For there in realms of calm and holy rest,
Free from the lurings of a sinful world,
Our child still lived, with peace and virtue blest.

A MUSICAL REHEARSAL.

And when one cannot sing nor play,
His fun must come another way.

The members all had gathered in,
'Twas eight o'clock, time to begin.
Sopranos all together sat
Behind the Altos nice and pat;
The Basses back against the wall;
The Tenors square in front of all;
The Orchestra in corner jammed,
And all were in close quarters crammed.
The spare Conductor stood on stool
Prepared to give the cue by rule,
And as he stood, baton in hand,
He cast his eye upon the band.
When they were all attention, he
In accents firm, said: "Number Three,
Now all get ready, full force bring
To do this well. Now, ready, sing!"
They started well, some measures through,
Then some one faltered, badly, too.
A violin string was snapped in twain,
Disasters followed in its train:
Sopranos flatted like a flat;
The Tenors broke, exhausted sat;
The Altos, lost, fell o'er their part;
The Basses grumbled faint at heart.
One fiddler broke a new A string,
And laid his fiddle down to sing;
His neighbor, just to follow suit
His E string broke, then watched the flute;
A Tenor in a restless mood
Kicked o'er the fiddle as he stood
And made it seem a perfect wreck—
The finger-board had left the neck—

The player, with a woeful face,
Picked up his pet with dainty grace;
And, then, a smile his features lit—
He stuck it on again with *spit*.
The Clarinet a solo drowned;
Soprano sang alone and frowned,
For right behind, slow dragging on,
A flute hung down on ev'ry tone.
The poor piano lost in fog
Seemed flound'ring in a quicksand bog.
The Fiddles sawed with awkward bow;
A Cornet squeaked, an awful blow;
The Big Bass grunted with disdain;
The Clarinet squalled out again;
Violas moaned a sorry tale—
It seemed as though the thing must fail—
The Trombone flung out groaning stops,
And in dismay the Baton drops.
The singers growl, the players blame;
The Orchestra objections frame,
And say: "They all sang out of tune."
The singers wished them in the moon.
Some said the players should be "bounced;"
Each thought the other should be trounced,
And in confusion all felt freed:
But at the Baton's rap took heed,
To try again they all agreed.
Do such things ever happen here?
No, never, never, that is clear!
What, never, never? Ah, I fear—
Well, hardly ever, I declare!

LIFE IS FULL OF CROOKED WAYS.

Life is full of crooked pathways,
Stumbling-blocks are everywhere,
Things are never perfect, always
Joy is mingled in with care.

Every blossom is not fruitful,
Sighs are sometimes insincere;
Every laugh, too, is not truthful,
Nor is every river clear.

Every look does not give pleasure,
Faults exist in each and all;
Gold is not to all a treasure,
Summer ends at last in fall.

Every season has a failing,
Every reason has a doubt;
Even, while a victory hailing,
Armies, sometimes, meet with rout.

While the buds are brightly growing,
Winds are steady, warm and sweet;
But they come all frozen, blowing,
Strewing leaves beneath your feet.

Learn to take life as it cometh—
Make the best of every phase;
All things in their living telleth,
Life is full of crooked ways.

THE LAST OF OCTOBER, 1869.

Let poets sing no more October's charm,
For icicles hang thick from frozen eaves,
The wind sounds fierce the winter's dread alarm,
And ice enshrouds the undiscolor'd leaves;

The fruit, unripened, hangs upon the tree,
And snow lies deep upon the cold, chill ground,
The pools are frozen, not a bird we see
To cheer the heart with e'er a farewell sound.

No more can they with sweet assurance sing
The beauties of a staid October's day;
But better save the verse for joyous Spring,
Or in September sing the Autumn lay.

OUR MASONIC MEETINGS.

We're gathered, clothed in harmony,
Upon the checkered floor,
And each extends a greeting hand
With love and friendship pure;
The mystic tie that binds us in
A joyous, happy band,
Is cherished as uniting us
With truth in every land.

No hate is here among us now,
No discord, breeding woe;
For all upon a level stand,
And o'er the same road go.

The only strife we ever have,
The noblest that can be,
Is that to find who best can work
And who can best agree.

We travel East in search of light,
And when High Noon appears,
We seek refreshment, each one free
From all intemperate fears;
And then, we sing the parting song,
With true Masonic zest,
And each receives the honors that
Are due him from the West.

THE WORKMAN'S SONG.

O we are knights of an iron crown;
No golden sword we wield!
We stand on earth, the free man's throne,
With labor, skilled, our shield!

Our strong right arms have bridged the stream,
And felled the forests green;
And where the engine whistles scream,
Our labor, there, is seen!

We've caught the light'nings from the sky,
And bound them to the earth;
And where, on ocean, seagulls fly,
Each ship records our worth!

The cities of all nations stand
A glory to our name—
We fight the battles of the land,
And make a country's fame!

MY WEEPING EYE.

I weep, sometimes, I scarce know why
So oft a tear drop fills my eye,
E'en when I feel that I could laugh
That tear drop falls, a silent waif;
 Falls, often falls,
 Though naught it calls;
 But stealing by,
It draws from out my breast a sigh.

I sigh, yes, often give a sigh
To meet the zephyrs passing by,
Because my weeping eye grows dim
When something beauteous 'gins to gleam,
 And then I lose
 What I should choose,
 Above all things,
To view with fancy's outspread wings.

And I, too, fret, feel oft regret
To think my vision's passing, yet
I try to make myself believe
'Twill last as long as I shall live;
 God grant it might!
 To lose the light
 Of beauty's rays
Would give me cause to weep always.

But still that tear drop fills my eye,
Still falls, and falling draws the sigh,
And still I fret, and feel regret,
And try to force belief, and, yet,
 That eye's sight fails,
 But slowly fails,
 And p'rhaps some day
Before I fall 'twill pass away.

O GOD, WHEN I THY PRESENCE FEEL.

O God, when I thy presence feel,
My weary soul grows light and free;
I know Thou carest for my weal,
Wilt guide me o'er each troubled sea;

I view the universe so grand
With all my force of wondering thought,
The work of Thine almighty hand,
To me in full review is brought.

How grand Thy temples rise, O Lord!
How full Thy mercy, and Thy love!
All round the globes in sweet accord
Thy harmony will ever move.

How insignificant is man
Compared with all Thy wondrous works,
Each star, a world of mighty span,
Though light, to man is small and dark.

The universe is blank, obscure,
Man hardly dares approach the theme,
The contemplation is so vast,
And yet, 'tis charming as a dream.

Great God above, below, around.
On every side Thy care is seen,
I hear Thy voice in every sound,
And on Thy mercy humbly lean.

ALL WILL NOT PASS AWAY.

All things on earth will fade away
Like dews before the sun;
A thousand changes come before
The sands of life have run,
But 'O, the thought is sweet indeed,
Confirmed by reason's ray,
That there are things beyond the earth
That never pass away.

The road of life may be so sweet,
And full of melody,
And happy hours of joyous sports
May while the time with glee—
Beware! for these just now in bloom
Will shed a duller ray;
And soon, too soon perhaps, alas!
Will fade, and pass away.

And evil hours, so full of gloom,
May come to make us sad,
And wretched hearts heave heavy sighs
So deep in sorrow clad;
But these will surely fade and die
Before a brighter day—
No sorrow is so deeply set
But it will pass away.

The things we love, the things we hate,
And friends so good and true;
Our homes with all their happiness,
And cares of every hue,
And life so dear, its toils and joys,
The rich, the poor, the gay,
Like flowers, will bud and bloom and die,
And quickly pass away.

But hope, from realms beyond the skies
Her charms will ever send,
To tell of things in better lands
That never have an end;
That God, supreme, omnipotent,
Will hold eternal sway,
That He, and Heaven perpetual,
Will never pass away.

DO NOT DEAL ROUGHLY.

O do not deal roughly, the world is too full
Of unkindness and sorrow and wrong.
T'were better if all would be gentle and kind,
And learn to be loving and strong.

For each has reflections ungenerous and sad,
Untold by the suffering mind;
Each heart has its trials unknown to the world
Deep in its own bosom confined.

And why should we smile at another's misdeeds,
Or rejoice when misfortunes befall;
Kind words are as free as the air that we breathe,
And ought to be given by all.

Then let us act kindly, and say not a word
Of another unless it be good,
Nor steal the rich treasure, a name p'rhaps revered,
That perhaps, too, for ages has stood.

OUR BIRTHDAY MORN.

Hail, holy morn!
Our birthday morn!
See now the king of day
Flings out his op'ning ray
To light the land
And take command!
Hark! From a thousand tongues
Of bells, from human lungs,
The hailing echoes roll,
Strikes every heart and soul
In holy name
With freedom's flame;
And from the cannons' throats
Come thund'ring shocks; while floats
From pole and spire
That signal fire:
The nation's noble flag.
What manly heart would lag
In throbs of joy to see
Those stripes of unity?
Let ev'ry thing that's born,
From ev'ry hatred shorn
Proclaim this day: Our birthday morn!
Let ev'ry heart be glad and gay,
For 'tis fair Freedom's holiday.

O COME TO OUR LODGE.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

O come to our lodge where in friendship we gather
And welcome each other with songs of applause,
And greet with glad feelings each newly-made brother
Who marshals himself in the temperance cause.

We gather together.

For life will not sever

Or break from our much cherished Temperance Cause.

We are bound on a mission of social redemption;
From vice and from crime we will ever depart;
We welcome, rejoicing, the pledge we have taken
And cherish its teachings deep, deep in our heart.

With water, pure water,

Strong drink we will slaughter,

And cherish the temperance pledge in our heart.

Again we assemble with increasing numbers,
With thoughts and with feelings bright, buoyant and clear;
Our step is elastic, and sweet are our slumbers,
For the Temperance Cause is to us ever dear.

No Whisky, so frisky

We drink, for 'tis risky,

And the Temperance Cause is to us ever dear.

Then come to our lodge where in friendship we gather,
And welcome each other with joy and with glee.
We try to be guided by, "Love one another"
And reverence the day when the pledge set us free.

Whenever we sever

From life, we will gather

In lands where intemperance never can be.

THE HAPPY, FREEDOM-LOVING GIRL.

A SONG.

I wander where the evening twilight falls,
To streamlets where the sparkling waters glide,
The whisp'ring shade my spirit softly calls,
And fills my heart with sweet and conscious pride.
I love to wander o'er the meadows fair,
The flowers in mystic wreathes I often curl;
O, may my spirit never know a care,
For I'm a happy, freedom-loving girl,

CHORUS:

I often roam to where the wild woods grow—
Where nature's beauties ever new unfurl—
O, here to the Creator I can bow,
And be a happy, freedom-loving girl.

The moon in modest sweetness wins my heart.
And tells me tales of deep and happy love;
The stars in twinkling beauty stand apart,
To lead me through the mazy paths above.
These lovely scenes so full of art divine,
Teach me the banner of regrets to furl;
O, let me ever on these joys recline,
And be a happy, freedom-loving girl.

CHO.

I seek the shelter of some friendly tree,
Whose branches save me from the noonday sun,
And listen to the warbling birds so free,
And echoes as from hill to hill they run.
There clothed in heartfelt joy I often stand
Aloof from toils—their deep, confusing whirl;
O, may I ever these delights command,
For I'm a happy, freedom-loving girl.

CHO.

TO A VANE.

Vain weathercock, or vane;
 The winds are free,
 And play with thee
 In blustering strain,
 Or humorous vein,
 Vain weathercock, or vane!
 I view thy tracking,
 Pointing, tacking,
 Like ship at sea,
 Or frisky flea
 Hopping and skipping,
 Bending, bowing, tipping,
 Bobbing and tripping.
 Dost think we mortals care
 If thou'rt not fair,
 Tho' proudly thou dost perch
 On spire of holy church,
 Vain weathercock, or vane?
 Thy pointing, false, is vain,
 Thou crooked, cranky vane.

THE BROTHER'S DUTY.

What can be a brother's duty;
 What's his labor through life's days?
 Harken! There's an answer—Listen!
 Strong in hope and patience listen,
 For 'tis light and life always.

Hark! Now hear the answer, rolling,
 Rolling over land and sea,

Friendship, Love and Truth proclaiming;
Every brother's heart inflaming,
Faithful ever more to be.

Here and there across the ocean
Voices greeting cheerily,
Sing these triple bonds of beauty
As the true Odd Fellows' duty
Bound in friendly unity.

Wipe the tear in sadness falling,
Utter soothing words to care,
Gentle caution give the erring,
Help him who is badly faring,
Comfort giving everywhere.

A VISION.

In silent meditation once,
I sat beneath a starry sky,
And in the realms of space I saw
A bark, well manned, fast sailing by.

The craft was fine, fresh-painted, new,
And every danger seemed to scorn,
And on the deck I plainly saw
Youth, in its bright and early morn.

With confidence the helmsman flushed,
As o'er him clouds were gath'ring fast,
And winds were blowing strongly by,
And light'nings fiercely round were cast.

Loud laughed the sailors on the deck,
With joy, and confidence, they sang;
They feared no danger from the storm
Whose fury now more loudly rang.

Just then there passed a stranger craft,
Whose captain kindly caution gave—
It fell like chaff upon the wind—
The storm continued still to rave.

The boisterous vessel bounded on,
Though tossed by waves and drenched by rain,
And right before, the breakers roared—
Resistance now was all in vain.

The storm now gathered all its force,
And wind and rain pressed more and more,
The vessel by a wave was caught
Then broken on the rocky shore.

That bark was Pleasure, the sea was Life,
The stranger Reason, seldom heard;
The wrecks were those who manned the bark,
Whose confidence no evil feared.

CHILDREN'S DITTIES.

HICKITY PICKITY PECK.

Hickity Pickity Peck
Very near came to a wreck—
He jumped on the ice
And tripped in a trice
And very near broke his poor neck.

Tipity, Topity, Tup
Picked master Pickity up
And put him to bed,
And tied up his head,
Then gave him of warm drinks to sup.

Then Tipity toppled to town,
To see an old Doctor called Brown,
And he met with a rig—
A man, horse and gig—
That carried him all the way down.

FAIR AND FANCY.

Fair and fancy, was Miss Nancy,
Careful of her nice new clothes;
Full of beauty, love and duty,
Tripping on her pretty toes.

Bright and pretty, little Bertie
Waded in the drifted snows;
Crying, freezing, coughing, sneezing,
Nancy saves him frozen toes.

OFFICER DONY.

Bold Officer Dony
Had, once, a fine pony
Which he rode on each fine day and night;
One summer day cosy,
As he sat gay and rosy,
He was called with his pony to fight.

So this Officer Dony
Jumped on to his pony,
And galloped away, 'till he saw
The cannon-balls rolling,
And heard the bells tolling—
Then his pony was changed into straw.

Then this Officer Dony
 No more had a pony,
 And he walked home perspiring and steaming;
 But he waked up much frightened,
 And his wonder was heightened,
 When he found he had only been dreaming.

I KNOW THAT GOD IS NEAR.

O God, my spirit yearns for Thee,
 I bow my humble head,
 And wait, with confidence, to be
 By loving angels led!

To bend before Creation's shrine,
 Obey Thy laws command;
 Gives light and life, forever Thine,
 To all Thy children's band.

So in my silent heart I pray
 That I may know Thy will;
 So when induced my hope to stay,
 I'll wait in patience still.

O may all men in Thy bright land
 Be shining lights of love;
 Prove worthy by Thy side to stand,
 When they are called above!

I wait and watch—Hark! Angels call
 And whisper to my ear—
 I feel a halo round me fall—
 I know that God is near!

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